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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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SEASIDE Holiday

"Sunburn and Laughter ...and a Dipping Sea"

Verse by . . . P. DUNCAN BROWN

Drawn by . . . WYNNE W. DAVIES

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Come away . . . .
Come, in the Summer madness,
Come with your youth and gladness,
Forget night is coming after,
Live for the moment,
Live for the laughter
Of to-day.

To the sea
Where the curling combers wake,
To foam fretted patterns break . . . .
Plunging into the greeny depths
With your open eyes,
With your bated breaths . . . .
Ecstasy . . . .

Come away . . . .
The tides are swelling full and keen . . . .
Limbs gleam golden under the green,
The splashing, tumbling hours flee,
Sunburn and laughter
And a dipping sea . . . .
Holiday.

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A £25,000,000 ROMANCE

Dan Cupid... *and the* Baillieu-Hordern Millionaires

A young girl and a young man have decided to get married to each other. ...That's simple romance.

But the girl is June Baillieu, and the Baillieus are Melbourne's wealthiest family—

And the young man is Sam Hordern, and the name Hordern in Sydney stands for vast wealth and for high social position.

So the simple romance becomes high-powered, super Romance!

EVERY day when Parliament is sitting at Canberra some of the Labor members get up and tell Mr. Latham that his Government takes its orders from the Melbourne financial interests.

Sometimes they get down to tin-tacks and say "the Baillieus."

The engagement of a daughter of this remarkable family, therefore, to an heir of the wealthy and historical Sydney family of Hordern, is an event of national interest.

The daily papers have told the news of the engagement. Let us, therefore, take a look at the intriguing stories of these two notable families that are now about to be united.

One thing only cannot be told—the actual total cash value of the Baillieu and the Hordern families.

It is probable, however, that the interests controlled wholly or substantially by the two families exceed £25,000,000—a colossal total.

The interests of the two families include mining, industrial, newspapers, financial, city real estate, and broad acres.

* * *

SOME idea of the colossal business ramifications of the Baillieu family may be gained from the following list of companies of which members of the family are directors:—

Commercial Bank of Australia, Carlton and United Breweries Limited; Australian Silk and Cotton Mills Limited; Yarra Falls Limited; Zinc Corporation; Freehold Assets Ltd.; Land and Mortgage Bank of Victoria Ltd.; Melbourne Electric Supply Co. Ltd.; Shamrock Brewery Ltd.; Herald and Weekly Times; Australian Knitting Mills; Castlemaine Brewery; Colonial Mutual Fire Insurance; Electrolytic Zinc Ltd.; Foster Brewery; Mount Coolong Gold Mines; Western N.S.W. Electric Power; Amalgamated Zinc; Atlas Assurance Co. Ltd.; E.S. and A. Bank; Dunlop Rubber Co.; National Smelting Co.; New Zealand Loan and Mercantile; Standard Trusts Ltd.

They are also reported to have big holdings in the Broken Hill Co., although not on the directorate.

THE Hordern fortune was amassed in the huge department store of Anthony Hordern and Sons, in Sydney, in which members of the family still have large interests.

Millions are also said to be invested in city freeholds and in pastoral properties and Government bonds.

THE HORDERN fortune is largely invested in property.

Miss June Baillieu and Mr. Sam Hordern.

The Baillieu millions control industry on a colossal scale, ranging from mining to newspapers, from huge industrial enterprises to breweries.

Baillieu Romance

Sixty years ago, James George Baillieu, in charge of the lighthouse at Queenscliff, used to wade out in the sea with trousers rolled above his knees, for the day's haul of fish in his nets.

NOW his grandchildren visit Europe's most fashionable beach resorts, stay at the best hotels, wear the latest in bathers and beach wear, his granddaughters finish their educations at the best schools in London and Paris, and his grandsons come back to Australia with flawless Oxford or Cambridge accents.

The story of the Baillieu family is one of the most romantic in Australia.

James George had a big family—nine sons and three daughters, and most of his children have big families, too.

As a lot of them have for their second names the second name of James George's wife, Emma Lawrence, and as numerous nephews have been christened after their uncles, the family tree would have stumped even the late John Galsworthy.

At the Athenaeum Club ten Baillieus, all related, are members and they cause much confusion to the staff and messengers.

Mr. Edward Latham, who liked old James and his wife Emma, assisted them to set-up in the Ozone Hotel at Queenscliff, where beer and board are still provided for visitors.

Among the hefty Baillieu sons and tall daughters, who inherited the good looks of their parents, was William Lawrence, who came to town when he was 26, became a bank cashier and then member of a real estate firm. Later he founded Munroe and Baillieu.

From these beginnings he became one of Victoria's finance kings and carried his brothers with him on the tide of success.

All his money, reputed to amount to millions, went in the collapse of the land boom in 1893.

He built up his fortune again and was M.L.C. from 1901 to 1922, and Minister for Public Health and leader of the Legislative Council.

* * *

IN his youth William Lawrence fell deeply in love with Edward Latham's daughter, but her father sent her away for a trip, as he disapproved of the friendship.

She corresponded with William secretly and later married him.

Later Edward Latham's wife died and he married William's sister, so that he was simultaneously William's father-in-law and his brother-in-law, and son-in-law of old James.

William's sons all had distinguished careers during the war, and his daughters have married well.

* * *

CLIVE, one of William's brothers, shared his rise to fortune and is a directing member of most of the Baillieu firms.

It is Clive's youngest daughter, June, who is going to marry Sam Hordern.

Her brother, M. L., married a Sydney girl, Betty Willsallen. Sister Mary is an accomplished pianist.

June's engagement to Sam Hordern was a natural sequence to their close friendship ever since June returned from finishing school in England, full of poise and charm.

Her beautiful face will make her a glorious bride, especially if her wedding frock is in keeping with her reputed £40 a week dress allowance.

She is often to be seen on a hot day walking down Collins Street in a flowered chiffon frock swinging her hat in her hand.

The Hordern Saga

For 112 years the name of Hordern has been associated with the busines life of New South Wales. In 1821 the original Anthony Hordern emigrated to Australia with his wife. He opened a little business in King St., Sydney, a few years later.

IN 1856 the business of Anthony Hordern and Sons was established in the Haymarket, where it was carried on successfully by the late Samuel Hordern until the memorable fire in 1901 reduced the big emporium to a heap of ruins.

The appalling disaster would have broken the heart of most men, but Mr. Hordern decided that an even greater emporium should rise phoenix-like from the ashes of the old, and a start was almost immediately made with the magnificent premises on Brickfield Hill where the mammoth business of Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd. is now located.

The enterprise of Mr. Samuel Hordern resulted in the establishment of an emporium known throughout the Southern Hemisphere, finding employment for many thousands of Australians, not only in the shop itself, but in the numerous factories associated with the firm's activities.

When Mr. Samuel Hordern died on August 13, 1909, he left an estate valued at £3,000,000, on which the Treasurer of the day received a cheque for £294,687 as probate duty.

ALMOST EVERY industry in Australia is touched at some point by one or other of the numerous Baillieu interests.

* * *

BY his will Mr. Hordern left a life interest in his estate to his three sons, Samuel (now Sir Samuel), Anthony, and Lebbeus (deceased).

On the deaths of the sons the corpus passes to their male issue.

As each of the sons of Mr. Samuel Hordern has but one male heir, the huge fortune will ultimately be divided between the three cousins—Samuel, son of Sir Samuel; Tony, Anthony's son; and Lebbeus, who shortly attains his majority.

* * *

YOUNG Sam Hordern, whose engagement to Miss June Baillieu has just been announced, is a fine type of young Australian, standing well over 6 feet in height.

He is a genial and charming young man, with all his father's bonhomie, and, not unnaturally, has an optimistic and pleasant outlook on life.

He received his early education at Cranbrook School, afterwards completing his education at Jesus College, Cambridge, where he graduated, after spending some time in the study of the law.

On his return to Sydney he took up accountancy, with a view to qualifying for the management of his huge business interests, and is now studying with the firm of Smith and Johnson.

He is a keen oarsman, golfer, and motorist, and is particularly interested in livestock. He has a property at Bowral, and it is generally considered that he will eventually drift into the pleasant life of the country, in which he is so interested.

Young Lebbeus Hordern, whose father died in tragic circumstances in 1928, will probably be the wealthiest of the three cousins, owing to the accumulation of interest on his share of the grandfather's estate since the death of his father.

The third cousin, Tony, is only a lad of sixteen, and is now being educated at the King's School, Parramatta.

* * *

ALL branches of the Hordern family have been noted for their attachment to each other.

There is a clanishness about them not found in many families, and it is known that the three cousins, each of whom is a prospective millionaire, have considerable affection for each other.

With such vast wealth under their control, should they in future combine their business activities, their potentialities in the business life of Australia in the future are almost unlimited.

The alliance of one of New South Wales's wealthiest families with a wealthy Victorian, such as is proposed in the Hordern-Baillieu match, will, of course, leave the way open for financial relationships of colossal proportions.

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Let's Talk Of

INTERESTING PEOPLE . . .

A BUSY PRESIDENT
—Spencer Shier.

DR. GEORGINA SWEET, who was an Australian delegate at the conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations held at Banff (Canada), returned to Melbourne, via Sydney, last week, and has been ordered a rest. Dr. Sweet is one of our busiest women who allows herself practically no leisure whatever.

On ocean voyages to conferences, Dr. Sweet starts work in her cabin as early as 7.30 a.m. Her home in Balwyn is like a business house, with secretaries at work, and a business-like telephone switchboard in place of the ordinary home telephone.

Dr. Sweet is president of the National Y.W.C.A., and while she was in America visited a number of the association's hostels

PROMINENT SPORTSWOMAN
—Noel Maitland.

MRS. SAM SOWDEN, J.P., was appointed president this year of the Queensland Croquet Association. This office is no novelty to Mrs. Sowden, who had the distinction of being the first president of the Queensland Croquet Association for a period of four years, consequent upon her calling the first meeting in the old Town Hall, Brisbane, in 1922.

Mrs. Sowden is also the president of the Graceville Croquet Club, for which she called the first meeting in 1919.

Mrs. Sowden is also president of the Graceville Bridge Circle, proceeds of which entertainments are divided between the Graceville Croquet Club, in whose pavilion they are held, and worthy charities.

A BUSY SECRETARY
—May Moore.

SISTER PARRY, who for 15 years has been secretary of the New South Wales St. John Ambulance Association, has been instrumental in forming nearly 300 classes and 50 branches throughout the State.

She herself frequently gives the initial lectures to the classes, and is particularly qualified to do so as she has closely studied first-aid, nursing, hospital, and clinic work. Sister Parry returned a short time ago from England, where she went at her own expense to study the methods used at a clinic for rheumatism at the London headquarters, with the hope of establishing a similar one in Sydney. For her work she was honored by the King conferring on her the title of "Lady Officer of the Order of St. John Ambulance."

FEMINISM is *NOT* an ILLUSION

Replies to Dulcie Deamer

Few articles have created such controversy as that published the other week in The Australian Women's Weekly, in which Dulcie Deamer, the well-known Australian writer, expressing her private opinion, stated that Feminism is all illusion, and that women should be dominated by men.

The following three letters have been picked out from a bunch in reply to Miss Deamer:

Sickening Phrase

ONE of the most sickening phrases the writer has used reads thus: "A woman, like a dog, needs a master." Of course, it must be understood that every writer gives her views on the way she feels herself about things, and according to her outlook on life in general. Anyway, I fail to see where the comparison between a woman and a dog comes in at all. Is it implied that woman, like the said dog, is devoid of all sense of judgment between right and wrong, reasoning powers, intelligence, and initiative?

"What happens when man ceases to dominate?" sadly asks the writer. Well, I suppose, for one thing that the curse and horrors of war, so essentially man-made, would die away forever. The warlike Germany and Italy are nations in which the man is all-powerful. The most backward races in the world—natives and the Eastern races—are also dominated by man.

Besides, everybody possesses a body, soul, and thinking brain of his or her own. Why, then, must one person be dominated by another? What right has any man to dominate a woman's soul when she has more soul than man has ever dreamed, or will ever be capable, of?

TRUE, I don't agree with this aping the male, as I consider our feminism is the biggest point we can play. Men whatever they like to say or deny, have far more respect for our sex than we have for theirs. But they can hold themselves to blame if we womenfolk are a little drunk with our newly-found freedom.

The "disgruntled feminist leader" in Miss Deamer's article asks: "What are men, anyhow? . . . We have been victims of a conspiracy all these thousands of years."

I quite agree with her.

Though they figure out that we must live and keep house on about £3 a week, they are the biggest bunglers with money than it's possible to imagine.

We see signs of their superiority everywhere in the shape of hotels and "Please don't spit" notices.

In marriage it is the general idea that the husband must have all the say. This is wrong. Two people to live happily together must be mates, not the woman living in subjection to the man. In this way there is domestic harmony on the surface, and bitterness, discontent, and unhappiness beneath.

Too long has it been asserted that we women must be treated "rough" to be truly happy. This statement is absurd, as it is sickening. My ideal mate is the one who will be affectionate and considerate at all times, particularly when you need him most.

Give me the man who will roll up his sleeves and help you when you are at the end of your reserve, rather than the "broad-shouldered" one who stands by with arms grimly folded because it is beneath his dignity to help anyone so insignificant as a woman.

Women are so essentially more refined, and possess more delicate and humane feelings and ideas than men, and that's why it is positively absurd to say that we would prefer the bad-mannered, unchivalrous he-man, to his milder and altogether more human brother.—BEATRICE PURSER, "Seymour," Johnston Rd., Bass Hill.

Feminism is all right in most women's opinion as long as it does not go too far. The girls in the picture above are German farm-workers. They carry the feminist banner to the extreme boundaries of manual labor.

Woman's Weakness

FEMINISM is the Great Illusion only in Dulcie Deamer's mind.

Feminism is responsible for the uplifting and advancement of women from the lowliest to the highest plane.

In fact, it is feminism (or the influence of women) that has civilised mankind. If that small band of heroic women had not come into the arena of life to fight for the privileges that have been so hardly won, and so little appreciated by the unthinking, what would woman's position be to-day?

It is through them we have the vote. It is through them we are able to see that laws are administered to protect young girls and to guard the health of our children.

Feminists! The greatest, bravest, and most intellectual of our women! The women who have done so much for the betterment of the lives of their downtrodden toiling sisters of the past. Who have through their vigilance fought for the laws that protect our health and our lives.

The greatest mark of inferiority in our sex is the absurdly changing fashions, involving great loss to those who can ill afford the woeful waste of last year frocks, but enriching the fashion-designers.

Why must a certain type of woman be forever finding fault with her own sex? To curry favor with the opposite? If so, she will be sadly disappointed. All men seem to admire women more when they are loyal to their sex. Let us then not worry over whether we copy men's fashions in dress, but do let us all copy men in their unswerving loyalty to sex.

It is women's petty jealousy of other women, whether it be superior intellect, or beauty, or figure, that is forever undermining us. Until we can admire and w h o l eheartedly work together for the advancement of the world, I fear we shall accomplish very little.—MRS. D. J. LANE.

A Contradiction

DULCIE DEAMER declares feminine subjection to be an injustice. A few paragraphs later she assures us that everyone would have been happier had man retained the whip hand of woman, "who, like a dog, needs a master."

It seems a reasonable assumption that if one section of humanity holds a whip-hand over another, that other must be in subjection, and herein the writer of the article is guilty of a very definite contradiction. We are further assured that where there are plenty of broad-shouldered men there are no feminists and everyone is happy.

Since there are feminists in our midst, this would appear to be a sweeping indictment against local men.

If woman's soul cries out for emotional dominance and man is no longer able to supply the need, then woman is compelled to take the bit in her own teeth, "projecting the quality she has failed to experience."

Is This Feminism?

If I were a man and had read that article I should have had an overwhelming desire to shrivel up and blow away in the first puff of wind.

Man has had centuries start in the race for domination, and if he has allowed woman to outstrip him with a trial of only about fifty years, it would be fair judgment to say that woman is the superior being after all, "broad shoulders, firm chins, and definite opinions" notwithstanding.

A more severe condemnation of male behaviour I have never heard, even from the ultra feminist, and I cannot accept it as merited. Both sexes are fundamentally the same now as they ever were; if they appear different it is because of circumstances outside their own control. A woman still desires a man who is strong and kind—not dogmatically domineering. Man still desires the woman who will rely on his strength and protection without shirking her own part of the bargain.—A. ALLISON, Maroubra, N.S.W.

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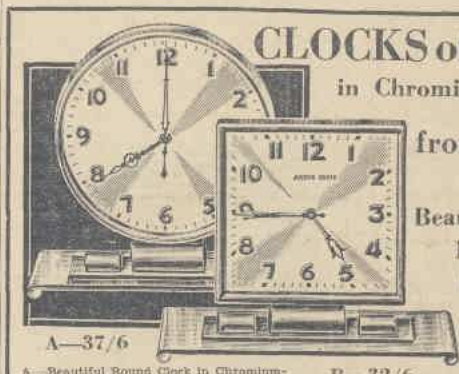

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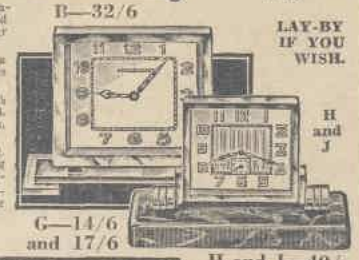

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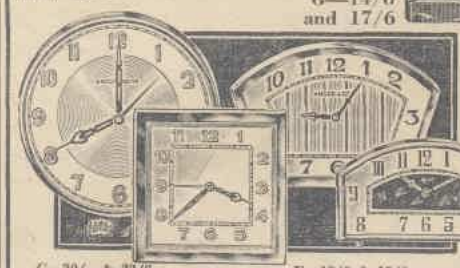

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MRS. E. WEBSTER

Four Women Enter Arena; Upper House Battle

On November 30, the third ballot for the election of fifteen members of the Legislative Council to hold office for six years will take place.

FOUR women only have nominated—Mesdames McKinnon and Laverty, and Miss Preston Stanley, in the U.A.P. interests, and Mrs. Ellen Webster, M.L.C., as a representative of Labor.

Although none of the women candidates received a first preference vote at the earlier ballots this was due to the fact that the women's organisations specifically asked members of both Houses, by circular, to withhold their support until this ballot as they considered that members of the old Council were entitled to first consideration for the 12 and nine-year terms.

Women from numerous branches of the United Australia Party, anxious that the names of their nominees, Mrs. R. R. S. McKinnon and Miss Preston Stanley, should be included on the panel for the Upper House, organised a deputation to wait on Mr. B. Stevens, the Premier, this week.

AUSTRALIAN GIRL *Became* AN ALIEN

How would you feel if you found yourself treated as a foreigner in your own country, subjected to all sorts of humiliations and red-tape?

An Australian girl, the daughter of a very high Government officer in Victoria, had this experience last week when she returned to her native land from Italy, where she had married. Below she tells The Australian Women's Weekly readers of her feelings.

CURIOUSLY enough, two leading lawyers in Melbourne and Sydney, also drew attention during the week to the unjust position of Australian women who marry foreigners.

The ridiculous situations which arise out of international marriage law anomalies were illustrated by Mr. S. V. Toose, well-known Sydney divorce barrister, who declared that he knew of 50 women in New South Wales who had been deserted by their husbands, but who had no legal standing in any divorce court, because they had married foreigners.

He pointed out that in the case of an Australian girl marrying an American, she loses her nationality and becomes an American in the eyes of Australia, but in America she is still a foreigner.

She therefore has no court of appeal at all if she wants to get a divorce.

Strikingly similar were the views expressed by Mrs. Joan Rosanove, the well-known Melbourne solicitor.

"Women's organisations have no juster or stronger claim to any reform than they have in their campaign to permit married women to retain their nationality."

* * *

NO one agrees with Mrs. Rosanove more heartily than Signora Lorna Maneschi, the elder daughter of Mr. H. A. Pitt, Victorian State Director of Finance, who arrived in Melbourne from Italy by the "Orsova" last Monday, with her young son, Giovanni.

"I have come to Australia to spend a few months with my parents," Signora Maneschi told a representative of The Australian Women's Weekly. "It is a strange experience to return to my home as an alien."

Signora Maneschi was born in Australia and did not leave here until, after the completion of her University course in Arts, she went to study French at the Sorbonne in Paris. There she met Signor Egidio Maneschi and was married to him in London in 1928.

"We were married at midday," Signora Maneschi said, "at the church of St. Etheldreda in Ely Place. I was then an Australian.

"After the ceremony we drove to the Italian Consulate to be re-married according to the Italian civil rite, for church marriages are not recognised by Italian law. By virtue of this civil marriage I became an Italian citizen. Half an hour before I had been an Australian."

* * *

WHILE living in England after her marriage Signora Maneschi had to report periodically to Bow Street Police Station as an alien living in England.

"But the full force of my position only came home to me," she said, "when I decided to come home for a holiday. I learnt that I must equip myself with a landing certificate, without which I would not be permitted to set foot in my native country.

"At Fremantle I was required to satisfy the Customs authorities that I had £100 in my possession. I understand that this is a provision necessary to prevent the landing in Australia of destitute aliens. But it is a sharp reminder that any Australian woman who marries a foreigner is admitted to her native country only on sufferance."

This is not a picture of the sun during an eclipse, but mushroom spawn in the early stages of cultivation. The stem is removed from a ripe mushroom and the under-surface pressed on a suitable surface, when growth takes place . . . The picture was secured from the mushroom beds in the unused portion of the city railway.

—Women's Weekly photo.

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BRIDGE *Death-Roll* Will END at *Last*

The dreadful toll of the Bridge is to cease at last. The Government decided on Tuesday to take measures to prevent these tragedies by having a protecting wire mesh erected along the bridge railing.

LAST week when The Australian Women's Weekly wrote an article calling attention to the grim, ever-mounting tally of bridge victims, the total stood at 37, including three who survived the fall. The total is now 39.

It is said that proper wire mesh guards along the bridge railing would cost £4000.

Thus for the sake of about £100 for each victim, the State had allowed 39 of its citizens to realise the blackest depths of despair.

We give herewith some indication of what responsible public bodies are thinking and acting on the question.

REALISING that with the completion of the bridge, the venue of suicide would probably change to there from the Gap, a deputation waited on the Government in 1930.

Colonel Orr, of the Salvation Army, Rev. Cowie, convenor of the Social Service Committee of the Presbyterian Church, and a private individual, arranged the deputation.

"The footways are as safe as those of other large bridges in the world, and it is not deemed necessary to provide special safeguards," they were informed in a communication later.

NO man, living or dead, has yet grasped all the complexity, the subtleness, the almost supernatural elements which go to form a woman.—E. Maria Albanesi.

EQUAL *Rights* ... In Guardianship

"It is largely due to the enthusiastic and tireless efforts of women's organisations that the Infants' Guardianship Bill is now in its last stages of legislation," said the Minister for Justice (Mr. L. O. Martin) at a meeting at the Feminists Club on Tuesday.

MR. MARTIN outlined the history of the bill in which the club has taken a practical interest for nearly 17 years. He paid a tribute to Miss Preston Stanley, who introduced the Equal Guardianship Bill in Parliament in 1924, and after her defeat in 1927 had organised deputations to the Premier and various Ministers.

Miss Preston Stanley had gained further sympathy and support in the cause she was championing by writing a play which was produced at the Criterion Theatre. This play influenced him, said Mr. Martin, and he decided to introduce the bill again.

"It is shortly to become law," Mr. Martin said, "and then it will give to women those rights which have been so long denied them."

An essential amendment in the bill dealt with the Marriage Act, and made it necessary for minors to have maternal as well as paternal consent.

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Oliver Dent stepped down from the train.

FALLING STAR

Our . . . Intriguing Serial

Illustrated — by — Boothroyd

By VICKI BAUM *Author of "Grand Hotel"*

The story so far—

THE night that Oliver Dent became the idol of filmgoers in "Hardogan" was also the night of the return of Donca Morescu, an old-time star of the silent films. Her voice had been a failure, and she had retired beaten. But when on this great first night Oliver, the handsome young English actor, appeared accompanied not by his heroine, Ria Nara, but by Donca, people began to talk.

The audience enjoyed the film to the point of hysteria. One of Oliver's admirers even fainted, though that was partly starvation. She was Frances, a lovely blonde, who had persuaded Aldens, an unknown German actor, to accompany her. Aldens took her to his flat and fed her.

The next morning brought the result of Donca's triumph at "Hardogan." There was a message from Bill Turner, of the Phoenix Picture Company, that they had a film for her. The moment she arrived Eisenlohr, the director, set her to work on "Night of Fate."

Oliver felt lonely. They had taken Donca away, and all he ever saw was a tired actress. He tried to interest himself in other things, but failed.

Meanwhile, affairs were moving at the studio. The great scandal of the moment was Grannit, a producer, who, on discovering that his wife was unfaithful, beat her. He himself was thrashed by the man, and became a laughing-stock. It is doubtful whether Oliver even heard of this scene, so obsessed was he by his longing for Donca. Finally he saw her at the studio and begged her to see him that evening after work. Donca agreed, for she still loved him. But there remained the problem of Grannit. Donca was afraid he might harm himself, and persuaded him to return to her bungalow. She rang up Oliver and told him simply that she was too tired to visit him.

Soon after midnight Oliver arrived, and entered the bedroom where Donca was guarding Grannit. Misunderstanding, he apologised for disturbing them and walked out.

Still Frances had not got a job, and still Aldens saw that she did not starve. Then came a day when she decided that she would give all if she could become famous that way. Returning from an excursion with Aldens, they collided with another car. In it was Oliver. After he left Donca, the next hours had been spent in drinking. The crash sobered him. Nobody was hurt, and Oliver offered to take Frances in his car. For Frances it was her great moment. She pretended she had no home, and Oliver took her to his house.

Feeling horribly ill, Oliver went straight to his bedroom. Presently Frances knocked at his door and asked for some adhesive plaster for a cut. Oliver said he had none, and wished her good-night. Frances did not go. Instead she came further into the room. Tired to death of pretty women, he ordered her to get out.

This episode finally decided him to go to Europe, away from everybody. Donca heard too late to stop him. And then—

THEY were filming the scenes between the "Princess Tatiana" and her husband during a court ball. The "heavy" role of the princely spouse and chief of the secret police had been foisted upon James Blakely, a great stage actor with no film experience. He was a very vain "heavy," and difficult to handle, and it was torture to work with him. The Russian camera-man, Eisenlohr and Donca were all on edge every minute. they were with him on the set. They tried the little scene out four times, five times; then they quarrelled and tried again without light and without camera.

Donca's dress was heavy on her shoulders. As long as she worked, she did not think of Oliver. Blakely was having one of his long disputes with Eisenlohr. He had his own ideas, Blakely. Donca leaned against a wooden imitation of a marble pillar. Everything was imitation. She closed her eyes to rest a moment, and Oliver appeared before her; just a line of his face, a line from his ear to the back of his neck, where the hair frizzed so tenderly, so divinely. . . . "Oliver, listen, child, you can't leave me like that."

"Is Your Highness asleep?" Eisenlohr asked ironically.

She was back at work next moment. It was four minutes to five. It was twenty after five when the scene was finally taken. Eisenlohr disappeared. He looked terribly serious and worried. Donca leaned her face against the wall. She tried to memorise her scene.

"Takus," she said, without turning around as she heard someone approach her. She could recognise the step of his large feet anywhere. The fall of those feet had been in the background of her life for many years.

"Yes, Donca."

"What are you doing here?"

"I thought if you should need me——"

"How is it coming on?" she asked.

"Very well," he answered.

They were talking Rumanian, as they always did when they were alone together.

"Can you send a telegram immediately?" she asked.

"Of course. I have everything prepared."

UNDER a reading-lamp of the studio she wrote rapidly. "Can you read this?" she asked Takus. "And can you send it?"

Takus brought the paper close to his near-sighted eyes.

"There are two hundred and three words," he said, smiling.

"Forget them. The train leaves at 8.45. Will that telegram be on the train?"

"I'll take it aboard myself."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," she said. "I'll need the car and the chauffeur."

"I'll take a taxi."

"That's clever. Have you enough money for a taxi?"

"No."

"Ask Manuela for money."

"The hell I will!"

"What?"

"I've a thick skin up to a certain point," he answered sullenly, and walked off.

Donca returned to the set.

"How is it?" she asked.

Eisenlohr sat with spread-out legs on his low stool. Everything Eisenlohr used looked as if it were too small for him; his clothes, his furniture, his friends.

"We've got to take everything over again," he said, biting his words.

What seemed hours later the whistle blew. The scene was taken. Eisenlohr ran to Donca.

"Wonderful!" he cried. "Wonderful! Great!"

She looked at him and smiled, a very absent-minded, exhausted smile.

"That was big, Morescu," he said, tapping her shoulder as one pats a horse after a race.

Donca's hand trembled as she took the cup of cold coffee Manuela gave her. The maid's dumb black eyes were full of tears. The Morescu, too, was crying. Tears ran freely from her eyes, now that the scene was ended, and smeared the mascara over her face. She wiped her eyes with her fingers and smiled like a little girl. Eisenlohr, too, smiled. It was the smile of an animal tamer after he has taken his head out of the lion's mouth.

Suddenly the Morescu raised Manuela's hand and looked at the wrist-watch on her wrist to see the time. It was seven minutes after eight!

"I've got to go. You know that I've got to go," she said in a choked voice to Eisenlohr.

"All right, go—go, you cannibal," he said.

She ran at top speed in the noise of her stage dress. Takus was at the door, but the car wasn't there. It was at the door of her bungalow. She raised her dress high and ran, and several people looked at her. And as she ran, she whispered:

"Oliver, Oliver, Oliver——"

She had lost two minutes. She jumped into the car, as she was, in her make-up. Manuela threw a coat in after her. Meyer stepped dreamily on the starter. His attitude made the Morescu wild.

"The railroad station, as fast as you can. And if we don't make the station before the train leaves——" she said threateningly. Meyer looked at the clock on the dashboard, and shrugged his shoulders.

At twelve minutes after eight the car passed through the gates of the lot. The street was jammed by a line of cars that moved slowly forward. Meyer began to blow his horn. He blew it so insistently that all cars cleared the road for him, thinking it was the fire-company's automobile or an ambulance.

"Top speed. Top speed! Let her out," Donca begged, leaning over the driver.

But everything seemed to be against Meyer that particular evening. A whole bungalow, on wheels, was being transported from one place to another. It barred the road, and Meyer had to make a detour. And everywhere there were cars full of costumed people, cowboys, Cossacks, Malays, and Egyptians and Chinamen, while salesmen walked between cars offering roses and peanuts and the last numbers of an illustrated magazine. The stop-signals rang and rang. Obstructions everywhere. Meyer was a good driver. But he was nervous. He had a sick wife. And he never got enough sleep.

"Can't we go a little faster?" Donca begged.

"I am sorry, madam."

Donca cursed him in Rumanian. It was 8.36, and they were still in Hollywood—hadn't even got into Los Angeles.

"Will we get to the train in time?"

"No," Meyer said, stopping for a moment. "Impossible, madam." They were at the corner of Western Avenue. The red light had stopped him. All hope was gone. Oliver was leaving. By the time the green light had flashed, Donca had taken a decision.

"Take Western Av. and drive to Pasadena. It takes the train half an hour to get there. Be there ahead of it."

THE odor of orange-blossoms filled the air. They were travelling at a mad pace through the orange plantations. Los Angeles was far behind them.

"Will we do it?" she asked of Meyer. "I hope so."

"How many more miles?"

He shrugged his shoulders. She reached for a cigarette, lit it, took a puff and put it into Meyer's mouth. He drew the smoke deeply into his lungs, and smiled thankfully.

"Faster! Faster! Faster!"

Please turn to Page 43

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...but it must be *the* Genuine Eau de Cologne Jean Marie FARINA

Because this Roger & Gallet product has been cherished by the leaders of Fashion in each succeeding generation since, in the eighteenth century, JEAN MARIE FARINA introduced to the Parisian elite the *perfect* Eau De Cologne.

A Lingering and Delightful Fragrance . . . . . .

It fulfils every need of discerning femininity . . . providing the finishing touches to a perfect toilet; whilst, for the informal occasion, it has a quality for which there is no adequate substitute. Cultivate the JEAN MARIE FARINA *habit* . . . just a little applied to the body keeps it in perfect condition. It cools and softens the skin and restores the strength and elasticity of the muscles.

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Every woman knows how the fevered brow responds to the cooling relief of an Eau De Cologne of quality . . . that's JEAN MARIE FARINA. And withal it's a deodorant of exquisite subtlety.

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At leisure or exercise the oppressive heat of summer days creates discomfort. See to it that you feel cool and look fresh . . . while, for the special occasion . . . just a little in the bath or wash basin . . . and all that dims your radiance is softly coaxed away. JEAN MARIE FARINA is obtainable at all high class Chemists and Stores in the usual bottle and also in the most attractive Xmas presentations. From 2/6 to 50/-.

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No. 10-10 Face Cream . . . . . in tubes at 1/3 and jars 2/6.
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Obtainable at all high class Chemists and Stores.

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Olive oil
is nature's aid to natural loveliness
—and it's olive oil that makes Palmolive green

YEARS and years ago, olive and palm oils were discovered to be Nature's ideal beauty cleansers.

To-day, these same oils, secretly blended in Palmolive Soap, provide the same kind of beauty cleansing. The creamy, lotion-like lather they produce is ideal for the skin; it responds with new freshness, new youth to a twice-daily Palmolive treatment.

Since Palmolive is now selling at the lowest price in history, you can enjoy its beauty benefits for the bath, too. Millions use it — and no other soap — to keep skin fresh, wholesome, lovely.

Morning and evening, do this: Work a creamy, fine lather of Palmolive Soap into the skin of face, neck and shoulders. Rinse first with warm water, then with cold. See what this does to restore the natural freshness of your skin.

The vial at the left shows the exact amount of olive oil we put into each cake of Palmolive.

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NEW BOOKS

Conducted by F. W. L. ESCH

Australia's "Just So" Stories

How the Tortoise Lost His Tail

NOT enough is known about the lives of the Australian aborigines before the white man came, so "Australian Legends," by C. W. Peck, being tales handed down from the remotest times by the original inhabitants of our land, is a welcome volume.

The legends do not, of course, give authentic aboriginal history, but they do give an insight into the customs and ideals of these strange black people.

The story, "Why the Turtle Has No Tail," reveals something of the natives' spiritual beliefs. We are told by Mr. Peck that "The Australian aborigines believed that the Milky Way was a 'pukkan' or track along which many spirits of departed blacks travelled to heaven, and that the dark place that astronomers call Magellan's Cloud was a hole or split that occurred when the universe was frightfully shaken by some mighty upheaval."

Hidden River

Legends also mention a hidden river over which certain spirits had to travel to a Promised Land. In the centre of this river was an enchanted island, and as a stepping-stone between the bank of the river and the island lay a tortoise. Up to the time of this happening all tortoises and turtles had long tails.

On the journey many spirits were supposed to be in some way tempted to do evil, and there were some fallings by the way. Some were kept floundering about in the river itself. Others congregated on the island until they had expiated their sins, when they were allowed to go on. The worst part of the trip to heaven was stepping across the tortoise.

One day a man arrived among the people who had been re-made, and he told them of his experiences. He said he had died and had reached the tortoise. He stepped upon it, and was half-way along it when it gave a sly jerk and he fell off its tail into the river. He now suggested that when the next great man died his best stone axe be buried with him to deal with the tortoise.

Cut Tail Off

Then a sorcerer came forward and offered to go to the river and secure the passage of it for all time. So he sharpened his axe and died. On his spirit journey he met a snake and cut off its head. Then when he came to the tortoise the tail gave a great shake, so he cut that off, too. Quickly rushing to the other bank of the river, he turned and swung the axe at the head of the tortoise and that was also severed. However, the sorcerer was sorry about this, so he put the head of the snake in its place. And that is why tortoises have snakes' heads and no tails. "Australian Legends." C. W. Peck. 7/6. Lothians Melbourne.

SOMERSET MAUGHAM, famous novelist and playwright, as he is today. Not many people know he started life as a surgeon.

Beverley Nichols' "CRY HAVOC"

"CRY Havoc," Beverley Nichols' latest, has received many good reviews . . . and many bad ones. The London "Daily Telegraph" says: "'Cry Havoc' is an important book."

But it is only an important book insofar as the author is writing about an important subject, namely, the influence of armament factories on world peace. The book itself is not well written. The style is extremely irritating at times, and one feels that Beverley Nichols is the last person who should have attempted such a book. However, there is no gainsaying the facts in the book. They are very interesting and somewhat disturbing. For instance, Beverley Nichols writes:

"There lies on my desk a little report issued by the League of Nations. (The First Sub-Committee of the Temporary Mixed Commission. Report 4.8, 1921). The report stated that (1) Armament firms have fomented war scares; (2) They have attempted to bribe Government officials; (3) They have spread false reports concerning military and naval programmes of foreign countries in order to stimulate armament expenditure; and (4) They have sought to influence public opinion through control of the Press."

("Cry Havoc," Beverley Nichols. 11/3. Jonathan Cape).

SHORT REVIEWS

"For Those That Love It." Myrtle R. White. This is an Australian book by an Australian authoress who is familiar with the inland country which she describes so adroitly. Perils of flooding rains, then long dreary months of fighting against a persistent drought, form the background of the love of Helen Sutcliffe for Munro Steele. Loyalty in successfully managing a large station wages war against Helen's inborn desire for the sea, but is conquered by marriage with Steele. (Angus & Robertson. 6/-.)

"Youth Builds a Monument." J. Leslie. A wholesome, true boy with an innate love of his country and its wild inhabitants is the centre of this unusual book. J. Leslie's pen draws a vivid picture of the lad, "Podge," who is just typical of his kind, only that the knowledge he gains birdnesting, shooting, kangaroo-hunting and walking alone through the bush is not stored haphazardly. At one stage the reader almost expects "Podge" to rise above his companions and become an expert ornithologist, but the story being true to life one realises that he must be but one of many boys whose happy youth ends when he boards the train to fulfill his apprenticeship as a mere engineer. (N.S.W. Bookstall Co.)

"The Way of the Scarlet Pimpernel." Baroness Orczy. You remember the Scarlet Pimpernel, dashing Sir Percy Blakeney, hero of the French Revolution. The charming Englishman who effected amazing rescues of doomed aristocrats appears again in a new set of stories. (Hodder and Stoughton. 7/6.)

"The Last End." Henry B. Raine. A story of Sydney's underworld, in which the hero is a newspaper roundsman. The writer, a returned Digger, has rather overdrawn the picture of the traffic in white slaves and drugs round which the story centres, but interest in the plot is sustained to the end. (N.S.W. Bookstall, 2/-).

"Victory in the Jungle." Edison Marshall. David Steel, the hero, leaves Indo-China a happy young man. He returns bitter and revengeful to avenge his father's murder. His father had discovered a wonderful block of jade. Ruth Ferris, with whom David has fallen in love, accompanies him to the heart of the jungle. There are many thrills. (7/6. Hodder and Stoughton.)

"Parents Are a Problem." Maysie Greig. It is good to hear and read of the successes of Australian writers who have gone abroad to seek experience, fame and (perhaps) fortune. More pleasing still, to be really entertained by one of them—as one undeniably is—by Maysie Greig in this her latest brightly-written novel.

After reading the book, youth will be all too ready to endorse the writer's choice of title, but the more mature, and possibly with justification, will reason that the word "parents" should not have been substituted for "children."

Whatever the conclusion, Maysie Greig is to be commended for her vivid portrayal of the foibles and weaknesses, character and strength, of human nature.—E.G. (7/6 Hodder and Stoughton).

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604452

The CROOK on the LAWN

From the black shadows ..... a mysterious figure walked out on to the moon-lit lawn.

YOUNG Charley Pendlebury worked in the City; but he lived in a small "semi-detached" in the new garden suburb of Whateley Heath, thirty minutes by train from Waterloo. A homely man was Mr. Pendlebury. He had a nice little wife, whose name was Edna, a nice little girl aged two, whose name was Babs, and while there were many more pretentious houses in the suburb, there certainly was not one nicer to look at or more cosy inside than Cypress Villa.

There was reason for that name. When Lord Whateley—the famous collector of Early Christian jewellery—died, and the park of Whateley Hall was sold and cut up into building plots, some of the trees were left standing, and a magnificent cypress remained in the corner of Charley's garden, behind the house. It was this tree incidentally that had decided Charley's choice of plot, for it is important to note that he had bought his house before it was built, or at least he had put down the £75 which was the first cash payment of the Garden Suburb Company's attractive Buy With Your Rent system of purchase.

It had been no joke for Charley, finding that £75. And what with the instalments on the furniture and the coming of Babs, and rates and gas, and season tickets, it had been a pretty stiff struggle meeting the monthly demand for "purchase rent." Yet he had never once been a day behind with his payment; and now, after three years (and only another 18 years of payment to make) he could regard his home with a possessive pride, and know that it was worth every sacrifice he had made for it.

He knew, too, that it would have broken his and Edna's heart if for any reason they had to give it up. He never seriously considered such a calamity, however. He had been with his firm for over ten years; he was popular with the boss, and he had sound reason for believing that a very important promotion would come his way before long.

Charley was terribly proud of his home. He was proud of his cypress. There was no other cypress in Whateley Heath. There had been no other cypress in Lord Whateley's park. But more than anything Charley was proud of his lawn, which he had made entirely with his own hands.

When the builders had retired, leaving the Pendleburys in complete possession of their home, Charley had looked with the eye of a creative artist at the welter of mud and torn sods that represented his garden-to-be.

"Edna!" he said to his wife. "We're not going to have only flowers in the garden. We're going to have a lawn. Can't you see it, all smooth and cool green on a hot summer's day, with the tree making a shade over it? Tea on the lawn, what ho! I bet there won't be a smarter little lawn in Whateley when I've finished with it. Won't it be great?"

That had been no idle boast of Charley's. There was not a smarter little lawn in Whateley Heath. It certainly was not big. You could step across it comfortably in four strides. But the smoothness, the greenness of it! You could have sworn it was a piece of billiard cloth stretched between the tiny flower beds.

Twice a week in summer Charley mowed it. At least once a week, and after every shower of rain, it was rolled. And there was not a rainless day from May until September that is wasn't watered, and meticulously examined for daisy roots or anything calculated to mar its immaculate beauty.

IT was, therefore, with consternation that Charley, taking his customary "stroll round the garden" early one morning in July, observed several muddy marks on the selvedge of his lawn. It had rained heavily the previous day. He had rolled the lawn at dusk. But, as usual, he had worn rubber overshoes, and it was unthinkable that he had made those marks himself.

He examined them closely. With deeper consternation he saw that they were footprints; with deeper consternation still he saw that they extended over the whole area of the lawn, and that there were several other marks as though someone had been prodding the turf with a pointed stick or poker.

His consternation slowly changed to fury. For a full minute he stood gazing at his lawn as though he could scarcely credit the evidence of his own eyes. Then he rushed back into the house. Babs hadn't been brought down yet. Edna, looking very pretty in her boudoir cap and dressing gown, was getting breakfast ready.

"Edna," cried Charley, in a husky vibrant voice, "who's been messing about in the garden since last night?"

There are occasions when a wife as affectionate as Edna Pendlebury can be preoccupied, and breakfast time was one of them. She did not turn from the stove.

"Don't come bothering about the garden now, Charley," she said. "How should I know?"

"Do you know that someone's been trampling all over the lawn, and digging into it with a stick?" Charley cried indignantly. "Come and look if you don't believe me. The lawn's absolutely ruined, I tell you. I'm going to tell the police about it. It's outrageous. Come and look at it."

"I'm not going to spoil your breakfast for the sake of waiting two minutes," Edna answered, without turning from the stove. "I expect it's only your imagination. Who could have been in the garden? You shouldn't have rolled it last night, after it had rained so heavily, particularly when it was almost dark. There must have been something stuck on the roller. Or perhaps you forgot to put your rubbers on. Sit down, darling, and have your breakfast, or you'll have to run for your train. There's a letter for you on the table. The postman's just been."

Charley had long ago learnt the futility of talking to his wife's back. He stood waiting for her to turn from the stove, his mind meanwhile groping for words that would express his emotions; first at the sacrilegious interference with his beloved lawn; second at his wife's appalling stupidity in imagining he could have been such a fool as to do the damage himself.

He had no intention of reading the letter when he picked it up. The action was purely mechanical. But the fact that the envelope bore the name of his own firm, and was addressed in the familiar writing of the boss, impressed itself upon his consciousness. The boss—writing a personal letter to himself! Good Heavens! Could it be his long-expected promotion? He ripped the letter open. He began to read. Edna had turned from the stove with a plate of bacon and eggs.

"Here you are, Charley," she said cheerfully. "Now you can tell me about the lawn. I'm sure it's nothing but ——"

She stopped abruptly. Charley, with the letter in his hand, was staring out at the garden. His face was deathly white.

"Charley," she cried in alarm, "what's the matter? Are you ill? What's the matter? It isn't the lawn, is it?"

But Charley had ceased to think about his lawn. He turned and mechanically handed his wife the letter he had just read. It was from the boss. It was, in a subtle way, a tribute from an employer to a very faithful servant. But there was no mention of promotion in it. It stated with tragic simplicity that the firm had gone bankrupt. That Mr. Pendlebury must regard himself as unemployed forthwith.

* * *

It was two o'clock. Edna had at last sobbed herself to sleep. But Charley, with his head propped up on the pillows, felt that he would never be able to sleep again. It was a warm, close night. There was a moon. The window was open—the curtains drawn back. There was sufficient light in the bedroom for Charley to make out the shape of his wife's head, and vaguely, beyond their bed, the cot where Babs lay sleeping, serenely oblivious to the calamity that had fallen upon her home.

Poor Babs! Poor Edna! What on earth would become of them now, thought Charley bitterly. He had gone down to the City immediately after breakfast, buoyed with a faint hope that, after all, there might be some mistake about the letter. It was incredible to him that his firm, which he had always thought so prosperous, should suddenly collapse like this.

But that hope had been completely dashed when he found an officer of the Official Receiver already in charge. The boss had not only gone bankrupt. He had also left for the Continent, and he had given no address.

If only he had some reserve to fall back on. Charley thought for the hundredth time. If only he had saved just a little from his income, instead of spending every farthing on the home which, unless a miracle happened, would soon become the Garden Suburb Company's complete property once more.

He would have to give it up, of course. Even if he staved off next month's payment it would be quite impossible to keep on the house unless he got another job; and he had too expert a knowledge of the employment market not to realise that it might be six months, it might be a year before he did so.

Yes; Cypress Villa would have to go. The furniture, too, everything! In a few weeks from now they would be homeless and someone else would be living here. Someone else would be sleeping in this room, looking after the garden, enjoying the shade of the cypress tree, cutting the lawn, rolling it.

The Lawn! For the first time since he had received that fatal letter, Charley remembered his early morning's discovery. But it did not make him angry now. What difference would it make if his lawn was damaged or not, if someone else was to have it? Still he felt curious. Who on earth could have been in his garden in the middle of the night? Could it have been a crook of some sort, or a lunatic? Upon his soul it seemed more likely to have been the latter. Yet he ought to have mentioned it to the Whateley police. He would have done so, of course, if he hadn't been otherwise engaged all day.

Swiftly Charley's mind flew back to its major problems. He realised suddenly the hopelessness of trying to sleep. He had better get up and make himself some tea, anything to give his fevered brain distraction. He glanced at Edna. He listened to her breathing for a while. Then, stealthily, he got out of bed, put on his slippers, and tip-toed towards the door.

He had to pass the window to do so, however, and the window offered an irresistible attraction. Not a single morning in three years had Charley missed looking out of that window to see how his garden was "getting on." He changed his direction towards it. His nostrils immediately were assailed by the scent of the ramblers he had planted in his first autumn at Whateley, and a terrible sadness gripped his heart—a sadness which became even more intense as he looked out.

Never had the garden seemed more lovely. The moon was full; the sky was cloudless, and the light was so strong he could distinguish the tints of his roses and sweetpeas and the clump of lupins which just missed the inky shadow of the splendid cypress, thrown across the far corner of the lawn.

FOR a full minute Charley stood staring down, smelling the hot perfume of the flowers, and feeling that his heart was going to break. And then suddenly it was as though something had struck him a terrific blow in the chest, stopping his breath. The figure of a man had emerged from the shadow of the cypress, and was moving stealthily toward the middle of the lawn.

Was he dreaming? Sub-consciously Charley put a hand to his eyes and rubbed them. But the figure of the man remained. He had moved clear out into the moonlight. In one hand he was holding what looked like a piece of tape which apparently was attached to the tree, in the other an object which looked suspiciously like a spade.

Charley's breath came in quick gasps. He began to tremble from head to foot. But he did not relax his stare. The man was now in the middle of the lawn. Suddenly he knelt down, gave a steady tug at the tape, placed the end of it on the turf, got up again, took a quick glance about him, and began energetically to dig.

And it was then that something seemed to snap inside Charley's brain. Until now he had been profoundly mystified, and not a little frightened. From the moment he turned from the window he was possessed by a cold unreasoning fury against the spoiler of his lawn. He did not know quite what he was going to do. He moved first toward the bed. But he decided quickly that if he wakened Edna she would speak, the man would hear, and bolt; and this time Charley knew he would not get away, if he could help it!

Instead, he tip-toed to the door, and quietly descended to the kitchen. The kitchen was dark, but not too dark for him to lay hands on the poker. With this clasped tightly in his hand he moved out into the short lobby that led to the back door. The latter was glazed. He drew back the curtain and peered out. The man was still digging energetically, his back towards the house; and a swiftly growing pile of sods and earth testified to his determination. What was he looking for? What was his game? Would it be best to slip out of the front door and find a policeman? There was usually one at the corner of the avenue, about six houses away.

Charley hesitated. But not for longer than a minute. For the man had suddenly stopped digging. He had knelt down, his back still to the house. He had put one hand into the hole he had made, and was tugging gently at some object or objects.

AND Charley, still coldly furious, knew that it was to be now or never. He turned the key of the door; without a sound he opened the door, and with the poker grasped tightly in his right hand, he moved stealthily toward the lawn. The man continued to kneel. He continued to tug at that invisible object. His hands were in the hole when Charley set foot on the lawn. His attention was still concentrated on what lay there when Charley stepped up behind him—but not for one second longer.

Please turn to Page 8

His fingers closed on metal. They held, frenziedly. He was aware of a mouth breathing hot — close to his own, of a fiercely muttered imprecation.

Illustrated .. by .. WYNNE W. DAVIES

FORGET-ME-NOTS

There are forget-me-nots
In the streets this morning;
Just one small smudge of blue
Beneath the coffee-shop's bright awning.

And you are young and brave,
And I again am fair—
Half children that we were
In that far, golden afternoon,
When you laced small blue
flowers amidst my hair.

—Ainslie Baker.

By LEO WALMSLEY

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604453

IRATE LADY driver to pedestrian: "If it hadn't been for you I'd have got my license!"

Some New Laughs

"How do you feel now?"
"I don't feel at all, doctor; I've been paralysed ever since I saw your bill."

Shopman: Here's a cigar which you can offer to anybody.
Customer: No, thanks; I want one which I can smoke myself.

Furrest: How long did you know your husband before you were married?
Fay: I didn't know him at all. I only thought I did.

Bilkins: Hello, Ryghter, what did you do with that ballad you wrote?
Ryghter: I sold it for a song.

"Can you spare me a little change this morning, dear?"
"Certainly! Go and spend a week with your mother."

The CROOK *on the* LAWN

Continued from Page 7

HE gave no sign of alarm or surprise when he turned. He moved like a suddenly uncoiled spring. Charley had no time to look at him. He had a fleeting glimpse of a horribly vicious face, with malevolently gleaming eyes, and he saw the gleam of something bright in the man's uplifted hand; to Charley that thing looked like a pistol. He saw instantly that his own weapon was useless. He dropped it. He gave a loud shout of—

"Police—police!"

And as he did so he grabbed at the hand that seemed to be shooting out to his face. His fingers closed on metal. They held, frenziedly. He was aware of a mouth breathing hot—close to his own, of a fiercely muttered imprecation. He saw something else flash in the man's other hand, above his head. He was aware of a sharp pain on his forehead, then of a dull roar, and an enveloping darkness.

And the next thing Charley was consciously aware of was Edna's voice, at first a very long way off, then slowly coming nearer.

What had happened? What was the matter with his head? Was it a nightmare? He had dreamed that he had had a letter from the boss giving him notice, that they were to clear out of "Cypress Villa" at once. Good Lord! Had he over-slept? Was that Edna calling him?

Charley opened his eyes. He looked about him. His head was aching abominably. Everything was swimming round and round. But he recognised that he was lying on the couch in his own sitting-room, that Edna was kneeling beside him, dabbing his forehead with a piece of lint, and that behind her was a tall man in uniform, the Inspector of the Whateley Heath police.

"What's up?" Charley muttered feebly.

The Inspector advanced to his side and knelt down.

"Ah," he said. "He's coming round all right. Told you it was only a bruise, ma'am. Looks like a jemmy to me. No need to worry . . . How are you feeling now, Mr. Pendlebury? You can leave go of that thing you've got in your hand. I want to have a good look at it—just to make sure."

The Inspector touched Charley lightly on his right hand. The action served to restore him almost to complete consciousness. He remembered everything. The boss's letter, his dreadful day in the City, that he was a ruined man. He remembered how he had tried in vain to sleep; then the man on the lawn, how he had swung round, with that shining thing in his hand, which Charley had gripped, and that other shining thing, with which the man must have struck him.

And suddenly Charley realised that his fingers were still clenched round some hard object, which the Inspector was trying to disengage. He let go. The Inspector held it up, and looked at it closely.

"What is it?" Charley muttered feebly. "I thought it was a pistol. It looks like a crucifix or something. What happened to the chap? Did he get away? What was he doing on my lawn?"

The Inspector smiled grimly, and carefully wrapped that shining object in his handkerchief.

"Don't you worry any more about that," he said. "He got away, and I reckon he took with him enough boodle for him to have a fine old spree before we nail him again. That chap was Freddy Sparks, alias I don't know how many etceteras. He was given seven years for the Whateley Hall burglary, six years ago, and he's only been out a fortnight. Pinched the cream of old Lord Whateley's collection, he did, but he had to cache it, and he must have put it near that cypress tree, when there wasn't a garden like yours in the way. There's a tape measure still tied to it. But it was a bit of luck your hanging on to that little silver cross. Thought it was a pistol, did you? Why that cross is the famous Whateley Crucifix, belonged to a Saxon king or something like that, the cream of the old boy's collection. The Insurance Company had to pay ten thousand quid compensation for that alone. And there's a thousand quid reward for its recovery. I don't suppose you'll mind that crack on the head now, Mr. Pendlebury, and having to put a few new sods on your lawn. What do you say, ma'am?"

The Inspector turned and looked at Mrs. Pendlebury. But Edna was looking at her husband, and Charley was looking at his wife, and neither of them spoke. Their thoughts were private.

(Copyright)

AFTER DANCING

Let's walk, what though my wraps are thin,
My slippers light;
My burning body craves
The chill embrace of night.

Too long, warm arms have held me
Clothed in rhythmic swing;
Mine own are open now,
To catch the south wind's sting.

And, being man, you think
This is a petty whim;
But woman loves man most,
When drawn away from him.

—A. E. H. Knight.

CLOTHES LAST AS LONG AGAIN
...washed this "no-rubbing" way

YOUR fine cottons and linens are bound to last longer and look better when they are saved the wear of hard rubbing. Rinso suds are so thick and creamy, so extra-rich in washing power that the clothes need hardly more than *soaking* in them. Whites come out really white and colours keep their brightness this scrubless way. Rinso goes further, besides saving your energy and clothes. Weight for weight it gives more than twice as much suds as bar soap, even in hard water.

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Those FAIRY TALES of *Childhood*

Lower's New Version of Grimm and Others

By L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

There has been some slight ado about fairy tales, and, as usual, I have been called upon to explain things.

It has been said that Grimm's fairy tales are too grim. Giants tearing little boys' heads off and munching them with great relish, and cruel step-mothers hurling little children out into the snow.

I AGREE that this sort of thing must stop, but, on the other hand, this wishy-washy stuff about Tootles, the Little Native Bear, and Tessie, the Tortoise, leaves the modern child cold. What, then, do you suggest, Mr. Lower?

Well, if you'll just sit here on the edge of the bed, I'll give you some idea of what a good fairy tale should be. You'll find the gin in the wardrobe, if you don't mind drinking out of the soap basin.

Once upon a time there was a retired tramguard who lived in a wood. On the outskirts of the wood lived a family of unemployed giants, all on the dole. One day, while the retired tramguard was out in the woods gathering nuts and May, he turned to May and said: "Have you heard from the Princess Maggie, lately?"

"I had a telegram from her only yesterday," replied May. "It appears that she has been turned into an S.P. bookmaker by a wicked witch."

"A wicked which?" asked the puzzled retired tramguard.

"That's what I said," replied May. Whereupon the retired tramguard was exceedingly bewildered.

However, he decided to go and see the princess himself, so the following day he packed a bottle of lunch and, taking all his money with him, he tramped off to the mountain, which, I forgot to mention, was in the middle of the wood. On his way he met a fairy who was sobbing bitterly.

"Wasser marrer wiz you?" asked the retired tramguard, who had just finished the last drop of his lunch.

"A confounded gnome has just pinched the cigarette card I wanted to make up the full set," sobbed the fairy.

"A gnome?" said the retired tramguard, "would you gnome again if you saw him?"

But the fairy was beside herself with rage and sorrow. Whenever she felt in need of company, she always got beside herself, which is very handy.

"Was it Ronald Colman?" asked the tramguard.

"Yes," sobbed the fairy.

"Here," said the tramguard, giving her some cigarette cards. "Here is a Ronald Colman, a Norma Shearer, and two Marlene Dietriches."

"Oh, bully!" said the fairy delightedly. "You may have any wish you like."

Nonchalantly, the modern "Goldilocks" braves the displeasure of the Three Bears.

"I wish I was in the palace of the princess," said the retired tramguard, whose name, now I come to think of it, was Jack.

Taking her wand firmly in both hands, the fairy struck Jack a heavy blow on the left temple, and when he came round, there he was in the palace of the princess.

* * *

"YOUR Highness," he said as the Princess approached him.

"It's too late," said the Princess, "you can't get on. They're racing now. And I haven't got the scratchings for the next race, either."

"Wouldn't it drive you mad?" said the King, who had just arrived on the scene. "Whoever can remove the spell on her can have half my kingdom and half my youngest daughter."

"What have you got to do?" asked the tramguard.

"Bump off the witch and make all her fowls die. They lay eggs which hatch out dragoons."

"You mean dragons," said the tramguard.

"How dare you contradict me!" shouted the King in a great rage. "Ho! Varlets! Hurl this hellion into the moat!"

* * *

WELL, after Jack had dragged himself out of the moat, he set off to find the witch. He found her living in a two-storey boarding house, and she was just packing up to leave, having won first prize in a lottery. "I'm gettin' out of this hole," said the witch. "I'm going to see life, I am. Me for the bright lights. WHOOPEE!"

"What about taking the spell off the Princess before you go?" said Jack.

"Spell, me eye!" said the witch, "she's having the time of her life. I suppose that old pot up at the palace promised you half his kingdom, and his youngest daughter?"

"Half his youngest daughter!" said Jack, who had a passion for correcting people.

"Have you seen the youngest daughter?" asked the witch, whose name was Ethel.

"No!" said Jack.

"Well, you haven't missed much. You've seen most of the kingdom, haven't you? What do you think of it?"

"It seems to be mostly bush!" said the tramguard.

"Listen, son!" said the witch, "forget it. You've got a good face. I like you. You come away with me and we'll hit it up. Got any money?"

"Yes!" said Jack.

"Oke!" said the witch. "Let's go!"

"What about those poor giants on the dole?"

"Boy!" said the witch, "the dole for giants in this State is three thousand a year. Come on!"

So they went away together and lived happily ever afterward, the only catch in it being that Ethel bewitched Jack and turned him into a teetotaller.

I don't know what happened to May. I did hear that she went off with the insurance collector after burning the house down.

Bunky doo, children!

And what, may I ask, is wrong with that?

There's *Room* for GIRL PHARMACISTS

CAREERS FOR GIRLS

By Our Special Commissioner

The interesting profession of pharmacy has attracted many girls throughout Australia of recent years, but comparatively few of them have embarked in business for themselves.

The course necessary to qualify as a chemist or pharmacist differs in the various States of the Commonwealth.

IN New South Wales there is no faculty in pharmacy at the University, and girls who wish to qualify must, during their three years' apprenticeship with a registered chemist, undergo a two years' course at the University in botany, chemistry, and materia medica (history and knowledge of drugs), and then sit for their certificate at an examination conducted by the Pharmacy Board.

The examination covers the academic work at the University, and also the practical work in the dispensary.

South Australia is fortunate in having a chair of chemistry at the Adelaide University, but in Queensland and Victoria there is no such faculty, but there are colleges of pharmacy where students may qualify for the profession.

I had a long chat with one of Sydney's leading chemists during the week on the prospects and fitness of girls for this profession. This man has employed assistants for a quarter of a century, and has had a woman assistant with him for the past six or seven years.

With the close of another school year, thousands of girls are contemplating their future careers. This series of weekly articles is designed to help them.

"Girls are eminently fitted for the practical work of pharmacy," he says, "and they are more conscientious and reliable than the men.

"Their greatest handicap is the old-fashioned prejudice against women in professions. For some reason, the public do not like them, and this refers particularly to women customers, who would rather be attended to by an apprentice boy than by a qualified woman chemist. Fortunately, however, the prejudice is dying out.

"If a girl has any definite leaning towards a scientific career, there is no doubt that pharmacy offers a responsible and interesting calling for intelligent girls. But at the present moment I would not advise girls to take it up, owing to the strenuous opposition the chemist is feeling from chain stores and the sale of drugs by almost every class of business."

IT is generally recognised that the dispensing business, in itself, is unprofitable, and until some protection is given the pharmacist against unfair competition the future of the profession is somewhat clouded.

Various proposals are under consideration by chemists' organisations for dealing with the problem, and in Victoria a special fee is charged for dispensing all prescriptions, in addition to the cost of the medicine.

It may be that some similar scheme will be brought into effect in New South Wales, or else the chemist will be forced to retire from business as a trader and confine his activities to the seclusion of the consulting room, where his fees for dispensing will be on the lines of those charged by the medical profession.

* * *

AT the present time the large departmental stores absorb a number of women chemists in their pharmacies, and the girls have shown that they are eminently fitted for this work.

A number of the leading hospitals also prefer to employ women in their dispensaries, while others have closed their doors against them.

* * *

THE chemist of to-day, although a professional man, is also essentially a business man, and the boy or girl who intends to succeed in this business would be well advised to take up business principles as part of the curriculum of the leaving certificate course.

Each year, as the knowledge of drugs increases, chemistry is becoming more and more a scientific profession, and the knowledge required to-day is much more extensive than in years gone by.

Qualified chemists' assistants' wages are fixed by the Arbitration Court awards and range from £4/10/- to £6/10/- a week for 48 hours worked on seven days a week.

The capital required by a girl to open a pharmacy of her own in the suburbs is considerable, and it is generally considered in the profession that with business training a safe start may be made on something in the region of £1000.

HOST Holbrook says: The Holbrook Queen Olives are the most popular. They are always so tasty and crisp.

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An Editorial

NOVEMBER 25, 1933

BIG CITIES ARE NOT WRONG

WORLD tourists glancing at Australia from the decks of the "Ulysses" have passed the usual remarks about our "top-heavy" city populations.

Their idea seems to be that people should leave the cities and help the farmers produce an even greater glut of wheat and butter and fruit than at present.

Foolish critics in Australia repeat the same old twaddle. With them it's the old story of looking abroad for wisdom and guidance and ignoring the leaders at home.

Australia has achieved some of its greatest results by blazing new trails. In such diverse directions as agricultural methods, education, banking, industrial control, and electoral reform we have been world pioneers.

Why shouldn't our system of big cities be right?

For one thing our cities, with their far-flung suburbs on the cottage-plus-garden system, are entirely different from the grim slum and tenement purlieus of American and European capitals. Australian cities, except for rapidly diminishing congested areas, offer as much air and sun as country towns, and greater health and sanitary provision.

As for the argument that our big cities are economically unsound, let anybody point to a single country in the whole world where wealth is more widely distributed over the whole population, and where the standard of living and education over the whole population is as high.

And the final test of tests — our national solvency. Australia as a nation came through the depression with the least individual suffering of any country anywhere.

—THE EDITOR.

LYRICS OF LIFE

JARGON

Life's a kind of melody
That is played upon our hearts . . .
To some it's just a ragtime,
A syncopated jazz-time,
And some have played a nocturne
In their souls,
An Idyll or a Lyric or a Ballad
May be sung . . .
A million different melodies
Have been begun,
Some have played a march
With a military swing
And a thud, thud, thudding
Of the drums. . . .
Some have captured sweetness
And beauty in their song,
And some are drab and tuneless
In the pain of "going on."
But to most it's just a ragtime,
A syncopated jazz-time,
A mutilated melody
That might have been a song.

—P.D.B.

POINTS of VIEW

"Jane" or "Miss X"?

DO maidservants seethe with concealed rage when addressed as "Maud" or "Emily"?

An Arbitration Court award given last week in Perth assumes that they do, and expressly states that adult females in lodging and boarding-houses may no longer be addressed by their employers as "Jane" or "Mary" unless they wish it but must be called "Miss X" or "Mrs. X" as the case may be.

The award does not cover girls employed in private homes. Do they really object to being called by their Christian names? Or do they feel that the familiar use of their names makes them a part of the family they serve, whereas the cold English habit of addressing domestic servants as "Smith" or "Mackenzie" places them outside the pale?

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Problem of Youth

RED tape threatens to destroy the roots of the vocational guidance system in Victoria, which the Director of Education recently described as a "magnificent success."

The foundation of the system is the keeping in schools of index cards of carefully tabulated information concerning every scholar. The Minister for Education has decided to abolish the card-index system. Its cost to the department is £28/10/- a year for printing and the services of one officer to keep the cards in order.

The Minister does not disapprove of vocational guidance, but considers that "the finding of employment for children leaving school is more a matter for the Labor Department."

Some support is given to his attitude by the report of the organiser in charge of a scheme for placing boys in jobs on farms. He complains that he cannot get enough boys to meet the demand. They are unwilling, he says, to face the discomforts of farm life while they can persuade their parents to part with a few shillings a week and let them idle at home.

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After Sun, Not Men

A CORRESPONDENT to a Sydney daily states that she is very pleased to see action taken in regard to women walking round the streets showing their bare backs and legs, and adds, "Is this the only way women can attract men?"

I submit that the majority of young girls expose their backs and legs because they wish to attract the health-giving rays of God's sun—not men.

"Modesty" is a word which is usually on the lips of those whose thoughts are the most immodest.—Mary Truby King.

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Cinderella Dance Halls

ACCORDING to the strict letter of a recently enacted law, Melbourne dance cafés, registered as "public buildings," should close at midnight from Monday to Friday, and at 11.30 p.m. on Saturday.

Proprietors of dance halls, preparing gleefully for a gala Centenary year, are aghast at the news that by remaining open after midnight they are breaking the law.

The Lord Mayor deplores the Puritan regulations which may endanger the success of the Centenary, whose main theme, he says, should be "the spirit of carnival." Councillor Kane contemptuously refuses to associate himself with "a Centenary run on kindergarten lines."

On the other hand, Mrs. Griffiths Lloyd, president of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, looks on the new regulations as "something accomplished for the very best good of the community."

Judging by the temper of its discussion of the subject, it is unlikely that the City Council will enforce the unpopular legislation unless a "higher authority" should bring pressure to bear upon it.

Press Button War

THE next war is going to be a most ridiculous business if we are to believe all the reports we hear.

Last week a London cable described how, according to Lord Rothermere, the enemy's commander-in-chief will press a button and launch 20,000 to 50,000 aeroplanes.

This, however, we understand, is only if someone else, in the country attacked, has not already pressed a button and blown the commander-in-chief and the city he lives in to pieces.

When war is declared there is going to be a mad rush to press buttons, and the country that presses first will be the one that wins the war.

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Road Hogs

IT is estimated, says a cable from London, that the number of killed and injured between 1918 and the end of the present month, as the result of motor accidents, will exceed 2,000,000.

Here's a tip to circus proprietors on how to pack elephants in an economical space!

As a result of this terrible state of affairs England now has the British Pedestrians' Association which wages continuous warfare against road-hogs.

Is it not about time that something of the kind was started in Australia?

Road casualties in the Commonwealth are relatively almost as bad. The figure for a similar period is 46,000 killed and injured.

✣ ✣ ✣

Christmas Fever

THIS Christmas present problem—what a hardy annual it is. It pops up, as fresh and prickly as ever, each December.

I offer a suggestion. Decide how much money you have to spend and let nothing—nothing—alter you, not even Aunt Mary's sudden return from England. Resist the wiles of the saleswoman who has just the thing at five shillings, when you have only three in hand. Be self-controlled, or Christmas Eve will find you battered and desperate, with empty purse and half your friends neglected.

Remember, the smallest gift shows that you have not forgotten.—M.T.

The World went— 1700 Years Without A Bath

By Dorothea Vautier.

When you lie and dream in a hot bath, or shiver under a shower, does it occur to you that there was a time, not long ago, when the world was unwashed? Bathing is one of the most recent habits acquired by civilised people.

THE Romans, of course, had their baths, and they introduced them to England, but, because they were associated with certain idolatrous customs, early Christian teachers banned bathing as a form of pagan whoopee. And the bann was not removed for 1700 years. Only the highest and the most daring tried to bath.

A gossip sheet of the time of Queen Elizabeth reads: "The Queen hath built herself a bath where she doth bathe herself once a month whether she need it or no."

Until a few years ago, even modern apartment houses in Continental Europe lacked bathtubs. In many magnificent homes, the bathroom itself was provided, but anyone buying the place was expected to install his own fixtures.

At one time in Paris, the bath-house man was a familiar figure, grotesquely weird in his capacity as harbinger of the bathtub. At all hours of the day he might be seen pulling his cart of hot water and tin tub complete, ready to deliver a bath to somebody's house. For this luxury his customers paid about 20 centimes, while he in his turn performed a task which was surely equal to one of the labors of Hercules. Up several flights of stairs he carried the five-foot tin tub, returning again to draw the hot water from the cart tank, this task being repeated until the tub was filled. In parts of Paris this system is still in use.

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THE first bath tub in the United States was installed in 1842. It was made of mahogany lined with sheet lead, and was exhibited at a Christmas party.

The next day the papers denounced it as a luxurious and democratic vanity. Following on this outburst, medical men took the matter up, and pronounced the bath tub a menace to health.

A few years later, however, things took a healthy turn, for baths began to make their appearance in some of the homes. Huge affairs, they were higher at one end than the other, in shape resembling the galleons in which Columbus sailed to discover America. A large room was set apart for the use of these gigantic affairs of wood, which were painted white and zinc-lined.

A stout rubber hose, secured to the window sill, was lowered to the yard, and in this way water was pumped into the bath, supplemented by several pails of hot water from the kitchen.

Needless to say, the tub was not in frequent use except in summer.

In England the use of the bath was delayed even longer than in its sister land, America. The taboo on bathing was lifted sometime early in the 17th century, when doctors suddenly started advocating the use of water on the body as a panacea for all ills, including insanity, rheumatism, and palsy.

But the flame of enthusiasm for this new cult was slow to ignite.

In 1843 there appeared a publication which voices the sentiments of the day. This was Horatio Mahomed's "The Bath," and the English race must have been stung to mortification when it read these words:

"It is a fact, I think, that will hardly admit contradiction, that a large proportion of the population of this country never submitted themselves to an entire personal ablution in their lives."

Prior to this date, one or two tubs had been imported from France. Weird and fantastic things they would appear to the modern bather, slipper-shaped, copper contrivances, so that a person indulging in the luxury of a bath could splash about in privacy sheltered even from the sight of his own body.

HE DID NOT ASK TO BE BORN

AN unusual law case, reported by cable from New York, opens up the question of a child's legal claims on its parents.

James Morrow, aged 21, is claiming 50,000 dollars damages from a wealthy undertaker, who, he alleges, has alienated his mother's affection.

According to Morrow the man persuaded his mother to leave his father four years ago. And as a result Morrow was deprived of his rightful motherly love, proper education, and proper home life.

As a legal infant, it is claimed, he has a right to the enjoyment of natural love, affection, esteem, and the regard of both his parents together.

There are many such cases in Australia, where children are thrown on their own resources as the result of divorce, or the unhappiness of their parents.

Undoubtedly, parents are under a serious obligation to children, for, as many children have said: "We did not ask to be born." But whether this obligation extends beyond the period of childhood is a matter of individual opinion.

JANE'S JOURNAL—The Diary of a Bright Young Thing.

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NIPPY *and* NELL

—By—
COSMO HAMILTON
Senior Member of the World's Greatest Literary Family.

Illustrated By WILHELM

ODD creatures, men. Odder even than women, and one can't say more than that. Here was one, for instance, young, good-looking, and at the very top of the tree. In Nice to find the sun, he had found it. A mere small slip of his body remained its natural white.

There on the beach he sat, however, repeating over and again, in an attitude of one-piece calamity, this catastrophic chant, "Desolate—life so grey and desolate—women and men in the crowd meet and mingle—yet with itself every soul stands single—deep out of sympathy moaning its moan—holding and having its brief exaltation—making its lonesome and low lamentation—fighting its terrible conflicts alone."

Unlike people who wear a halo of martyrdom in place of a hat, he had a very good reason for repeating these shattering things.

You see his name was Legg, though when Nippy was placed in front of it in any part of Great Britain a disturbance took place like that which flutters a seismograph when the earth has tummy trouble.

This serious and despairing young man filled the largest music halls whenever he appeared.

Assisted by a girl who never spoke a word and whose name was Rosy Calf, these two had become as well known and highly popular as those great artists of our fathers' time. But Rosy had fallen in love, deserted art for marriage, and left him without a partner for his turn.

He had discovered since then, to his horror, that although there are plenty of pretty girls, there are few with spontaneous laughs, and it was essential that his partner should break into constant and ostensibly impromptu outbursts at everything he did. His unsuccessful quest had driven him to a doctor and afterwards to Nice. Here he was, on the verge of a nervous breakdown, facing the end of an amazing career at the age of twenty-nine.

A cultured man was he, who loved the best words in their best order, and so read poetry. He had thousands of quotations running in his mind. "Woes," he said now, "cluster; rare solitary woes; they love a train; they tread each other's heels." And in order to demonstrate the truth of this the poor man fell in love.

SHE, too, was always alone. Not beautiful, she had something infinitely better than that. She diffused an arresting charm. She possessed an amusing nose, honest eyes, a courageous chin; and there was kindness on her mouth. A man of quick decisions, Nippy announced to himself that here at last was Mrs. Nicholas Legg. But all his attempts to speak to her were persistently, politely and most expertly repulsed. In reply to his timid "Good-morning," there was merely a pleasant nod. "Mr. What's-your-name," she seemed to say, "we have not been introduced. I am not to be picked up on any kind of beach."

It was awful. It was catastrophic. It was unbelievable. As day by day went by it brought about an endless caravan of utterly sleepless nights. It made Nippy suffer from deep disappointment and thoughts of suicide. It smashed his plans of married bliss in the villa of his dreams. . . . "The Laurels," "The Willows," or "Rosslyn Lodge," perhaps.

HE made up his mind to present himself, defeated, at Cook's on the first of June. His search for a laugh must continue or he must wind up his shattered career by jumping off a bridge.

". . . an amusing nose, honest eyes, a courageous chin, and there was kindness on her mouth . . ."

As for that cool, calm and charming girl, he tried to agree with Tennyson. "It's better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all . . ."

He wandered into the town. Something happened which broke his ceaseless quotations and almost made him scream. Without the slightest warning he was smacked on the back. The smacker was Pat O'Callaghan, a great friend of his. Overwhelmed with gratitude at being able at last to pour out his soul to someone who saw him as a human being with the troubles of his kind, he drew this man to a vacant table on the terrace of the Savoy and told him everything.

O'Callaghan was, of course, Irish, and thus a sympathetic man. What seemed so tragic and distressing to him was that a great genius should be removed from his work because he couldn't find a laugh. He was far more distressed at this fact than that Nippy was in love with a girl who wouldn't let him speak to her because he hadn't been introduced.

With a most remarkable brain-wave he referred to a girl in Nice who was earning her living at that very moment by the simulation of mirth.

"She's doing what Rosy Calf did," he said, "and her partner is a dishonest person who tries to imitate you."

They were making their appearance nightly at the Municipal Casino between a family of gymnasts and a lady with a voice.

He rose and shouted, "Let's go." He dragged Nippy to the manager's office which was behind the stage.

"Hello, George," he said heartily. "How and phwen and phwat and all that sort of thing?"

THE person thus addressed was not George, and never had been George. His name was Harry, and it was a good name. He was a very harried man.

"I'm in the cart," he said. "My next turn has gone phut and there's going to be a gap. Boot and Slipper—see 'em? Jack Boot and Nellie Slipper—pretty bad, but they've been getting over here. He's been run over on the promenade, and who's to substitute?"

Nippy was near the door. Someone with a charming voice was talking just outside. There was a desperate quiver in it which touched a cord in his heart.

"What's to become of me? No partner, no money, no career, and a black mark against the turn after all my work. . . ."

Familiar words, indeed! "Women and men in the crowd meet and mingle, yet with itself every soul stands single, making its lonesome and low lamentation, fighting its terrible conflicts alone . . ."

He peered into the passage. There, with her back toward him, stood the girl he longed to make Mrs. Nicholas Legg . . . the amusing nose, the honest eyes, the courageous chin, and the kind mouth, in very great trouble now. He turned and went to Harry. There was chivalry and a glint of triumph in his eyes. Here was the chance to do a kind deed in a very naughty world. Here was the chance to be revenged for that cold shoulder, that aloofness and the indifference to his immediate and everlasting love. "I'll substitute," he said.

"You? What on earth can you do that's any use to me?"

"Much the same as Boot does, from all I've been told."

"But how do I know — how can I risk——"

"I never wear a wig and all I shall want is a bit of putty for my nose."

"But have you ever been on the professional stage before?"

Nippy removed his tie. "Fifty-one weeks for four whole years, twice a day," he said. "Then Rosy Calf got married——"

The manager sprang to his feet. "Calf? . . . You can't be . . ."

"Yes," said Nippy. "Legg. It's kind of you to remember. The combination of Legg and Calf will never be seen again." His voice broke, but he undid the rest of his shirt. "I shall be glad if you will say nothing, especially to the lady with whom I'm about to perform. Just tell her to try to laugh at everything I do as though I were doing something she had never seen before. Ask her to convey the impression that she simply has to laugh. That's all. Boot and Slipper, eh? Rather funny, that."

HE went away to dress as the band commenced to blare. A shade under two minutes later he was back in the office again. He was not to be recognised. He had reddened his eyelids with grease-paint and put idiocy round his mouth. The seat of his baggy black trousers came almost down to his knees, and he had combed his hair over his forehead in a fringe.

Harry had brought in Nellie, who had made up her face again. She said, "How wonderful this is! Where in the world does he come from? What do you suppose he can do?" And then she gave a gasp. . . . It was Boot and it wasn't Boot. There was genius in those eyes, a master in melancholy all round that mouth.

"You are saving my life," she said.

But before she could express her gratitude further they stood in the glare of the limelight in the middle of the stage. Brass blared, drums were hectic, and four indifferent attendants followed with the props—tennis balls, Indian clubs, fake cigars, rings on ropes, ingenious gymnastic appliances, wires for tight-rope walking, and a tank in which to dive.

THE audience was cold. Then followed that series of fooleries, of grimly earnest incompetences, of solemn and painstaking preparation for breakneck deeds never to be performed which had stirred huge audiences to roars of beneficent mirth. Nellie found it unnecessary to feign spontaneous laughs. Her laughter was genuine. It bubbled from her lips. She simply had to laugh. Indeed, she almost died. This was no mere Boot. This was a Boot with Uppers—a Patent Leather Boot! Never in the history of that Casino had there been such hearty roars. It was an absolute riot. It was a good deed in a very naughty world.

"What'll you take to stay in the bill for a couple of months?" asked Harry, who was very grateful and pleased.

"That's the end," said Nippy. "Unless—that is—Miss Slipper will detach herself from Boot and fit herself to a limb on which there is a foot. I would like to ask her personally, but I shan't be able to do so until we've been introduced."

He had cleaned his face with a towel and smoothed back his hair. The man who stood before her was that timid and ridiculous person whom she had been egging on for a fortnight by the policy of keeping off. Eve invented the trick.

"Good lord, it's you," she said. Somehow she had made up her mind he was no ordinary man. **"You must be Nippy Legg."**

My dears, it wasn't from "The Laurels" or "The Willows" that Harry received a postcard in the course of time on which was quoted, "Love is better than Fame," with a white satin slipper tied behind the car. It was from "Rosslyn Lodge."

(Copyright)

A WRINKLE IN TIME . . .
Castor oil beaten with the white of an egg becomes flavorless, and is very easy to take.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604457

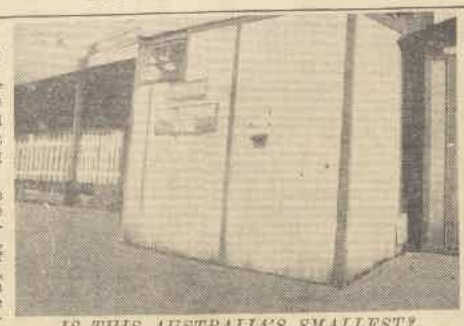
Honeymoons & Grass Widows

FEW people know the original meaning of the words "honeymoon" and "grass-widows." Two compounds of interest to every woman, surely. In "More Words Ancient and Modern," Mr. Ernest Weekley's sequel to "Words Ancient and Modern," published by John Murray, these two words make up two little stories in themselves.

*

Dealing with "honeymoon," Mr. Weekley explains that an early seventeenth-century lexicographer says that the word is "applied to those that love well at the first, and not so well afterwards." The honey would wane, like the moon, so to speak. Another seventeenth-century writer says: "When a couple are newly married, the first month is all honeymoon or smick smack, the second is hither and thither, the third is thwick-thwack, and the fourth, the devil take them that brought thee and I together."

Mr. Weekley goes on to say that the compound "grass-widow," as now used, appears to be of Anglo-Indian origin, and to have been popularised after the Mutiny. It was applied to "ladies recreating in the hill stations, while their husbands are at their duties in the plains."



IS THIS AUSTRALIA'S SMALLEST?
This is Murrumbateman's tiny post office. The village of Murrumbateman is situated 12 miles from Yass, and the building in the photograph faces the Yass-Canberra Road.

MONEY CAN'T BUY HEALTH *but* RIGNEY'S SHOES KEEP YOUR FEET HEALTHY.

21/- Black Glace Opera Court, suede lining, low or medium heels. Also in brown, 22/6; and white buck, 22/6.

30/- Black Glace Fern Punch Tie, medium toe and stilt heels. Also in brown kid, 22/6. Also in white buck, 29/6.

36/6 Black Glace 3-Hole Derbyette, genuine opal grain, lizard saddle overlays, medium heels. Also in brown kid, 37/6.

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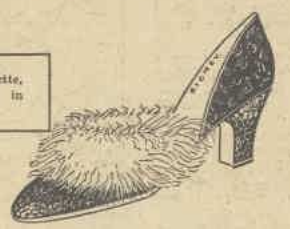

15/11 Tinsel Brocade Boudoir Slippers, Maribou trim, cosy soles, and covered heels.

30 Days to Xmas

LAY-BY NOW

8/6 Black Nevis Court Slipper, silk pom., cosy sole, and low heels. Also in sky blue and red.

Kathleen Hanley
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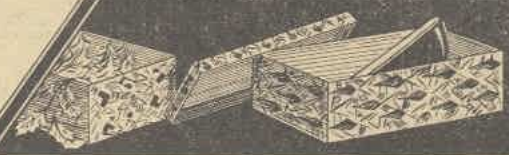

THE HOUSE OF PERFECT FOOTWEAR
RIGNEY'S
147 KING STREET, SYDNEY (2 Doors from Castlereagh St.)
262 EDWARD STREET, BRISBANE

LOUISE MACK ADVISES

Can Anyone Else Put On Your Hat For You?

Isn't it impossible for any other hand to adjust it with just the nice sureness that the touch of your own fingers imparts?

How, then, should anyone else fit opinions on to our heads, seeing how hard it is for outsiders to fit hats on to us.

AND yet OPINIONS CAN HELP US. But we must fit them on to our own souls eventually, no matter how we garner them.

"Can you advise me," writes "Englishwoman," "in our choice of a country town to settle near? My husband and I, now visiting Sydney, intend settling permanently in Australia. Some people recommend Victoria. My husband inclines to Queensland. I lost my heart to Sydney. Having been greatly taken with the thorough character of The Australian Women's Weekly, I thought I would seek your opinion."

* * *

NOW the strangest thing happened to me when I read that letter; I sat still and let the whole of Australia sweep over me. Town after town rose before me, each with its own sweet spell.

Queensland's Beauties

Townsville, an exquisite white line of hotels and houses, across the purple Queensland seas with tall, green palms, against a tropic sky, the most beautiful, most foreign-looking sea-front in Australia, and, half an hour away, Magnetic Island, Townsville's watering place, all bread fruits and guavas and paw-paws, and oysters, and a hotel made of Japanese pagodas, set in the same purple seas. And, inland, for endless miles, some of the greatest cattle and sheep plains in the world.

Rockhampton, a bright, white town on a green river, swiftly flowing past gardens of scarlet incredible strawberries.

Mackay and its Eimeo. Oh Eimeo! To you, of all seasides in Australia, I must award the palm.

On Eimeo's tropic hill stands an old colonial bungalow, now an hotel. And Jinny, and Billy, and all the dear, funny blacks wander in and out bare foot with crabs and lobsters, and oysters, and we have wonderful crab suppers on the verandahs, swept with cool breezes from the blue waters of the Great Barrier Reef, while others fox-trot to lovely music. Eimeo, with your blacks, your bananas and paw-paws, your crabs, your yellow sands; you are not Colombo, you are not Venice, you are not Honolulu, but you are **Australian.** You are dearer than any of those!

Bundaberg a vividly green town, with its sugar plantations and sugar magnates and their jolly wives, all pleasing and to please, open-air theatres, and picnics galore.

Brisbane, so adorably happy, so adorably sunny, with Queenslanders smiling the inimitable Queensland smile up and down the warm gemutlich streets of their capital.

Toowoomba, colder and majestic, on the edges of vast red mountain gullies and blue panoramas that take the shine off even the "Eternal City" and the famous Tivoli view.

Charming Victorian Townships

And then Victoria comes smiling along.

Warrnambool has a charm all of its own—a big, busy town, racy and spicy, warm with the sea, the sheep, and the squatters, and Melbourne not far off.

Hamilton and those marvellous orchestras of blackbirds tossing their songs into the dawn, bringing comfort to some of that great crowd of Indian Army officers who settled round Hamilton after the war.

Geelong, solid across the damp green and grey onion fields, registering gay laughter and student talk as the endless colleges pour out into the wide, sea-windy streets, with the squatters talking wool, and their wives talking ermine.

Creswick, the sweetest place on the edge of vast State Pine Forests, with the old grey stone mansion in the centre of the town that mothered Australia's brainiest family—Lionel, Norman, Ruby, and all.

St. Arnaud, a wealthy town of a stateliness that surprises, with a river and homes and gardens that beguile, and sand dunes that beckon and call.

N.S.W. Like a Song!

And now N.S.W. is talking. Hear her! Cootamundra, Wyalong, Parramatta, Nimmitabel, Eden, Collarenebri, Dubbo, Orange and Bathurst. She sounds like a song, our State.

Look, here comes Wagga! Gentle, pastoral, yet brave. Good for men and ideas, as good for sheep and cattle. And as gay as you **make** them. Exactly **that** gay is Wagga, with the best women bridge-players and the best cooks **combined.**

Here are no classes. Squatters and shopkeepers are the same brand. Gentlemen all. Everyone is friendly. **And all the women like each other.** Yes; in Wagga you may, if you are lucky, meet **the spirit of Australia.**

Yet, as we said before, it is impossible to fit opinions precisely on other people's heads; and all I can do, if it has got to be a last word in country towns, is to ask you to make your own decision according to your own predilections.

HOUT Holbrook says: For the Bridge Party let me suggest some Holbrooks' Queen Olives. They are always popular.

Screen Oddities By CAPTAIN FAWCETT

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604458

Photographs...That Set London Talking

"IN ARTICULO MORTIS" is the name of this unusual study. The photo was taken by John Erith, A.R.P.S., and displayed in the recent Professional Photographers' Association Exhibition in London.

"A TYPICAL BRITISH GIRL" is the title given to both the photographs shown above. The first is by Langfier, and the second, a humorous study, needless to say, is by John Erith, A.R.P.S. Both were seen at the Professional Photographers' Show.

"THE WHITE Monarch," by John B. Eaton, F.R.P.S., of Melbourne. This exquisite bush scene was displayed at the London Salon exhibition of photographic art just recently. Mr. Eaton is a well-known Victorian photographer.

LEFT: "The Old and New" is suggested by this splendid Monte Luke study of old Sydney, with modern Sydney in the background. Monte Luke was one of several Australian artist photographers to have his work hung at the recent London Salon exhibition. A high honor.

"SLANDER," by John Everard, displayed at the Professional Photographers Exhibition in London, shows a fine mastery of light. The expression on the beautiful model's face is an example of what can be done with a good camera.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604459

The Clustered Softness of YOUR WAVY HAIR

"The clustered softness of your wavy hair,
That glorious colour which enchants me so."

Lovely hair is of such captivating charm that poets and artists consider it a vital requisite of beauty. Yet, many girls wear hats whenever they can! Is it wise? Ask the men! You will find them rapturous over a girl's lovely hair—especially if it be the wavy kind that adds a touch of piquance to the face. Many a clever man has picked his bride because of the spell cast by truly lovely hair! Thousands of lovely girls owe their beautiful tresses to Hennafoam Shampoo and Hennafoam Wave Set. This is the perfect combined hair-beauty treatment—guaranteed to give you lovely gleamy, wavy hair, or cost you nothing. Try it. Get a package of Hennafoam and a bottle of Hennafoam Wave Set from your chemist or store to-day. To-morrow you will have glorious, radiant hair, full of those rich, captivating waves that everyone admires—or no cost to you at all. Nothing else equals this marvellous Kathleen Court method of infusing new life into dull hair.

CATARRH

I cured myself completely. Head noises, spitting, catarrhal deafness, nose stuffiness, etc. I will gladly tell sufferers how to overcome this dangerous disease, simply, quickly, permanently. F. ROBINSON, Suite V31 Park Avenue, Auchenflower, Brisbane, Queensland.

Everything for SALE

A Long Complete Story

By Hylton Cleaver

ALONG the road walked Barry Gunter in plus-fours.

He wore no overcoat; it was December; he was carrying a bag; he was also carrying a portable wireless set, field-glasses, a camera, and a bag of golf clubs; his pockets bulged.

The car that overtook him and slowed up was driven by a girl, and when Barry turned he really thought she had come straight out of one of those posters that proclaim the merits of seaside resorts. Often he had wondered why one never met at such resorts the ladies who, from the hoardings, swore to be there. "SEE YOU AT SEA-TOFT" they would cry, and wave their handkerchiefs, or beckon from the sea; but on arriving he had looked for them in vain.

Now one lady who had not promised to be anywhere had appeared beside him as a very nice suprise.

"Can't I," said she, "give you a lift? You look so overladen."

Barry did not know what to put down first in order to remove his hat. He was fascinated by cheeks so smoothly tinted as to show that sunburn powder and outdoor lipstick can still improve on nature here and there; the cold had not made blue her nose, and her grey eyes were not watering in the wintry wind.

"That's very good of you," said Barry. "But where are you going?"

"The way," she said, "I'm pointing. Aren't you?"

"Could you drop me at the station, do you think?"

"Of course." She opened the door with a dimpling smile, and he began to pile his luggage in the back; then when he had taken his seat beside her and she had started up she turned to look at him with friendliness.

"Going away?"

"No, making room," he said, "for someone coming."

This cryptic answer made her think; he saw her smiling at her thoughts.

"In the same way I'm taking this car out of our garage, and putting it in one in the town," said she, "that's a coincidence now, isn't it?"

He sat with folded arms; he turned to investigate her profile; comforted by his inspection, he spoke unashamedly.

"To tell you the truth, I'm on my way to pawn these things."

She raised dark eyebrows tacitly.

"Broke, eh?"

"In that bag are my dress clothes and all the things I could collect which might be labelled valuables. In order to get a round sum I am willing to take my links out of my cuffs, and add those to the kitty. But I think you had better drive me to the station just the same. I shan't arouse so much diversion then, and I can sneak round under cover afterwards."

"And then where are you going?"

"To London to seek my fortune."

"I wish you every success."

"Thank you, but there is something greater than success," said he, "and that is the ability to stand it."

"Are you afraid you won't be able to?"

"I only know I can't stand failure."

"What," she asked, "do you hope to be?"

"We'll see." He frowned and nodded. "But should you ever notice in the papers an intimation that a young so-and-so from hereabouts has scored a sensational success in London's what's-its-name, you may be able to identify him as the what-do-you-call-it you gave a lift to. Name of Barry Gunter."

"And if you receive congratulations from somebody called Judy Maurice—that'll be me."

A little later they arrived. She watched him collect his goods and re-arrange them round him. Then, catching sight of a man with a basket he stepped across and bought from him a bunch of violets; these, with a cavalierish air, he handed to the girl.

Only when she had waved and gone did he realise how cold it was.

IN due course, Barry, finding that he had an hour to kill before the London train left, went for a last stroll round the town; he carried now no impedimenta other than his golf clubs; everything else was pawned.

He wandered along with hands in pockets and soft hat rakishly askant; he was in a cathedral city and it wore a cloistered air of ecclesiastical serenity; it was a grey town, encircled by the remnants of a city wall; the side streets were cobbled and the buildings had an imitative air, as though they wished to flatter the cathedral by looking as much like it as they could. He paused here and there to glance in the windows of antique shops and thus at last came to a garage; here his attention was attracted and at once held by To-day's Exceptional Offer. Second Hand cars were exposed for sale and among them he perceived with a shock one which he quickly recognised. For to-day he had come here in it, and now a notice was suspended from its radiator cap to notify all whom it might concern that they could have the automobile complete for £27/10/-.

". . . . . And is he persistent?"
". . . . . Persistent? I'll say he's persistent. He tried for six weeks to find the Venus de Milo's arms in a jig-saw puzzle!!!"

Barry gazed at it strangely. He looked harder yet. This was incredible. The car had a new expression; it looked sad and self-conscious, as might a racehorse ending its days between the cabshafts; this morning it had been a proud car, wearing Judy Maurice like a buttonhole; now it was in the market to be touched and tried and tampered with . . . to have its running-boards jumped heavily upon, and its engine raced and listened to.

At first he supposed that Judy Maurice must surely have parted with it in exchange for a new one, but this was scarcely probable; had she been on her way to take delivery of a new car she would surely have said as much in conversation with him; no, she had simply announced that she was moving it from her garage and putting it in one in the town.

He took his pipe from his mouth, and stayed with his head a little forward and his eyebrows bunched, and then he went determinedly inside to make a few appropriate inquiries, but not—unfortunately— to buy the car.

AT early afternoon Barry sat by the roadside near the spot at which he had received his lift; he had walked back instead of taking train to London; hereabouts he was pretty sure to head Judy Maurice off; now he could perceive in the middle distance a figure feminine which he identified with satisfaction.

Judy walked with undiminished confidence and with an intriguing air of cheek; at any moment he felt that she would begin to hop and skip. Yet no. Cheerful she might be, but behind that air of badinage she had a serious personality; light chat in her was a mere aperitif, putting an edge upon his curiosity about her.

She was astonished, stopped short, and blinked. "Hullo! Surely you don't want another lift?"

"No, thanks, and another thing, why didn't you tell me that you were taking your car into the town this morning to sell it?"

She seemed surprised at him.

She straightened her hair and the setting of her coat.

"Well," she said, "why should I? I never confide in strangers. Besides, I wanted to offer my last lift with an air. And they don't take cars in pawnshops. You have to sell them or nothing. And how do you know, anyway?"

"I saw it, and I don't think it likes standing with a notice round its neck, where recently it had your arms hugging it as you said good-bye."

"Do you suppose I like not having it?"

"No, and I don't suppose you like walking back now, either."

"I don't mind walking. It's good for you. And, anyway, why did you come back?"

"To offer you tea," said Barry. "I am momentarily in funds, and if you refused I was going to offer you my company on this forced retreat of yours, to repay the courtesy you offered me this morning."

After a brief contemplation of him and a slight uplift of one shoulder, she looked at his bag of golf clubs and changed the subject.

"I see you've still got those."

"Yes. I want to keep them. I let everything else go at a sacrifice price, but golf clubs are after all golf clubs. In a sense these are to me what an old violin is to an unemployed musician, and so I kept them after all."

"You play golf, do you? Professionally?"

"I just play golf. But you never know . . . all I have left now is embodied in plus fours, these clubs, and a plus two handicap."

"And do you think they will find you a job in London?"

"You never know. They found me a job here, but I'm not taking that."

"Why not?"

"It was a question of attaching me to the local golf club as an assistant pro. I didn't mind that so much; I valued my amateur status to a certain extent, but when all else fails I'll do for money anything I can do. Unfortunately this meant instructing women members. And the women members down here are not so much golfers as neglected wives. I know them, and I happen to know why I was suggested."

She looked up the road as he sighed significantly.

"Don't you think it's extraordinary," he said, "that we both met like that when we were going to realise our possessions? Of course, I don't know whether it was your car, or your people's, but somebody connected with you must be hard up, and so I thought, 'That's odd!'"

"It was my car."

"You've not been long in this part of the world, or I should have seen you before."

Please turn to Page 40

'ASPRO' as a SERVANT of the PEOPLE

SERVICE is a factor of progress with either individuals or nations. 'ASPRO' has proved this from a medical standpoint beyond a shadow of doubt, for its healing value has flashed through the consciousness of the races in all parts of the civilised world. The result is that by its pain-relieving qualities 'ASPRO' has become the master medicine of the world. Headaches—toothache—sciatica—neuralgia—gout—rheumatism, in fact all nerve pains are quickly soothed away by 'ASPRO' influence. Then, again, feverish complaints, such as colds, influenza and malaria quickly yield to the effects of 'ASPRO.' Why not let 'ASPRO' protect you—your home and your family, for all can take it from child to parent? 'ASPRO' neither harms the heart nor the stomach. In fact—

'ASPRO' Represents the World's Greatest PAIN-ALLEVIATING SERVICE

Lay All Night in Pain — Then Took 'ASPRO' and Obtained Quick Relief

Tangowahine,
Northern Wairoa,
25th August, 1932.

Dear Sirs,

I wish to inform you of the great benefits I have derived from 'ASPRO' tablets.

Recently I sprained my ankle. All that night I was kept awake with the pain, and morning found it not in the least subsided. I suddenly thought of 'ASPRO,' and immediately took two, with the result that in less than half an hour the pain had completely vanished. I took two more on retiring that night, and have felt absolutely no trace of pain since.

I consider 'ASPRO' also unbeatable for banishing 'Flu attacks. Anyone who can feel a cold developing, cannot do better than take a couple of 'ASPRO' and a hot lemon drink before retiring.

I can assure you this household will never be without 'ASPRO,' and I will never hesitate in recommending them to my friends.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) L. F. MOONEY.

31Fb/33.

Recurring Attacks of 'Flu Beaten — 'ASPRO' as a Family Medicine

158 President Avenue,
Brighton-Le-Sands, N.S.W.

Dear Sirs,

I am writing this testimonial in praise of your wonderful 'ASPRO' Tablets. Since the War I have suffered periodically from recurring attacks of INFLUENZA, and although I have had medical attention, the results have not been satisfactory. I was advised to take 'ASPRO' in future at the first sign of an attack of INFLUENZA, and I am happy to say that the result has been marvellous. In a comparatively short time the temperature has returned to normal.

A few days ago my daughter, aged 15 years, was very sick, and also had a very HIGH TEMPERATURE. I gave her two 'ASPRO' Tablets with a hot lemon drink, and in a short time her temperature was down to normal, and she was feeling very much better.

I am satisfied that as a FAMILY MEDICINE, 'ASPRO' is very hard to beat, and I wish you every success.

Yours faithfully,
JAMES F. EDGAR (Sgd.)

Obtainable at all Chemists and Newsagents 'ASPRO' 3d. 9d. 1/3 4/-

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BEAUTIFUL Australian girls demonstrate the grace of their exercises among picturesque surroundings.

"Telegraph's" EDITRESS IS COMING *to* US!

How Women's Weekly Keeps Ahead; Read About Our Staff!

When The Australian Women's Weekly sees genius it goes after it. This week we are happy to announce that at an early date Mrs. Alice Jackson, Editress of the women's section of "The Telegraph," is joining us.

Mrs. Jackson has had a long and brilliant association with leading papers, including the "Daily Guardian," "Sunday Times," and "Smith's Weekly."

NO paper in the history of the Commonwealth has had such a revolutionary influence on Australian journalism as The Australian Women's Weekly.

Other papers have suddenly discovered that women are readers. Right and left they are endeavoring to imitate our features.

With our large specialist staff, however, and our world-wide fashion and news and pictorial services, we are able to keep far ahead.

The Australian Women's Weekly is not content to fill a certain number of columns with so-called women's items (mostly dull, prosy stuff) as a mere bait for advertisers. Our regular staff and standard contributors include authorities in all departments.

For instance, a clergyman, a doctor, and a lawyer are included.

In other departments we have writing for us such recognised authorities as:—

Miss Jessie Tait, whose dressing of many J. C. Williamson shows revealed her leadership on fashion questions.

Miss Truby King, daughter of Sir Truby King, the baby care specialist.

Miss Margaret Shepherd, instructor in cooking to leading hospitals.

Mr. Frank Cayley, foremost Bridge player.

Miss Ruth Preddy, Australian selector Women's Cricket Association.

Miss Louise Mack, outstanding Australian author, who advises sensibly on difficult problems.

Miss Beatrice Tildesley, secretary of the Film League, and a forthright critic of talkies.

Mr. L. W. Lower, Australia's foremost humorous writer.

The Old Gardener, a unique character, who knows his onions.

Largest Staff

The regular journalistic, artist, and photographic staff is the largest of any women's paper in Australia.

To this staff an important addition will shortly be made. Mrs. Alice Jackson, editress of the women's section of "The Telegraph," is to join us.

Our readers will recall that we were able to welcome recently the editress of the women's section of the "Sydney Morning Herald," Miss Jean Williamson.

Since the Editor-in-chief of The Australian Women's Weekly is Mr. George Warnecke, late editor of the "Sunday Sun," it will be seen that our editorial executives are among the most experienced and highly-placed journalists in Australia.

It is unnecessary to speak at length of our other editorial executives and staff members. Their work speaks for itself throughout the paper.

CAPTIVATING! The very newest in crochet sun-back bathing suits, designed exclusively for readers of The Australian Women's Weekly. Directions for making this arresting, slim-fitting model in the exquisite shell pattern will be given in next week's issue. Watch for it!

YEAST IS LIFE!

Stops Ills and Pains Like Magic!

Gives Amazing Strength in Few Minutes

The wonderful value of Yeast for everyday life, run-down condition, skin disorders, constipation, etc., is established. And now comes "Cream of Yeast," giving the well-known virtues of Yeast in quicker time than before, with new benefits not previously obtainable. The new remedy is safe to use, yet its benefits are startingly rapid. Headaches and dizziness go in 4 minutes! acidity and indigestion go in 3 minutes; depression, brain-fag, etc., in 8 minutes. "Cream of Yeast" makes you feel fresher, brighter, more alert at once. One day's treatment shows its superiority over aspirin, soda bi-carbonate, bismuth, magnesia, and ordinary kinds of yeast, yet 24 "Cream of Yeast" tablets cost only 1/11, or 48 tablets only 2/6, at any chemist's. Try it yourself; see how it improves your Health, Fitness, Vigor, and Good Looks! See how it enables you to do without purgatives, aspirins, and all objectionable medicines. Be sure you get "Cream of Yeast"—brewers' yeast, plain yeast, and inactive yeasts generally are less effective.—"Cream of Yeast" is more than yeast—it is the best of the yeast scientifically combined with other valuable medicinal agents, a vitamine-tonic without rival. Take nothing less good.

BRIDGE PLAYERS' *New Body*

AUTHORITATIVE associations for the control of bridge are in the course of formation in New South Wales and Melbourne.

The Sydney Bridge Association was successfully launched at a representative meeting on Monday night, and a Melbourne meeting was arranged for Wednesday night.

As a result of these moves the arguments about the representative character of the McAdam-Joske match will probably be forgotten.

However, the discussion is regarded as having served a useful purpose in emphasising the necessity for Australia to fall in line with other countries in having a controlling bridge body.

Over 200 enthusiasts were present at the Millions Club on Monday night for the formation of a bridge controlling body.

Representatives from the Millions Club, the Union Club, Automobile Club, City Tattersall's, Commercial Travellers', Sydney Bridge Club, and numerous other bodies in which the game is popular, were in attendance, and on the motion of Dr. F. V. McAdam it was decided that the meeting, representing the clubs and bridge players of New South Wales, declare itself the New South Wales Bridge Association.

Championship Matches

A draft constitution was approved of, and the subscription fixed at 2/6 a year for members, and 10/6 a year for clubs or other associations affiliating.

Sir Arthur Rickard was elected president, with Dr. R. H. Bettington, Mr. S. E. Jamieson and Dr. E. R. Sutton vice-presidents, Mrs. M. Millinger hon. secretary, and Mr. H. McKnight hon. treasurer. A council of nine was elected as follows: Dr. F. V. McAdam, Dr. H. L. Tonkin, Dr. Guy Griffiths, Messrs. J. A. Burke, Fisher Webster, Longhurst, Baird, J. R. Adams, and Edmunds.

The election of Dr. McAdam and Dr. Tonkin to the council of the newly-formed body was regarded as a vote of confidence in the action of Dr. McAdam in arranging the match with the Melbourne players at Christmas time, as both are members of the selected team.

The Bridge Association has as its aim the promotion of interclub and interstate tournaments, championship matches in New South Wales, and the fostering of the game generally throughout the State.

The association has decided definitely not to affiliate with any other body, but to leave itself free and untrammelled.

A meeting was called by Mr. S. N. Lythgo at Howey Court Bridge Club for Wednesday to discuss the formation of a properly constituted authority to control the game in Victoria in general and the interstate Christmas match and future contests.

Sir Harold Luxton, M.L.A., consented to be president, and Mrs. Norman McCance vice-president.

Mr. Norman McCance, a member of the team which will visit Sydney, states that there is no ill-feeling in Melbourne over the match, but only keen interest and a friendly wish for the success of the Melbourne team.

Overseas Affiliation

He added that one outstanding difference between Melbourne and Sydney was that the majority of Melbourne players are exponents of the Culbertson system, and there was every prospect that a proposal would be made to affiliate the new Victorian Association with the International Bridge Union, which was organised by the Culbertson Association to promote international contests.

"It was to solve the difficulty of two interstate bodies affiliated respectively with British and American interests that I suggested the formation of an Australian Federal Bridge Council, amalgamating the two State associations, to stand on its own feet, regardless of overseas organisations.

"To some extent the action taken in N.S.W. harmonised with this view, as Mrs. Millingen had stated that the constitution of the N.S.W. association has been so worded that it may affiliate with any overseas authority it desires."

MALE *Authorities* Deal With DOMESTIC *Science*

Very recently the Minister for Education appointed a commission of inquiry into technical education in this State.

The terms of reference include the relation that should obtain between secondary, super-primary, commercial and domestic science schools.

Three men have been appointed to the Commission, six men to act as advisory members, but NO women!!

By Linda P. Littlejohn.

GIRLS are students in all these sections, and only girls are in the domestic section, yet the men, who from experience know little or nothing of domestic science apparently are to lay down the curriculum. Talk about women taking men's jobs. That is nothing to this!

No doubt the nine men appointed to enquire into the relation of domestic science to other branches of learning will immediately proceed to fit themselves by doing research work into the best furniture polish, the most economical ways and best food-values to be obtained in feeding the family, and last, but not least—since this is taught in domestic science schools—the most careful way to bath the baby.

Many wives will be glad to allow the men to get home experience. They will then be free to enjoy a much needed rest and change of occupation.

Maybe these domestic science-minded men will face up bravely to the gap left in the minds of children who at domestic science schools are taught the rudiments of physiology, then how to bath the baby, all the most necessary intermediate parts being skipped!

It is hoped this view point will not be overlooked when the nine men are considering the work of girls' domestic science courses.

The United Associations has approached the Minister in regard to this extraordinary action, but up to the time of going to press, no reply has been received.

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WAY'S

BARGAINS *throughout the* STORE

A VERY LOW PRICE, CERTAINLY, but these SWAGGER COATS of ART. MOROCAIN lack nothing in good style, correct cut or finish. Raglan sleeves, yoke back. Colours: Black, Navy, Brown, Lido, Beige or String. Sizes: S.S.W. to O.S. Usually 18/6.
Special at Way's .. 14/11

A VOILE FROCK FOR THE BIGGER WOMAN—suitably planned, so cool and serviceable. New designs patterned on light coloured grounds. Inlet front of georgette. Encircling belt. Sizes: W., O.S., and X.O.S. Usually 25/6.
Special at Way's .. 18/11

SMART TUB FROCKS in Colour-fast Cottons. A youthful style with inverted pleats in skirt. Effectively finished contrast pipings. Organdi collar and cuffs. In Cherry or Blue. Sizes: S.S.W., S.W., and W. Usually 12/6.
Special at Way's .. 9/6

STYLISH FROCK of SAND CREPE, with full puff sleeves in fancy to tone. Double collar. Flared Skirt. To Red, Blue, Navy or Black. Sizes: S.S.W., S.W., and W. Usually 39/6.
Special at Way's 29/11

A FROCK OF MOROCAIN that will find many admirers. The sleeves are a smart style feature with their inlays of fancy to tone—and the jabot effect is clever. Flared skirt. Colours: Black, Navy, Beige, Red, or Saxe. Sizes: S.S.W. to X.W. Usually 32/6.
Special at Way's 19/11

DISTINCTIVE ENSEMBLE of FANCY KRINKLE CREPE—new designs in Black-White, Navy-Beige, or Lido-White. The frock with long sleeves shows a smart cross-over vest effect. The cape sleeves of the coat are finished square scallops. Buttons provide the trim. Sizes: S.W., W., and O.S. Usually 89/6.
Special at Way's 75/-

Make use of our Lay-By and Country Orders Service.

WE PAY CARRIAGE

E. WAY & CO. LTD. 213-219 Pitt St. Sydney

Poor Pay *Unattractive*

Why appointment of Conservatorium Director is held up

It is strange that the Public Service Board makes no pronouncement on the position of director of the N.S.W. State Conservatorium of Music.

Has the board reached a dead-end in its deliberations?

The truth is that the salary offered is quite unattractive to men with the qualifications required, combining a degree of "showmanship" with musical status.

THE Government nominally is prepared to pay £1100 a year for a Conservatorium director; but since he is a public servant the appropriate "cuts" will be applied. The salary thus is whittled down to little more than £900, a ludicrous remuneration for services such as a first-class conductor-director should be prepared and able to render.

According to all reports there has been no lack of applicants for the post; nor of meetings at which they have been considered by the Public Service Board. In regular attendance has been a special advisory committee comprising two members representing the Musical Association of N.S.W. and two representing the Conservatorium.

Evidently the Board does not consider any of the applicants worthy of appointment—in other words, the right men are not interested.

* * *

MUSICIANS are unanimous that the salary is insufficient. The general estimate of a reasonable sum is £1500. There must be no mistake about obtaining the right man for the position.

He should be more than an administrator and a lecturer—he should be a first-class musician of wide experience and proven talent.

Principally he should be a conductor of personality and vitality; a man who will make his presence felt beyond the walls of the Conservatorium, who will stimulate musical activity throughout the country.

It is essential, in fact, that such a Director should be relieved to the fullest extent of administrative and academic duties. After all, the Registrar is well able to look after routine. One of the professors might be appointed deputy-Director and entrusted with the organisation of classes and examinations.

* * *

WHEN the question of a new Director was first raised, serious consideration was given to a close association of the Australian Broadcasting Commission with the Conservatorium in radio concerts.

It thus might have been possible to divert some of the Commission's funds to payment for services rendered by the "Con." and its Director in providing special programmes.

Meanwhile, however, the Commission has had to move for itself and has built up a splendid orchestra of its own.

Nevertheless, there is plenty of room for co-operation between the two bodies who, between them, control the musical destinies of the State.

CINDERELLA *of* REAL LIFE

With the death recently at Tokio of Countess Tokiko Yamamoto ended a life which was probably the most extraordinarily real Cinderella romance in the world.

She was born as the third daughter of a poor fisherman, and was sold by her father to a white slaver 60 years ago.

One day a gay young naval officer passing through the famous quarter known as Yoshiwara saw a pretty girl crying at a window of one of the houses. That night the young man, with the help of his brother, kidnapped her.

The girl became the bride of the rescuer, who left the navy and entered politics.

As Count Yamamoto he rose to the Premiership, which he held several times, and his wife found herself prominent in court, diplomatic and political society.

Everything was complete except the glass slipper.

Winners in M.G.M. Dinner at Eight Competition

TELEGRAMS in sporting terms, in foreign languages, and with the utmost endearments, all showered good wishes on Marie Dressler, in M.G.M.'s elimination contest for the "Dinner at Eight" competition.

THE winner, Mrs. R. Wilson, Luke Av., Burwood, quite evidently knows and appreciates her Marie.

Her telegram reads:

"Let us be gay, Emma, drink to health, Prosperity, Dinner at Eight.—Mrs. R. Wilson, Luke Avenue, BURWOOD."

Mrs. Wilson thus sends Marie greetings in terms of the star's own performances, including four of the finest roles that she has portrayed, and wins the first prize of £20.

Happiness and health, prosperity and wealth, all the most lavish gifts that well-wishers could bestow are mentioned in the hordes of telegrams received.

Having submitted the correct list from the original broadcast of the stars from "Dinner at Eight," the writers of the telegrams were eligible to compete in the final elimination contest.

Five £1 Prizes

M.G.M. have awarded the five £1 prizes for these telegrams:—

Drinking to your health and prosperity at dinner at eight to-night.
Mrs. E. Curson
Greville St., CHATSWOOD.

Sixty-two not out. Every hit a six and no bloke. Wonderful innings. Cheerio, Marie.
Mrs. S. Cairns
Green St., KOGARAH.

Australia hopes you enjoy Dinner at Eight and Prosperity for years to come.
A. Mullen
199 Grafton St., WOOLLAHRA.

Many happies to the queen of stars from the Southern Cross.
A. Ferguson
3 Dans Avenue, CUOGEE.

May the happiness you have given us be returned one hundredfold.
N. Watson
52 Pitt St., SYDNEY.

Consolation Prizes

Double tickets for the St. James Theatre have been awarded as consolation prizes to the following:—Miss J. Wilson, 51 Congewoi Rd., Mosman; Betty McInnerney, 56 Eccles Ave., Ashfield; Mrs. A. Graham, 4 Darley St., Nth. Sydney; Mrs. P. Jade, Argyle, Leura; Mrs. Anderson, 26 Dudley St., Bondi; Mrs. B. Thompson, 61 Fletcher Rd., Campsie.

Marvellous New

BEAUTY MASK

takes the years away

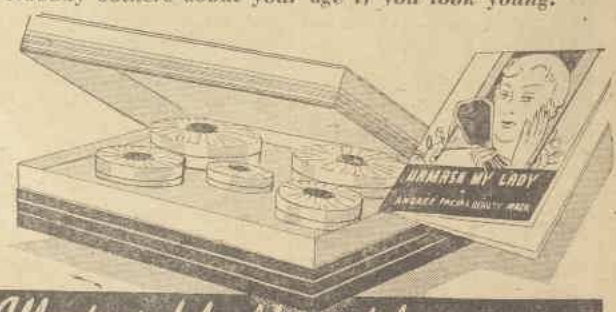
THIS Beauty Mask is the result of years of scientific research . . . it is absolutely new to Australia . . . and simply marvellous the way the facial tissues respond to its application—even in one treatment you will notice a marked improvement . . . Wrinkles, Crow's Feet, Crepey Throats—all these respond miraculously to this treatment.

There is nothing harmful in the Mask—only certain secret qualities, which act immediately on the skin, tightening up the facial muscles, skirmishing deep down into the pores, attacking the various acids and carrying them away to the surface, thus bringing back the natural glamorous tints to the skin. . . The old methods of Clay Packs, Massage, etc., are good, but their cost and the time they take for rejuvenation make their use prohibitive to people of moderate incomes. In this compact you are given all the essentials which are necessary for your Toilet—the ingredients for rejuvenating your facial expression and ingredients which will nourish and keep your skin young and supple.

- Beauty Mask
- Anti-wrinkle Cream
- Pore Cream
- Orange Skin Food
- Cleansing Cream
- Face Tissues

It should be used not only by those who wish to be rid of those ageing lines, but also by those who wish to preserve their looks for after years. . .

Nobody bothers about your age if you look young.



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Try YOUR SKILL As a FILM DIRECTOR

Which of These Stars would you place as:—

- ☐ An eloping girl
- ☐ Her lover
- ☐ Her father
- ☐ Her mother
- ☐ Her aunt
- ☐ The butler
- ☐ The governess
- ☐ The detective
- ☐ The lounge lizard
- ☐ Two confidence men
- ☐ A millionaire
- ☐ A girl cabaret attendant

FIVE £1 PRIZES TO BE WON

HERE'S as fine a collection of actors and actresses as you've ever seen. Perhaps you recognise some of them, but never mind about that. You are the director who has got to allocate them their various parts in the following scenario.

There is no correct solution to this competition. Place the cast in their parts as you think they should be, and give your reasons for your choice. Five £1 prizes will be awarded for the best-thought-out answers. The Editor's decision will be final. Post all entries to Box 1551E, G.P.O., Sydney, before December 2.

THE CABARET

"A beautiful girl falls in love and elopes with her sweetheart. Their aunt sees them running away and tells the butler and the governess. The police are telephoned by father and a detective is sent after them. The eloping pair dine in an underworld cabaret. A few feet away a lounge lizard is chatting with a girl cabaret attendant. Two well-dressed confidence men approach the lovers as they sit at their table, and try to defraud them of their money. But a millionaire has been watching, and denounces them just as the detective enters."

A Flawless Skin comes from within

THE basis of all beauty is a well-regulated system—free from constipation, no accumulation of uric acid, an intestinal tract kept clean of poisons which affect the whole functioning of the body.

That is what a small dose of CARLISTA every day will do for you. You will feel the benefit from the very day you start this health-giving habit.

Who would not purchase abounding health at so low a price? There are 64 average doses in every jar of CARLISTA.

CARLISTA MINERAL SPRING SALTS

2/3 LARGE JAR

Postage extra
Write for Free Sample

OBTAINABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES
And at Washington H. Soul, Pattinson & Co. Ltd., 160 Pitt Street, Sydney, and Branches.

Brainwaves

Conducted by L. W. LOWER

EXASPERATED LADY (to Porter): How much longer must I wait for the next train, young man?

PORTER (peering down line): Not long now, madam, here comes the engine-driver's little dog.

"ARE you Cornish?" asked the inquisitive traveller in the train.

"Oh, no," replied the other man in his compartment, "just a little bit rheumatic."

BROWN: Are you on speaking terms with your wife yet?

SMITH: Well, I'm listening again.

LITTLE SISTER (angrily): Now, you do what I say.

LITTLE BROTHER: I won't.

LITTLE SISTER: You won't, eh? Oh, don't I wish we was grown up, and you was my husband.

A POLICEMAN was so puzzled by the behaviour of a baby car that he signalled to the driver to stop.

"Are you aware, sir," he inquired, "that your car keeps leaping into the air?"

"Yes," replied the motorist, "it's quite all right, I've got the hiccups."

SCHOOLMASTER: Now, Johnny, tell me why this is wrong—"I ain't went outside."

JOHNNY (brightly): 'Cos you ain't went outside.

WIFE: Mother wants to know whether she shall come to stay with us for a week or so.

Hubby: It's thoughtful of her to suggest an alternative. Tell her to sew.

COMPARE YOUR FIGURE —NOW!

Dorothy Manners, judged the world's most beautiful woman, reveals the ideal Youth-o-form figure. Her measurements are:—

Height	64½in.	Hips	34in.
Weight	8st 4lb.	Thigh	19in.
Bust	32in.	Calf	13in.
Waist	25in.	Neck	12½in.

GET YOUR TAPE MEASURE

and compare your own figure, and if during the winter ugly rolls of fat have come round waist, hips, or bust, to hide the beauty of your body, go to your chemist, and get a 3/6 carton of Youth-o-Form Tonic Reducing Capsules, and begin taking just one capsule each day at bedtime.

DOCTORS PRESCRIBE YOUTH-O-FORM

Doctors know that Youth-o-Form is prepared by highly qualified chemists from the most scientifically balanced formula in the World, and prescribe it as the most effective treatment in ridding the body of ugly, ageing fat, effectively, harmlessly, and permanently, leaving no wrinkles or sagging flesh, and acting as a tonic, too.

A VALUABLE MEDICINE.

Youth-o-form is taken at intervals by thousands of people, not only to reduce ugly fat, but to banish High Blood Pressure, Chronic Rheumatism, Constipation, and Indigestion. People of all ages from 18 to 80 take Youth-o-form, and this report from one of our clients is interesting:—

TAKES CORSETS 4 SIZES SMALLER.

"I have reduced from 12.7 to 11st. in six weeks, without diet or exercise," she says. "I feel wonderfully well, and, though 60 years of age, I feel 30 years younger. I take corsets four sizes smaller now than I did before. Gratefully yours, L.W. . . . ."

EVERYONE CAN AFFORD YOUTH-O-FORM,

for you can get the full six weeks' treatment for 25/-, which is enough to show definite results, or the trial carton for 3/6, from all leading chemists in Australia. The rate of reduction varies from two pounds to eight pounds weekly—the fattest parts reducing first.

BE SURE TO GET GENUINE YOUTH-O-FORM.

There are so many imitations of Youth-o-form that you must refuse substitutes offered to you, because they cost a little less or because they give more profit to the one who tries to push them on to you.

If you are not near a chemist, just pin a postal note to this advertisement, with your name and address. Send it to W. James Rogers, Chemist, Dept. 3, 255 George Street, Sydney; W. J. Rogers and C. E. Lloyd and Co., McKean House, 243 Little Collins Street, Melbourne; W. J. Rogers and D. Maclean and Co., Perry House, Elizabeth Street, Brisbane; and Youth-o-form will reach you, plainly wrapped, with full directions, by return post.

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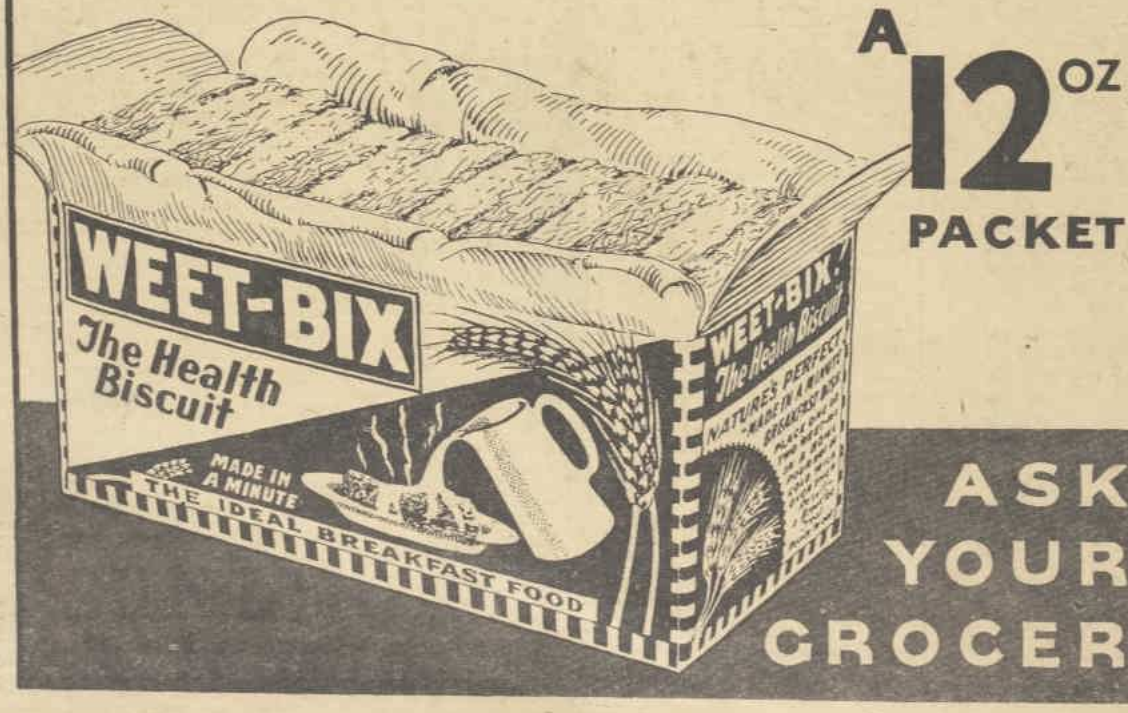
WEET-BIX

FREE

THIS LARGE 8 OZ SAMPLE PACKET FREE TO EVERY BUYER OF A 12 OZ PACKET



ASK YOUR GROCER

"SWOTTING" *Is* OVER

. . . Now the Test

Months of close attention to lectures, swotting over text books until late at night, and compulsory curtailing of amusement, have come to an end for thousands of N.S.W. boys and girls.

THIS week 13,500 of them commenced their Intermediate examination at the various centres in the city and country.

The examination will last a fortnight, the last subject being set down for December 4.

The number of candidates is about 500 in excess of the number examined last year, when 9000 out of 13,000 were successful in gaining their intermediate certificates.

Representing, as it does, the first real educational test that our boys and girls are called upon to face, the "Inter" has a real terror for many of them.

Up to the present time no more satisfactory method of sifting the grain from the chaff has been found than the public examination. Still brilliant school pupils often fail to do themselves justice under the mental strain of a public examination, the very mention of which inspires a feeling of nervousness and apprehension.

For many boys and girls success in this examination will mean the end of their schooldays, and they will go forth in search of a career.

Realising that hundreds of last year's candidates are still on the labor market, awaiting employment, it may be that the examiners will this year require a higher standard of work than in the past, in the hope that rejected candidates will spend another year at school.

With the gradual return to prosperity of our nation, it is almost certain that in another year the opportunities for boys and girls leaving school with the Intermediate certificate will be greater than they are to-day.

GAS fire grates, lacquered in bright or pastel colors, make a great difference to your lounge or breakfast room. Be careful, however, to select a shade to match your room's color scheme.

Don't be *Too Australian!*

Writer's Advice

From MURIEL SEGAL, our Special Representative in Europe.

Miss Vera Dwyer, Mrs. Coldham Fussel, returns to Sydney next week carrying with her a contract from John Lane, the Bodley Head, for the publication in England of her book "In Pursuit of Patrick," of which the Endeavour Press are the Australian publishers.

"SO many Australians write fine books," she says, "but the great trouble is that they are inclined to be of interest only to Australians because the expressions and terms used are incomprehensible to any but Australians. It is difficult to realise how little the outside world understands of Australia. It is for the clever writers to convey the atmosphere of Australia subtly and give an understanding of Australian life. Australia has evolved a life, a character and conditions entirely different from anything in existence anywhere else, and it is for the writers to portray these qualities to the rest of the world. No land is too remote for the real artist to interpret. Sometimes it is necessary to leave a country in order to get it in correct perspective and to understand how different are the characteristics which are taken for granted because they have always been so obvious."

WINE...MUSIC COCKTAIL!

AN unusual Italian-Australian function took place when artists from the Ital-Aldrovandi Opera Co., who are giving a radio season with the A.B.C., were invited to inspect the Cinzano Vermouth establishment.

"I congratulate the company on making a vermouth as good as Italian from Australian products!" said Maestro Aldrovandi. "Just the same, Signor Ital and myself are making good opera from Australian voices!"

The Australian artists present were Mr. Lionello Cecil, Miss Nora Hill, Miss Evelyn Hall, and Miss Evelyn Lynch.

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Anyone can join in the discussions that take place here. 10/- will be paid each week for the best 12 letters, and other letters published will be paid for at usual rates. Entries submitted under pen-names will not be paid for.

A Page for Open Discussion on All Topics.

PEACE RECIPE

I HAVE read with interest the article by Louise Mack dealing with the above subject, in which the question is asked, "Can war be stopped?" and the suggestion made that the women of this world be chosen as arbiters. The protective instinct of women would certainly carry tremendous weight in the abolition of war, but I can go further still and suggest that the disease be attacked at the roots. Before anyone can act right they must think right, and I believe that our real need is a common religion without any frills and based on the Ten Commandments. When every nation of the world accepts this standard then we will have a concrete foundation for everlasting peace.

10/- to J. Hargreaves, Hazelbrook, Blue Mountains, N.S.W.

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JAPANESE BOGEY

IT is very fitting that your "Commentary" this week should include a review of Mr. Ellis's "Defence of Australia." Armistice Day will revive in many the fear of a rupture with Japan. The Press has augmented these fears by deluding the public with a belief that it is both feasible and necessary for Japan to take our uninhabited areas. It is therefore a praiseworthy effort on the part of Mr. Ellis to give Australians so many obviously sensible facts to displace the catch-cries that have perhaps made the layman fear the future years rather than look to them as mileposts in an increasing trade with Japan.

10/- to W. Calligan, Mount St., Aberdeen, N.S.W.

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QUARREL COURT

AS an interested reader of your excellent paper I wish to strongly support the proposed "Court of Domestic Relations," and agree entirely with Miss D. Hayes' statement that such is urgently needed in Australia.

It is pathetic to learn of so much unhappiness wrought innocently by well-meaning, yet erring husbands (particularly newly-weds), who thereby create unhappy "complex" disorders with, too often, disastrous results. In such cases, however, wisdom and advice administered betimes by a sympathetic and proficient staff would prevent, or heal, many a heartbreak.

To maintain ideal matrimonial bliss husband and wife must adopt the more subtle attitude of "give and take" in every way, thus avoiding friction and inharmony in the home. Having been married for fifteen years, I know.

10/- to Mrs. A. W. Mowle, "Boonara," Barrington, via Gloucester, N.S.W.

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MENTAL DEFECTIVES

MARVA TEMPLE, in her article on mental defectives in your issue of November 4, says "mental deficiency is never overcome."

It could be overcome. Mental deficiency is generally the result of a psychical disturbance—possibly pre-natal. Fear, misunderstood, therefore unassimilated experience, causes a repression which partially blocks the channels of impression and expression of the mind, resulting in a traffic block, commonly called arrested development.

Harold Deardon, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., in his book, "The Science of Happiness," chapter 6, on "Habit," explains simply and clearly how one can be made whole by the rearranging of the mind.

The mentally deficient is lacking adjustment, not qualities of mind. The genius has the same qualities of mind as the man-in-the-street, but the former's combination of arrangement of qualities creates his power.

10/- to Ruby Scott, Toorak Hill, Hamilton, Brisbane, Qld.

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IS THIS PROGRESS?

ASKED if a certain outback district had gone ahead, a traveller replied "Why, yes. In the old days you would see men out there with bits of cork dangling from their hat brims for fly veils. When I was up there this trip I never saw a cork. They all wear these patent bottle corks!"

We speak with scorn of the barbarians of the old Roman amphitheatre who made holiday to gloat over the torture of Christians flung to the lions, or the bloody death-struggles of gladiators. Yes, we, too, have gone ahead in the intervening two thousand years. Now in our luxuriously upholstered picture-theatre seats we gloat over tortures of the human soul, hearts torn and racked by the savageries of civilisation. We have progressed to far more subtle tortures, more refined and lingering cruelties. But the Sadistic thrill of the watchers, is it different?

10/- to Mrs. F. C. Murphy, Box 53 Casterton, Vic.

Serial Readers

DID NOT LIKE "FALLING STAR."

AT first I did not like "Falling Star." It seemed too complicated. But now I am "getting into" the story it seems to "stick" in my mind. I subconsciously keep turning it over and over, like lots of the most enduring stories, songs, etc., that are not accepted at first, but just grow on one. No I like the story immensely.

10/- to Miss D. L. Perry, 252 Young St., Annandale, N.S.W.

DO THEY READ THEM?

I WONDER how many people read serials in magazines and papers. I see there is an argument going on about "Falling Star."

So I am going off at a tangent and am asking whether anybody reads serials at all these days. I do not, but both my sisters do. Which of us is out of step?

10/- to F. Bedford, "Leura," Pitt St., Kirribilli (N.S.W.).

FAULTY FURNITURE

A WORD in appreciation of the article dealing with inferior furniture (28/10/'33), which contained much helpful advice.

Dishonest dealers find easy and unsuspecting victims in the young couple seeking to furnish their new home as economically and attractively as possible on a limited sum. Their knowledge and experience of furniture buying being as limited as their means makes them ideal victims for exploitation by unscrupulous dealers. Those in the position to do so should provide some means whereby the public would be protected from these wholesale frauds and impositions.

10/- to S. Kennedy, 78 Cleveland St., Sydney.

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FREE CAGED BIRDS

I APPLAUD the article "Women's Vanity Cause of Bird Slaughter" in your issue of November 4. I would like to "protest indignantly" at the way some of our loveliest birds are kept in pokey cages merely for the gratification of some stupid human beings. Most people who keep caged birds will tell you that they love birds. Is it love that deprives these lovely creatures of their glorious freedom and their ability and natural right to spread their wings and soar heavenwards? Anyone who cages birds is stupid, selfish, and cruel.

10/- to M. Dickie, "Kilmarnock," Berrigan, N.S.W.

Defence of Fairies

FAIRIES WORK.

RE "Exit Fairies" (A.W.W. 11/11/'33). I feel sorry for any child deprived of fairy stories. All too soon we grow up to a world of realities, and blessed are they who can still keep their memories of the wee folk, and the things they loved and believed in, in youth. As to confounding their minds with the mythical instead of the real—well, all I can say is that the mythical in this case serves as the greater part of the English teaching in lower classes. Many fairy stories and legends are very beautiful, and as a teacher of young children I appreciate the value of their beauty as an aid to teaching.

10/- to Jean Wright, Public School, Blayney, N.S.W.

TRUTH IN FAIRY STORIES

WITH regard to a recent letter, 11/11/'33, I absolutely fail to see why children should be deprived of fairy stories. Surely they have their uses, quite apart from all the pleasure they give. Fairy stories should stimulate and cultivate the imagination, and quite often they illustrate truth in a way which makes it interesting and understandable to the child mind. If children are to be taught only realities, I think their teachers would find it hard to know just where to stop. Some of our most beautiful literature is really only "fairy stories."

10/- to Mrs. J. Thomas, 53 College St., Elsternwick, S.4, Vic.

It's Your Page—
Give It a Name

THIS column has proved so popular a feature, as providing an opportunity for readers to voice their opinions, that we have been compelled to give it extra space.

The Editor would like readers to express their opinion as to whether the name of the page is liked. Alternative titles, such as "The Voice of the People," or "Through Women's Eyes," may be suggested.

Men Hair Wavers

WHY SHOULDN'T THEY?

ONE of your correspondents appears horror-stricken at the thought of men having their hair waved. Why shouldn't they? Women smoke, cut their hair, wear male attire, play cricket, football, etc., more power to them, but let us hope that they don't become one-eyed. When they shout "Sex equality" let them remember that it's a poor rule that won't work both ways, and if a poor, dear man feels and looks better with his hair waved, then let him have it. A man with a permanent wave and a hair-net is not necessarily effeminate, neither is a girl with trousers and Eton crop necessarily masculine.

10/- to Ivy Goode, 864 Swanston St., Carlton, N.3, Vic.

YOUTH'S HAIR-NET

WITH reference to A. Langlands' paragraph about Modern Young Men who have their hair waved and curled (Women's Weekly, 11/11/'33). While travelling in a city-bound train recently I was charmed by the beautiful wavy hair of a youth who sat opposite me, but imagine my surprise when I discovered he was wearing—a hair-net.

10/- to N. Hall, 55 Mayston St., Hawthorn East, Vic.

WAVE AND LET WAVE

I DON'T think that this generation is degrading in such great measure as your correspondent stated in last week's The Australian Women's Weekly. Why shouldn't young men take a pride in their hair and have it waved to their own liking? Women turned masculine to the extent of bobbed hair and the ridiculous Eton crop, and if a man's hair is of such texture that it will show to advantage with a wave, well, let them continue, by all means.

10/- to Edna May Morris, 2 Beach Rd., Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.

SOME EVEN ROUGE

RE the par in "So They Say" column about young men having their hair waved. I know of two young men in our district who are envied and admired for their fresh young faces. Like A. Langlands, I was also dumbfounded to find that before going out they'd spend more time at the mirror than the girls, not only using face-cream and powder, but also rouge! They also carry mirrors and puffs to the dances. I was let into the secret when staying there when they shyly asked me for some powder as they'd forgotten to order any.

10/- to Miss Frances Scott, 20 Wollumbin St., Murwillumbah, N.S.W.

GIVE GRANNIE A CHANCE

THE time has arrived when the case of long-suffering grandmothers should be discussed—long-suffering, that is, as honorary nurses to their grandchildren. How often do we find it the regular programme for married daughter to leave baby "at grandma's" for the day while she does her shopping or has some other outing. If these old ladies spoke their minds they would say just this: "We have brought up our families of six or more children, and we have earned a rest. One family was enough. You are married now, and must stand on your own feet." Daughters, give grandmother a chance.

10/- to Miss S. Hyde, "Weeroona," Parnell St., Strathfield, N.S.W.

ADVICE TO MEN

IF you see a young girl you would like to marry, manage somehow to see her peel potatoes. If she cuts the peeling very thick you will know she is extravagant. If she leaves in the eyes she is lazy. If she washes them in only one water she is dirty. If she lets them burn she is careless. Leave such a girl; she would not make a man happy. But if you find a girl who knows how to take a potato, peel it, and boil it, marry her whether she is pretty or ugly, poor or rich; she will make a man happy.

10/- to Mrs. O. I. Dobbie, Chilcott St., Silkstone, Ipswich, Qld.

CYCLING SAFETY

RE article "Is Cycling Safe?" published November 4. Statistical reports will show that cycling is just as safe as other means of travel. The opinion of insurance experts appears to be divided on this question, but we can hardly be guided by their opinion, as no doubt from a business point of view they would be more inclined to favor the motorists. It must not be forgotten that the motorists also are a pest—pure and simple—in the eyes of the cyclists. Cycling is good outdoor exercise and should appeal to the people more for travelling, firstly from a health point of view, and secondly because of its cheapness, in these days of financial distress.

10/- to Mrs. A. J. Glacken, 22 Plunkett St., St. Leonards, Crow's Nest, N.S.W.

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TALLEST MAN

RE the photo of Mr. Cliff Thomson in a recent issue of The Australian Women's Weekly, who claims to be the world's tallest man. I was reading in one of the Brisbane papers recently of a Persian, Siah Ibin, of Kashmir, whose height is 11ft. 3in., which certainly beats Mr. Thomson, of Los Angeles, who is just the mere 8ft. 10in. Siah Ibin found his size rather embarrassing in embarking on a steamer from a small tender in a choppy sea. He was too high to board ship, so the problem was solved by hoisting him on board by means of the ship's derrick. Being exactly "five feet nothing" myself, I dread to think what I'd look like beside either man, but I do envy Siah Ibin his three little inches.

10/- to Miss N. Carl, 70 William St., off Ipswich Rd., Brisbane, Qld.

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BROWN BREAD

SCIENCE has proved that the wheatmeal loaf is the best, but how many bakers in our city carry a loaf of pure wheatmeal? When one asks for one, a white loaf colored with brown water is thrust in one's hand. If, during Health Week, the people were instructed in the difference between a white loaf colored brown and the pure wheatmeal, we would be a healthier race, and health means happiness.—"Connie Sense."

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JUDGE'S COMMENT

YOUR correspondent, Miss Hayes, commenting on a "Court of Domestic Relations" can rest assured that your article of October 14 is getting judicial commendation. Here is a report of Justice Henchman's summing-up in a divorce case last week in Brisbane: "I am quite in agreement with the idea that there ought to be a Court of Domestic Relations to prevent this sort of happening. This rushing into Court does an infinity of harm to the public, and no good to anybody except the lawyers."

10/- to D. Croke, 15 Kennedy Terrace, Red Hill, Brisbane, Qld.

In and Out of Society — *By WEP*

DANCING STANDARD

RE E. Lees, of Melbourne, "Standard for Dancing" (A.W.W., 11/11/'33). I very much agree with this idea—for a Society of Dancing in Australia. Finished pupils could then earn very good money in the country. Most of the dancers there would be quite willing to pay well for proper tuition. Dancing is, if done properly, good for health and beauty—is a wonderful exercise—for the first thing is deportment, which gives grace and freedom while dancing and also when walking in the street. Having a dance orchestra and keeping up with the Sydney dancing "time," I find that quite a lot of dancers move against the time of the music through lack of proper tuition. Here's hoping E. Lees has started the ball rolling.

10/- to E. H. Flaxman, 7 Florence St., Taree, N.S.W.

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in fact I was at my wits end to know what to give Jackie for school lunch when he told me that lots of boys have Vegemite sandwiches. What a brilliant idea, and of course Vegemite is full of Vitamin B which is just what kiddies must have to help them to grow strong. Really, I'm very surprised I didn't think of that before

V.19.

MUSIC and RADIO

By ROBERT McCALL

"Pagliacci" Next A.B.C. Opera

"PAGLIACCI" is promised by the A.B.C. for Monday night, November 27. Although Leoncavallo's fierce little opera was divorced from its equally fierce little partner, "Cavalleria Rusticana" for the greater comfort of listeners, it has asserted its right to performance and follows the other one-act drama with but "Gioconda" separating them.

It has often been said and written that "Pagliacci" was an unsuccessful entry in the competition conducted by publisher Sonsogno and won by "Cavalleria." It was nothing of the sort. "Pagliacci" was written two years after Mascagni's opera brought its composer into sudden and startling fame. The real truth is that the young Leoncavallo had not been very successful as a composer and fretted under the routine of a position as an operatic repetiteur. Mascagni made good and, fired by his example, Leoncavallo set out along the same road and wrote a one-act opera. Sonsogno examined it, and snapped it up.

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A One Opera Composer

"Pagliacci" was Leoncavallo's only real success, and so he has been dubbed, like Mascagni, a "one-opera composer." In make-up his opera again runs parallel with "Cavalleria." It too deals with life in the raw, with fierce human passions; it too tells its story in music which is not singularly original, which nevertheless is eloquent, powerful, thrilling, even coarse and brutal. Small wonder then that the two works should usually be billed on the one evening.

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The Story of "Pagliacci"

"Pagliacci" is a play within a play. The story begins with the arrival of a troupe of travelling comedians, or Pagliacci, in a South Italian village. All is not harmony in the little company. Toneo (the Taddeo, or clown) loves Nedda (Columbine), the wife of Canio (Pagliaccio), but she already has a lover in the shape of Silvio, a young villager, and rejects the clumsy advances of the other with scorn. Tonio overhears the mutual vows of Nedda and her lover, and, bent upon vengeance, hurries off to bring the unsuspecting Canio upon the scene. He only arrives in time to see the disappearance of Silvio, and cannot terrify his wife into disclosing her lover's name.

Maestro Aldrovandi, who conducts the operas.

The second act is on the evening of the same day. The curtain of the rustic theatre goes up, and the little play begins. By a curious coincidence, the scheme of the plot represents something like the real situation of the actors. Columbine is entertaining her lover Harlequin in the absence of her husband, Pagliacci, while Taddeo keeps a look-out for his return. Then we see that the mimic comedy is to develop into a real tragedy.

Canio scarcely makes a pretence of keeping to his role of Pagliaccio. Mad with jealousy, he rushes on his wife and tries to make her confess the name of her lover. She refuses, and in the end he stabs her, while Silvio, who has formed one of the rustic audience, leaps onto the stage, only to receive his death blow as well.

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Sydney Soprano as Nedda

Evelyn Lynch should make a most effective Nedda. This young lyric soprano has been acquiting herself admirably during the A.B.C. season. She sang Kate in "Butterfly," but made her greatest impression as Helen of Troy in Boito's "Mefistofele." She is a New Zealand girl, hailing from Auckland. As a member of the choir she toured with the Imperial Opera Company last year, and has been studying with the director of the radio series, Maestro Aldrovandi. She has a voice of quality and power, and a flair for dramatic expression.

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The Best Yet

"Cavalleria Rusticana" has been the best all-round performance yet. Lionello Cecil was in excellent voice as Turridu, giving the solo in the overture, "O Lola," an exceptionally beautiful reading. Otherwise the vocal honors were monopolised by Jean Drummond, who went from strength to strength in her delineation of Santuzza. It was a really vital piece of work.

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A Mozart Favorite

Born in Ballarat, Miss Gertrude Healy has become one of the most admired violinists in Melbourne. Playing the Mozart Concerto in D, she is to figure in an important concert which is to be given a national broadcast on Tuesday (the 28th). The Concerto (arousing memories of Kreisler) is an exquisite work, written when Mozart was only 21 years of age. It calls for elegance of style, extreme technical skill, and a silken sweet tone. In all of these departments Miss Healy is well equipped.

This broadcast will be doubly interesting, since Fritz Hart will conduct the orchestra of the Albert Street Conservatorium in a series of pieces, including his own composition, the prelude to "Isolt of the White Hands," a lyrical sketch by Hubert Clifford, Vaughan Williams' overture to "The Wasps," and Schumann's Symphony in B Flat.

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Other Radio Features

There are many other good things for radio listeners next week. On Sunday night Margaret Sutherland (pianist) and Elise Steele (violinist), who have just returned from Sydney, are to collaborate in a Handel programme, it being in the "Foundations of Music Series."

Delightful Carrie Moore will be heard on Wednesday night in another of her original roles as "The Merry Widow." Scotsmen have Thursday evening dedicated to them, while on Saturday night, December 2, the big programme of the recent Brahms-Wagner season in Melbourne will be repeated in the Sydney Town Hall and broadcast. The Symphony No. 1 and the third act of the "Valkyries" are to be the main items.

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Music Clubs Scholarship

Something of their early vitality is returning to the Music Clubs' movement, and it even is found possible this year to award a £25 scholarship for piano. The winner will be announced on December 1. Meanwhile it should be remembered that Friday next (24th) is the closing date for entries. Particulars and forms may be had from the secretary, Miss Lena Ward, 13 Margaret Street, Strathfield, Sydney (Tel. UM7224).

Howard Carr was re-elected president at the annual meeting of the N.S.W. Council at the Lyceum Club. Mr. Charles Wilson is again treasurer. Some 80 guests were entertained at the close of the business portion of the evening by a musical programme. Representatives of most of the country and suburban clubs were present.

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Frank Hutchens Trio

After due deliberation, the judges in the recent Composers' Competition of the A.B.C. awarded no first prize in the chamber music section. It is known, however, that the merits of a trio by Frank Hutchens engaged their very close attention. This was the trio which was performed last week at the Conservatorium. It appealed to most local critics as an unusually appealing work (I was not able to be there), and surely deserves a radio repetition.

Little Theatres

"Strange Orchestra"

RODNEY ACKLAND'S "Strange Orchestra," produced by the Independent Theatre at the Savoy on Saturday, is a brilliant play, which, although "modern," is a mere presentation of a certain sort of Bohemian life.

It points no moral and sets out to break no rules, and therefore is not offensive, but interestingly informative and amusing.

The casting was perfect, and the "crowd" scenes wonderfully managed. Not even on the professional stage does one often see, in Sydney, minor characters as well as major ones perfectly played.

Marguerite Shirlaw was the central figure, her voice being particularly striking. Her acting of the boarding-house "courtesan" was well sustained.

Others who twined acting roles and real personalities were Richard Parry, as the nice mannered and presentable young man with no moral conscience; James Pratt, the ukelele playing idler; John Wyndham, a "pale-mouthed poet" once again; Freda McGhee, the selfish and bad-tempered minor film actress; and Joy Dean, an addlepated "society" bright young miss. Jean Elwing, Tessa and Raymond Bawtree, Marie Rosenfeld, and Stanley Hildebrandt were also good.

Coming Productions for This Saturday

INDEPENDENT Theatre: Rodney Ackland's "Strange Orchestra."

Repertory Theatre: "The Donovan Affair."

Players' Club: "Arms And the Man."

Bryant's Playhouse: Will produce nothing on Saturday, but a performance of "Carlyon's Secret" will be given the Thursday before.

A SERIES of plays written by amateur playwrights has been presented during this month by the Workers' Educational Association.

Four, by men, were produced on November 15 and 18, and the two best chosen. These were "On the Edge of the Future," by "Day-ya," and "Sacrifice," by Mr. Robert Grant.

On December 2, they, with plays by Mesdames D. Ritchie and H. C. Freeman, will be produced again in order that the best may be chosen.

A prize is to be presented to the winning playwright by the W.E.A. Drama Club.

HOST Holbrook says: I mature my Worcestershire Sauce until age imparts a full, rich, mellow flavor.***

LUCKY DOG

Arthur Buckley, who has for years made a study of planetary influence, is now arranging Lottery Syndicates according to birthdays.

Let him buy your ticket in the next State Lottery.

Send the date and month of your birth, a stamped addressed envelope, and a postal note for 1/6 for a full share ticket in a syndicate of seven. This is your opportunity to win £714. Supervised by a public auditor.

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***

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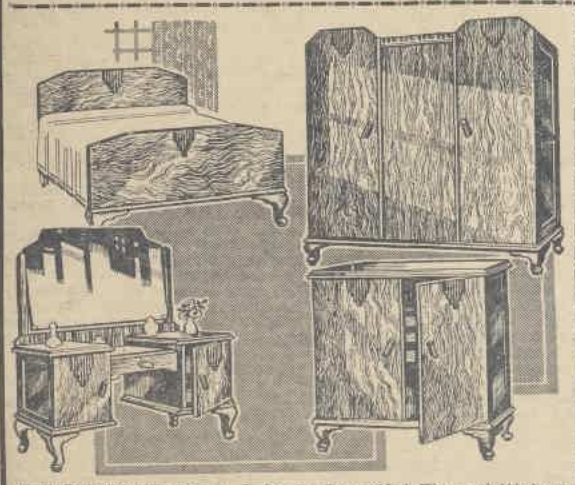
2 YEARS TO PAY!"

W. W. Campbells' new "50 Pay Way" gives real credit to all young people and others about to furnish. This liberal scheme applies to all general furnishing orders of £50 and over. Using this amount as an example, each fortnightly payment will be only 20/- (equal to 10/- a week). You make 2 payments as a deposit, and the remaining 48 payments fortnightly.

This unusual offer only applies to Metropolitan orders, and is made as a trial for November only. It is a straightforward and new scheme and is backed by **W. W. Campbells' 50-Year reputation for honest trading.**



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Trousseau Chest is 4ft. high by 3ft. wide and is a beautiful article at the Special Cash Price, 65/-.

Oak Loughboy has sliding trays, trouser rails and adjustable mirror. This Week's Cash Price, 59/6.

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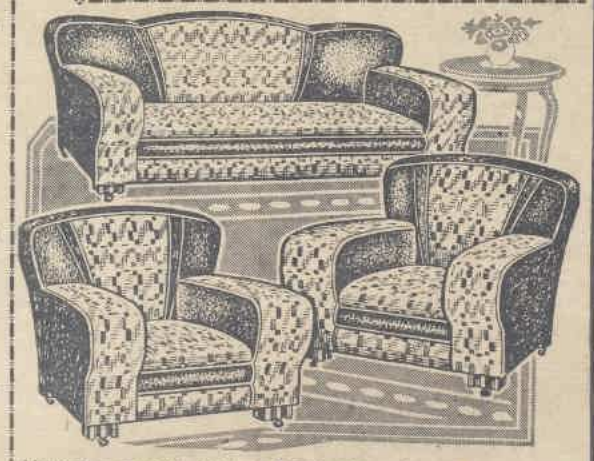

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"LITTLE WOMEN" (from left to right): Amy (Joan Bennett), Jo (Katherine Hepburn), Meg (Frances Dee), and Beth (Jean Parker).

YOU have thought of them, dreamed of them, visualised them, *Little* WOMEN

and now they are coming to life on the screen. Let us take a peep into the past.

By Saide Parker

DO you remember the ebullient Jo seeking refuge in her garret with "Scrabbles," the mouse, for company, and Meg, daintiest and most feminine of lasses, counting her gloves and precious pieces of ribbon?

Many of us, too, will never quite replace the feeling of loss that Beth's death left with us, nor the lingering regret which accompanied Amy's failure to become a great artist.

Maybe it is many years now since you first made the acquaintance of the March family, introduced to us so poignantly by Louisa M. Alcott as to assume the definite proportions of very real personalities, but their fresh introduction on the film will be no less delightful on that account.

The casting of the film augurs, too, that the characterisations will be very vivid, that we need not fear that sense of disappointment, often of disillusionment, that follows the celluloid interpretations of some of our favorite characters from fiction.

Katherine Hepburn is to play the part of Jo, Jo, who was too sincere to be tactful, too natural to be universally popular, too impetuous to finesse. Glancing briefly through Katherine Hepburn's career there are the most remarkable similarities between her and the redoubtable Jo.

She is herself a tomboy, utterly and sublimely unmindful of the minor conventions. She belongs to a family of six, a happy group, hotly partisan one of the other. School friends still recall the day when Katherine wore the same clothes as her brother, Tommy, to whom she bore a strong likeness, in an endeavor to look exactly like him. A natural athlete, she plays an excellent game of tennis and of golf, diversions which would have been a joy to Jo, rides, swims, and skates.

Katherine, in shabby blue overalls, caused a stir at the studio. Recently she married Ludlow Ogden Smith in defiance of the best Hollywood conventions, which would decree, seemingly, that for their first matrimonial plunge a youthful star should marry a director, promoter, or an official of wealth and of influence. Ogden Smith is completely unknown in the film world, but he is, the legend runs, descended from a pirate.

* * *

EQUALLY happy is the choice of Joan Bennett for small sister, Amy.

Overshadowed by the brilliance of her older sister, Constance, Joan has paddled her own canoe to some purpose. Just as Amy pursued her ideal, Joan has striven to achieve hers, and just as Amy found a specially soft spot in the paternal heart, so Joan has always been her father's favorite. He, Richard Bennett, of course, was no less famous than his brilliant daughters in the days of the silent films.

EDNA MAY OLIVER, who has been cast as the belligerent Aunt March.

To the lot of Frances Dee it has fallen to interpret the role of womanly little Meg. She has big blue eyes and softly curling brown tresses and is five feet three inches in height. And, like Meg, who, despite her appealing femininity, was not lacking in strength of character, so Frances has determinedly followed her chosen path.

From the University Dramatic Club, through the arduous lot of the extras, to "Playboy of Paris," with Chevalier, required endless and unswerving determination. But Frances just carried on, undeterred by any obstacles that came her way.

Then, perhaps, most appealing of all, there will be Jean Parker as Beth. Beth, the home-lover, the little girl who dropped tiny parcels from her window for the school kiddies as they passed, who eventually caught the fatal infection striving to fill "Marmee's" place, when the mother was called away to the soldier father.

One can imagine Jean Parker studying the role, thinking of the sweetness of Beth, of her selflessness and final pathos of the months in which both she and the family knew that Beth was dying. Jean, herself, is vivid, impressionable, temperamental, essentially an actress, and one feels that she will not only act but will live the part.

Perhaps the most interesting and certainly one of the most lovable characters is Professor Bhaer. Paul Lukas, the distinguished Hungarian, will depict the Professor in all his charm. One recalls the humor and the pathos of his proposal to Jo, when, having lived under the same roof for a considerable time, he follows his "liebchen" to her home town and, at the conclusion of a shopping expedition on a thoroughly wet day, asks her to share both his umbrella and his future.

For the rest, there will be Edna May Oliver as the belligerent Aunt March, handsome Douglass Montgomery as Laurie, the distinguished Henry Stephenson as Mr. Lawrence, and John Davis Lodge as the worthy John Brooke.

It would take a bookshelf three hundred and ten miles long to hold all the copies of "Little Women," and now that these very little women are to assume living, breathing proportions on the screen, one wonders how many people will hasten to renew the acquaintance. It would surely stagger the most hardened statistician to compile the figure covering the total number represented by audiences all over the world.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

THEY *Still* COME... *Those* Gangster Films

Can you wonder if the rest of the world looks upon the United States as the happy hunting-ground of racketeers? We have been deafened by the quick-firing of countless gangster films and jolted by their continual "bumping off." We are apt to forget the quiet little towns in the country where old-fashioned medicos like Dr. Bull (Will Rogers in a recent film) spend their strength in benevolence and the relief of pain where the shrillest sounds come from scandalmongering gossips.

"PENTHOUSE," in which Warner Baxter makes his latest appearance, is most competently acted and produced, but it conforms strictly to the gangster type. Warner Baxter is the attorney who defends the notorious Tony Gazotti (another Al Capone). There are Gazotti's henchmen, the rival gang leader and his minions, and various damsels of the underworld. And lastly there is the Girl Who Has Some Good In Her After All (Myrna Loy).

In fact, we leave her on the point of marriage with the, surely, rather romantic attorney. At the end corpses strew the ground as lavishly as in the last act of "Hamlet." But there is here no tragedy. "Poor Tony," says Warner Baxter, with a passing reference to the dead, and goes on persuading Myrna Loy to accompany him to Europe.

✣ ✣ ✣

HOWEVER, an interesting question of legal etiquette is raised by this film. It appears that the other partners of Baxter's legal firm do not like his association with criminal cases. They think he is bound to be identified socially with these underdogs. And, according to them, Baxter can pick and choose his cases. Now, in British countries nobody connects eminent counsel briefed for the defence in a murder trial, with his unfortunate client.

Do we imagine that Sir Edward Marshall Hall or Lord Carson, or any other of the famous criminal advocates, declassed themselves by defending with all the fire and brilliance at their command the wretched Smith, of the Brides-in-the-Bath case, or Crippen, or the Thompson-Bywaters pair? And are not counsel, with us, obliged to defend any man who is able to brief them and asks for their services? . . . that is, unless they are already engaged on another case which would prevent their taking up the brief, or unless they have evidence of their prospective client's guilt.

It will be remembered that in "Loyalties," where Court procedure is closely followed, counsel throws up the case when such evidence accidentally arrives towards the conclusion of the trial itself.

EDWARD EVERETT HORTON and Wendy Barrie, featured with Leslie Henson and Heather in "It's a Boy!" the Gaumont-British farce now at the Prince Edward.

✣ ✣ ✣

"BLIND ADVENTURE," another "crook" drama just released, is not quite on the same footing. For one thing, the scene is laid in London, where crime is less blatant, and the strong element of farce supplied by Roland Young's burglar disposes of the idea of realism.

Roland Young must have enjoyed this part. He has so often been the Man About Town avoiding matrimonial pursuit, that for him to be a down-and-out, hunching his shoulders forlornly in the fog and singing "I Want Someone to Love Me" must have pleased him as much as it does us.

The fog sequences, too, are admirably photographed under Schoedsack's direction. But this film also raises a problem. Should people who are supposed to be Londoners, or, at any rate, English, be played by American actors? Of several persons in this film one may say that their speech betrays them.

Helen Mack, as the heroine, excuses her telltale accent by explaining that she was born in Canada. That is reasonable. But she spoils it by going on to say that she was brought up in Kenya. She would almost certainly have lost it in Kenya, which has been colonised by the products of English public schools.

BEATRICE TILDESLEY

. . . who reviews films for The Australian Women's Weekly, was chairman of the cinema subcommittee for Australia, and prepared a report on the cinema in Australia for the Pan-Pacific Conference of Women, held at Honolulu in 1930. She has been appointed to act in a similar capacity for the next Pan-Pacific Conference of Women.

LESLIE HENSON AND EDWARD EVERETT HORTON

"IT'S A BOY," in which these two actors play main parts, is an hilarious farce put over by a distinguished cast. There is never a let up from start to finish, no dragging of the tempo. Altogether it is as neat a piece of work in its kind as has been seen. Edward Everett Horton has already endeared himself to audiences here. We saw him not so long ago playing nursemaid to Chevalier's foundling, and more recently as the stage manager whose advances Cicely Courtneidge persistently snubs in "Soldiers of the King." As a bridegroom-elect in this film, constantly getting late for the ceremony, and consequently being harried by his future father-in-law, he has marvellous opportunities. Leslie Henson is a newcomer to films, but a celebrated London comedian. Here he plays the best man, a person "of infinite resource and sagacity," who gets his friend into rather more tight places than he gets him out of. Wendy Barrie is a charming bride. Heather Thatcher, as a woman novelist, has a chance of proving her versatility. She shows again, as in "Loyalties," a remarkable ability for disguise.—Gaumont-British.

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"THIS WEEK OF GRACE"

"THIS WEEK OF GRACE," at the State, is a triumph for Gracie Fields. Her other films, "Sally in Our Alley" and "Looking on the Bright Side," had already established her firmly with the public, but "This Week of Grace" definitely surpasses them. The star has some first-class support, too. Frank Pettingell, Minnie Rayner, and Douglas Wakefield play the members of her humble family—the last is perhaps a little too sub-human—and Henry Kendall is the aristocratic hero. The story of a factory hand who is entrusted with the management of a country estate by an eccentric old duchess who chances to meet her, is scarcely credible. But what does that matter? There are some catchy songs, a succession of incidents and character sketches that leave one weak with laughter, and, best of all, Gracie's warm, shrewd, humorous personality. As Kendall says—and it helps to explain the secret of her magnetism—Gracie is "real." She never pretends to be other than she is, a Lancashire lass; she never minds making herself ridiculous; and she is a remarkable mimic. That voice of hers might have won her a subordinate place in grand opera, but she has ill-used it nightly to become the queen of the London music-hall stage. And now through films she reaches a vastly greater public than would ever have been hers if she had taken herself seriously as a singer. Eh, lass, tha's champion!—R.K.O.-British.

✣ ✣ ✣

"THE LIFE STORY OF H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES"

PUTTING on one side the sentiment which must attach to its central figure, this is a film of extraordinary value. No documentary film or record of travel yet shown can touch it for variety and range of interest. There is the Prince as a child, a naval cadet, a soldier at the War, a sportsman, the "ambassador of the Empire," and finally the sympathetic student of post-war social problems. Gaumont-British have edited their material ably, and the running commentary supplied is in excellent taste. The Prince himself speaks an epilogue in which he makes a personal appeal for social services.—Gaumont-British.

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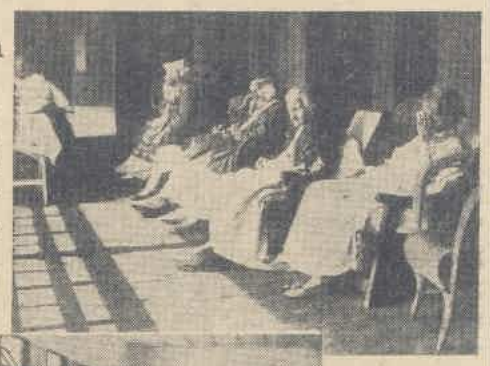
Peaceful EVENTIDE *for* AGED

Newington Home for Women

By J.A.S.

FOR those who have been unable by reason of misfortune, ill-health, or other causes to "put by" for their old-age years, the various States of the Commonwealth have provided institutions under the control of the Government.

Here old people of either sex may spend their declining years in congenial surroundings, free from care and want, and assured of skilled medical and nursing attention and hospital comforts when necessary.



SHOWN AT top is one of the lofty verandahs that woo both sun and shade. Below is a ward where the sick and suffering are tended with loving care. About half the inmates of Newington are hospital cases.

SUCH an institution is Newington State Hospital, a home for aged women, on the sloping banks of the lazy Parramatta River.

The Gothic building itself has something of a history. It was built by convict labor for the Honorable John Blaxland, M.L.C., in 1832, on an area of 1200 acres of land granted to him in 1807. Blaxland was a member of the Governor's Council from 1824 until 1844, and was one of the leading spirits in connection with the deposition of Governor William Bligh.

Situated in the grounds, but now used for other purposes, is a little stone chapel, bearing the inscription "St. Augustine's Church, erected in 1838 by the Hon. John Blaxland, M.L.C."

After being vacated for some years by the Blaxland family, the old homestead was taken over by the Wesleyan Church authorities, and became the first Newington College, through the portals of which passed many boys who afterwards made their mark in the religious, commercial, medical, legal and sporting life of Australia.

* * *

IN 1886 the property was acquired by the Government and the present institution for women established. Newington is now under the capable management of Mr. S. T. Creagh, and houses about 640 inmates, 350 of whom are hospital cases.

The medical superintendent is Dr. H. K. Denham, who has as his assistant a lady medico, Dr. Lottie Sharstein.

* * *

I HAD the privilege of being shown over the institution during the week by Mr. Creagh, and after having many talks with the old ladies, the impression I formed was that they are not only comfortable, and well cared for, but most of them have put aside the cares and troubles of the outside world for ever, and save, perhaps, for a passing thought at times that fate might have dealt more kindly with them, they are a contented and happy family.

No other passport is required for Newington Hospital than the fact of being destitute, and, consequently the home shelters a cosmopolitan population. Many of the inmates were reared in the lap of luxury, and many more have struggled along through life in poverty.

Newington gates are always open to receive the sick destitute, and, when restored to health, they may walk out as they please.

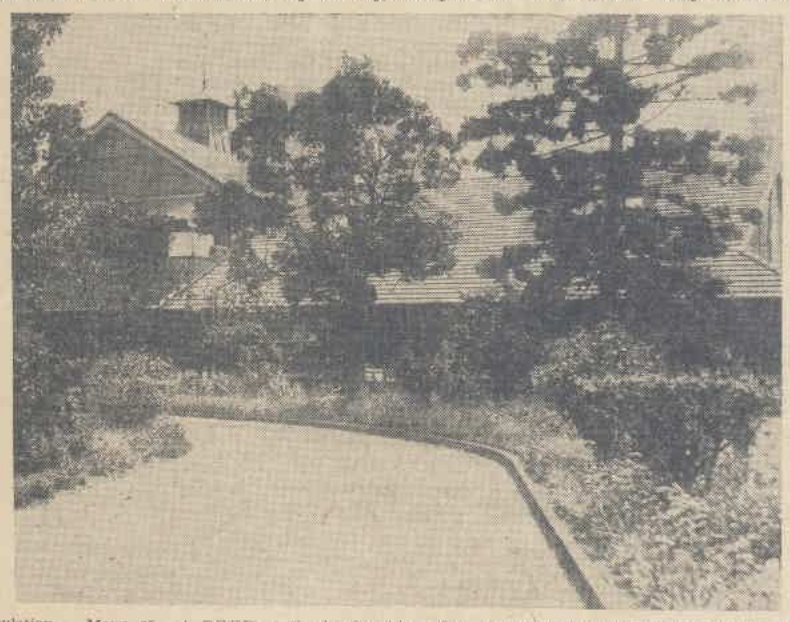
A variety of entertainment is provided for the women, who have their own library of 2000 books, wireless receiving set, recreation rooms, and swimming pool. Regular concerts are organised by voluntary artists, and old-time dances are held at intervals in the big amusement hall, where women of 70 years of age and over evince the greatest delight in keeping up their practice in the terpsichorean art. And they are not at all satisfied with piano music alone for their dances, but insist upon having the services of a first-class orchestra.

* * *

THOSE of the inmates who are able to work are expected to do a little, but there is no compulsion in the matter. The majority prefer to work in preference to idling their time about the grounds and gardens. Large numbers are employed in cleaning the wards and dormitories, in the kitchens, and sewing rooms, and others are engaged in the big up-to-date steam laundry, which deals with some 60,000 pieces of laundry per month.

For this work the old ladies are paid by gratuities either in cash or kind, the rate of payment being up to 1/- a day. Many of them accept portion of their gratuities in tobacco, and quite a large number may be seen enjoying their after-dinner pipe. Strangely enough, cigarettes are not popular, although they are obtainable at a kiosk on the banks of the river.

The old dormitories which years ago echoed with the tramping feet of schoolboys and rang with their merry laughter, seem strangely quiet as the nurses slip silently about their hospital duties. The rooms are large and airy, and I particularly noticed that scrupulous attention was paid to cleanliness, while the beds are comfortable and provided with ample bedclothing for the cold weather.



A PEEP at the lovely old garden that surrounds Newington. The grounds extend to the banks of the Parramatta River.

* * *

OVER 300 of the inmates are hospital patients, many of them bedridden, and their comfort is looked after by a staff of 42 nurses, with the medical superintendent and a lady doctor in constant attendance.

Hot and cold baths are provided on a large scale, and every inmate of the institution is compelled to bathe twice a week. In addition the bathrooms are open each morning for a couple of hours, and a great number of the women insist on having their daily warm bath.

All cooking in the kitchen is done by steam, together, of course, with the fuel ranges for baking, and the food is kept warm by being carried round to the various wards in jacketed pans. Only the very best meat is accepted at the institution, and every pound received at the kitchen is carefully inspected by the meat inspector before delivery.

The hospital has its own dairy herd and piggery, and about 100 gallons of milk per day are consumed by the patients. The surplus milk produced is supplied to other Government institutions.

* * *

I HAD an opportunity of inspecting the dinner served out to the inmates on my visit, and found the old ladies strenuously attacking an ample supply of roast mutton, with three vegetables, followed by rice pudding and rhubarb. Hospital patients are allowed special diet, including 1½ ounces of butter per day, and, in addition, any further delicacies ordered by the medical officers.

* * *

MANY of the inmates of Newington are in receipt of the Old-Age Pension of 17/6 a week. They are allowed to remain in the hospital by arrangement with the Commonwealth Government, which deducts 11/3 a week from the pension, and pays over that sum to the State for board and lodging. The balance of 6/3 per week is handed to the pensioner at the end of each month, so that in addition to having a home, food and medical attention, these pensioners have 25/- a month pocket money in addition to anything they earn by their work in the home.

* * *

VISITORS are allowed access to the institution every day from 10 a.m. till noon, and at any time between these hours dozens of the old ladies may be seen entertaining their relatives or friends among the beautiful lawns and gardens of the hospital.

There is an absence of unnecessary discipline about the control of the whole institution, and the impression one gathers is that the Government is doing all that can be done, under wise and humane management, to bring peace, tranquillity and comfort to hundreds of unfortunate women in the evening of their lives.

OUR VISITOR *From the* WEST

Successful Woman Writer

Arrived in Sydney on a flying visit—just to have a look at us—that very interesting personality, Henrietta Drake-Brockman.

MRS. DRAKE-BROCKMAN makes her home at Cottesloe, West Australia, and is one of the vast clan among whom are many distinguished members. Judge Drake-Brockman, of Melbourne, and well-known to Sydney folk during his periodical visits, is a brother-in-law.

But Henrietta Drake-Brockman does not need to lean upon any members of her family; she has a distinction of her own. This tall, fair young woman has only been writing seriously for the past four years, and has achieved, in that time, two serials published here, "Blue North" and "Men Among Pearls," a number of short stories and articles, and a play which Dame Sybil Thorndike liked so much that she took it back with her to London for production there.

Mrs. Drake-Brockman was Henrietta Jull, of Perth, her mother being one of that city's well-known social workers, Dr. Jull. Most of her stories are set in the far North-West, up among the pearl fisheries, or in that fascinating country known as "The Kimberleys." She has travelled all these remote parts, and admits to a knowledge of all the States, with the exception of Queensland.

Rumour here had confused her with her heroine mother-in-law, Mrs. Grace Drake-Brockman, who is now in the seventies. Therefore a sparkling-eyed young woman who owned to the possession of two young children was an astonishment to behold.

Many years ago the elder lady became a heroine. As a girl of 16 she was in the kitchen of her home helping her mother to bake cakes. A half-caste worker rushed in with the news of a wreck on the coast. Grace said she would go to see it. Her mother forbade her, but Grace, ignoring her commands, rushed away and got into riding kit.

Then she galloped down to the beach. There she was in time to see a small boat, carrying survivors of the wrecked Georgette, upset in the rough surf and fling the unfortunate folk out. Grace, accompanied by the half-caste, rode into the surf and brought a number of people to safety. The captain called for cheers for "The Grace Darling of West Australia," by which name she has since been known. However, that lady is not a writer. It remained for her younger relative to win the laurels there.

MRS. GEORGE WALES, of the Ashfield centre for the Women's Hospital, Crown St. She is working hard for the success of the musicale to be held in the Lady Mayoress' rooms on November 30. It is being organised by the combined centres for the hospital.

Inner Wheel Club

Wives of Rotarians

A society which has been functioning unostentatiously but very effectively during the year is the Inner Wheel.

IT was started in February for the purpose of extending the fellowship of the Rotary Club to the wives of members. Similar organisations exist in England and Victoria.

The social circle for the year is to close with a Christmas tree to be held at the Ludiwici Memorial Hall on December 9. The final monthly meeting will be at Mrs. Lindsay Day's home on December 1, and is to be followed by a visit to the Children's Hospital Convalescent Home at Collaroy. The Inner Wheel will then go into recess until February, 1934.

The committee is comprised of Mrs. S. Thorburn, president; Mrs. R. Garling, vice-president; Mrs. A. C. Russel, secretary; and Mrs. V. Wataford, treasurer.

Quick Bread Maker

MR. H. A. RICHARDS, a Sydney baker, has patented a recipe for bread-making, and demonstrated the process to members of the Housewives' Association at its rooms the other day.

The "recipe" will be sold in various sized packets, ranging from 1lb. and contains flour, salt, dry yeast, and dry yeast stimulants. In demonstrating, Mr. Richards used the contents of a packet with ¾ of a cup of warm water, let it stand for 1½ hours, re-kneaded the mixture, let it remain standing for another ½ hour, and then baked for 30 minutes. The finished product was an appetising loaf.

A brown loaf, guaranteed to be 85 per cent. wholemeal, was also made.

The cost of a 2lb loaf by this process will be 3½d.

Mr. Richards expects his "recipe" to be on the market shortly.

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No longer need you pay high prices to have your dresses made to your own measurements. For the modest sum of One Guinea, L. L. Coles offers you an individual frocking service . . . a service thousands are using . . . a service that will give you every satisfaction.

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MUSLINS are Picturesque and Colorful

• *OLWYN is very charming in a straightly tailored gown of black and white check romaine. Large wooden buttons are the finish to an unusual neckline, which fits snugly at the neck and falls in a graceful cape at the shoulders.*

• *NEISHA poses with pride in an Old World model with sleeves arrestingly puffed. Elaborate ruchings add to its charm. Pastel pink organdie falls in the soft folds of the skirt, and her sash is demurely tied in a graceful bow.*

• *LYNETTE wears the very newest striped organdie of crinkled mien. The frills at the neck are caught with tiny satin buttons, and her color scheme is a gay cherry and white.*

• *LESLEY and FAIRE (above) have chosen one of the most intriguing materials, tartan organdie. Faire carries a picturesque parasol, and her color scheme is primrose and black. Lesley's gown is moulded to her figure, and has fully flared frills at the hemline, and black lacquered satin to bestow a striking finish.*

RUCHINGS are the motif for very elaborate styles. Parasols add a dainty grace. Hats are drooping as to brim and very becoming.

For Out-of-Door Occasions

With an appraising and appreciative eye on the youthful members of society, fashion has evolved some very delightful materials for the summer months.

Organdie and yet more organdie, lacquered and crinkled, self-color and plaid, flared and gathered and ruched, will appear in the most picturesque guise.

The most charming models of all will be those that, while they do full justice to the dainty outlines of the youthful silhouette, conspire to exploit to the utmost the picturesque air that attached to the old-world styles of grandmamma's day.

Puffed sleeves and endless frills on shoulders and at hemline interpret this pleasing vogue. Slim fitting hiplines and defined, but not restricted, waistlines are the concessions to the modern girl.

Hats will be in keeping with this old yet new idea, for wide-brimmed becoming models will form artistic frames for skilfully curled shingles and long bobs.

Footwear, too, can present this dual charm. Dainty materials can be employed to make the slim-fitting, comfort-imparting shoes for the modern miss. Slim, brown legs with nary a stocking can be very dainty when they disappear into a delicate sandal of pastel hue.

It requires a certain flair to carry a floral parasol with grace, but it is certainly worth the effect when it bestows such an appealing finish to the muslin gown. Moreover, for out-of-door occasions it is a notion that is essentially practical. Despite its flimsy appearance, it defies the most penetrating rays of the sun and the consequent havoc to noses that have been carefully powdered and cheeks that are skilfully rouged.

Offering a complete and striking contrast to the fresh, crisp appeal of muslin are the sophisticated satins with their lacquered finish. A subtle touch, a sash, maybe, confers a very welcome smartness to a demure gown of muslin, and it can be used to advantage, too, as the medium for gloves and handbags.

The spirit of spring will pervade the summer wardrobe, and sweet sixteen and knowledgeable twenty-one can use it to devastating effect. Colors can run riot and frills be unrestrained, flares can be as dashing as you please, pleatings as clever as you will.

20, 30, 40 — which age would YOU choose ?

If you could choose an age and live always at that, never becoming older, which age would you choose? Many will at once say "20!"—but think! Consider how dissatisfied youth can be! Some say 40 is best, for then one's ideas are more settled; one has poise, tolerance, and tact. And what of the happy medium—30—is not that the Golden Age? Who can say? This much can be stated—to-day a woman has it more within her power to "choose her age" than at any time in the world's history. By the use of clever modern rejuvenating beautifiers, of which Kathleen Court's Facial Youth is the great outstanding example, any intelligent woman can quickly look from five to fifteen years younger than she otherwise would . . .

CHOOSE THIS AID — THEN CHOOSE YOUR AGE!

Facial Youth charms from the skin the enemies that age it, restoring to the skin the factors it needs. It corrects moisture-balance, so that, if your skin is too dry, its oil supply is aided, while if it is too oily, that is normalised by the skilfully contrived balancing function of this wonder beauty cream. Another point about Facial Youth is that it is devised so as not to disturb the natural and essential acid coating of the skin—in itself a strong recommendation. Facial Youth retards hair growth on face, neck and arms, while it prevents and "whitens out" freckles, banishes blemishes and holds powder faultlessly when powder is needed. Facial Youth is an *instant-action* beautifier—it makes you look adorably young, fresh and lovely the moment you use it. In day cream form in three sizes—handbag tubes at 1/3d., large tubes at 2/- and jars at 2/6d. The cleansing cream form of Facial Youth comes in jars only at 2/6d. *All high-class chemists and stores.*

facial youth

a bright star among the many brilliant

kathleen court

EXCLUSIVE AIDS TO BEAUTY

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The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Tait, sketched by Petrov

Children's *Fashions* Mimic GROWN-UP *Clothes*

SUMMER *Holiday* WARDROBE *Suggestions*

I SUPPOSE you are beginning to wonder about the clothes you will take away for your Christmas holidays.

Without knowing your destination or the amount of time you will have, it is only possible for me to give some rather rough ideas. It also depends upon what you intend doing when you arrive there—riding, swimming, tennis, golf or dancing. In the following suggestions I am not allowing for all those things. The sports clothes can be changed at will.

For a Week or Two at the Seaside

IF you are holidaying at the seaside, for the majority of places the following wardrobe should suffice: Bathing costume, etc., with a beach dress of colored towelling, made with the skirt to wrap round and button at the waist, and the top to be a cape that goes over the shoulders, crossing in front and buttoning on to the skirt at either side. Using this idea you will be able to wear your bathers and skirt as soon as you get up in the morning, adding the cape when you walk to the beach. Beach shoes of canvas with wooden soles are best, then they can be worn at other times. A big linen beach hat and bathing cap, of course.

Navy blue cotton slacks, or, if preferred, trousers that are fully flared round the bottom (these are much better, unless you are very slim round the hips) these may be of gingham, pique or linen. A light woollen jumper and one or two cotton blouses or sweaters to wear with them. If you have navy trousers choose a red woollen high-necked sweater, a yellow and white checked gingham shirt and a plain white top.

Another Daytime Costume

FOR your other daytime costume have for a change a version of the beach frock—you will then feel at home whether on the beach, golfing or walking about. For instance, a dress of heavy white linen, or a plaid design if you wish, made plainly and buttoning right down the side front with large wooden buttons. A square neck, no sleeves, backless, and slightly flared skirt. You undo the buttons to above the knee, and shorts of the linen are glimpsed beneath. A brightly colored or spotted large square of material will be useful for throwing across the shoulders, or tying around the waist.

For wearing in the evening pyjamas are ideal, only they must be flared at the bottom, each leg measuring about 62 inches. The trousers fit tightly round the hips and have the appearance of a wide skirt. The top will be sleeveless and a short coat would be useful for cool nights. I suggest an artificial silk for this, either printed or plain. If printed a sash in a bright color would be attractive. If plain use two or three colors. Raspberry red trousers, dirty pink top, and a bright green coat would be a striking combination. Grey, yellow and pale grey, deep blue, pale blue, and green, yellow, green and royal blue, brown, pink and turquoise blue, Emerald green, plum color and purple, are a few color contrasts. A beret, low heeled sandals or sports shoes, and a pair of gloves for the evening pyjamas.

With these clothes it should not be necessary to have more than the one frock that you arrive in, unless of course you are visiting somewhere where you have to be more "dressy."

For Mountains or Country

EVEN though it be the middle of summer it is necessary to take something warm, as the days are often cool. An idea of a wardrobe: A string color coat of flannel or light wool material. A skirt in the same color of light wool or tweed linen. Their wool jersey sweater in dark brown or navy, with string lacings at the back, navy or bright green cotton jumper or blouse. This will do for golf, with sports shoes of navy and white or brown and white (depending upon your choice of jumpers). A medium brimmed hat of string linen. A wool cardigan of brown or navy would be very useful.

Washing frocks of linen or pique or washing silk, preferably plain, striped, spotted or plaid, yellow, pink, blues; in fact, any color you desire.

If you are visiting the cinema in the evening a printed crepe-de-chine or voile, small hat and court shoes; quite possibly one of your washing frocks will be suitable if it is not too sporting.

If you are dancing then organdies, voiles, flowered or striped piques and linens, little velveteen jacket to match in case the nights are cold.

The evening pyjamas described in the former wardrobe would be equally suitable for any informal occasion.

HOW THE GROWN-UPS' styles for Summer holiday attire are being copied for children's clothes! The grown-ups at top are wearing (left to right): A bright green bathing costume with green and white top. A sun suit or backless beach dress of red and white check gingham. Dress of white Swiss dotted with blue, two circular frills encircle the shoulders. Navy blue trousers with red and white striped jersey jumper. Navy and white stripe washing crepe-de-chine for sports wear. The small costumes and frocks are almost exact replicas, and are suitable for most little children.

OUR PARIS SNAPSHOTS

YOU can now buy feathered elegance by the yard. The shops have brought forth this season mid-Victorian (or is it Mae West?) burnt ostrich feather trimming strips 10 inches deep in black and in white. The ostrich bands are being used by the smartly-gowned to fashion capes, tricky cuffs, and flounces for dancing or dinner frocks.

CLEVERLY fashioned tiny hats of tulle silk or satin are in vogue, and some women wear Reboux's big velvet hats with ostrich feathers rolling around the crown.

PUMPS in kid, suede, leather or crepe dyed to match the color of the frock are fashionable. Footwear is seen in such shades as dark green, dark red, tawny brown and red and dark blue. Stockings are chosen always in a tone of dark beige that goes nicely with the dress, but very dark stockings are not worn at all.

REPRODUCTIONS *in* MINIATURE

THE children's clothes situation is most interesting. It is evident that mothers are taking a big interest in making fashion-plates of their youngsters. When you see one little child running alongside her mother, dressed like a younger edition of her, you are impressed with the charm of the idea.

But to my mind it doesn't look any more attractive than the sight of two or three youngsters, sisters or brothers, dressed like carbon-copies of each other! Like the three bears! This last fashion should be easy for the mother who takes her children's clothes seriously. You will give careful thought to the type, color, and style of the hats, dresses, coats and play suits they wear then visualise one good costume doubled, or trebled, for all your children.

If there are two sisters or two brothers whose coloring differs considerably, dress them in twin sets of clothes, but each in the coloring most becoming to them. If there is a great difference in their ages, dress them as much alike as possible, adding an extra little frill or two for the younger. Encourage your children to understand the smartness of dressing alike.

Duplicates

Quite the nicest thing that happened this year was someone's bright idea to dress youngsters in clothes that mimic grown-up fashions. Crawling tots, just beginning to walk around on all fours, or on two wobbly feet, were promoted from baby dresses into adult fashions! The impulse spread from dresses to coats, sweater suits, bathing suits, and to beach pyjamas.

Muslins, cambrics, organdies, plaid ginghams, flowered cotton prints, linens, piques, voiles—all these children's fabrics mother herself wears. The fashion for shirt and shorts came. Young slim mothers look very much like their own young sons in linen shorts and cotton or knitted shirts.

Knitted things apply themselves beautifully to this fad. Turtle necked sweaters are worn by mother and daughter with skirts, and on the sons with trousers.

Beach pyjamas and sun-baking dresses can be made identical for mother and daughter.

Twin Set Ideas

Top coats of the double - breasted variety with the same skirts, and colored sweaters can be worn. Bathing costumes and beach wraps on children can copy mother if for girls, and father if for boys. Cotton frocks are very adaptable to this purpose. One has only to spend a little time thinking out a costume for oneself that, with only slight alterations such as waistline and the fullness of the skirt will look equally smart on one's child.

Marlene Dietrich helped the idea for mother and daughter clothes when she and her daughter appeared in public with duplicate grey flannel suits worn with yellow turtle-neck sweaters. This adult color combination, as well as white with navy, and grey with red, is as smart as can be for children.

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The HAND of *Friendship* For DEAF and DUMB

ALTHOUGH they are dwellers in a land of silence and often lonely in their affliction, the deaf and dumb in our midst find a friendly hand extended to them by the adult deaf and dumb societies in Australia.

VICTORIA befriends 1000 such afflicted persons through their Adult Deaf and Dumb Society in Jolimont and the home for Aged, Infirm and Mentally Deficient Deaf and Dumb at Blackburn. The Queensland mission which has been established for 30 years plays its part in that State, while the Adult Deaf and Dumb Society of Sydney has helped hundreds of people in N.S.W., as well as having 15 permanent inmates in its home and providing outside accommodation for 25 more. The institution in Tasmania helps the blind as well as deaf mutes, and is well supported by generous citizens throughout the island.

The object of the Victorian Adult Society is to befriend the deaf and dumb after they leave school and have to earn their livelihood.

* * *

THERE are more than 70 deaf and dumb people on the books of the society who are unemployed and probably many more whose names are not recorded. Through lack of funds the Victorian Society has been powerless to help them. A £600 grant from the Government gave employment to 30 men on improvement work at the Society's farm at Blackburn. A further grant of £1100 provides relief work of from one to three days a week for the men.

* * *

A DEVELOPMENT of considerable importance in Queensland recently was the conversion of a property adjacent to the mission into a hostel.

Deaf mutes whose maintenance was being paid for by the mission and who depended on it for accommodation are now housed there.

Male members are employed in the furniture factory in Grey Street, South Brisbane, where they are trained in all manner of furniture manufacture.

* * *

THE Society in New South Wales is supported by donations from the public, the efforts of committees and various entertainments. There is a Women's Central Committee and auxiliaries in the majority of the suburbs, where sympathisers spare no pains to assist in raising funds for the work.

The Manly Committee has worked systematically for the past 10 years to raise money for the cause.

Many of the deaf mutes who attend the Welfare Home have had no education, and to meet the needs of these people there are special school classes where they are taught the rudiments of spelling, reading, writing and arithmetic. Being anxious to learn and interested in the lessons, they avail themselves whole-heartedly of the opportunities thus offered.

Sewing classes are popular among the women, and the lessons are conducted in a sunny room where a treasured possession is a large picture of the Duchess of York, and a framed letter from her congratulating the society on its work.

There is a large dining-room, where the hungry are supplied with meals, and in the spotless kitchen three meals a day are prepared.

Comfortable dormitories with beds and receptacles for clothes are a boon to the homeless, and in the entertainment hall there is a large platform on which silent "movie" pictures are shown at regular intervals.

A large billiard room contains three tables, and there are facilities for playing chess, draughts, and cards. A library opens the way to many happy hours to those who care for reading.

In the committee room are beautiful bird studies, taken from real life, which are the work of a deaf mute, and the various rooms contain furniture and upholstery made by them. This making of articles for their own use gives them an added self-confidence and interest in the Welfare Home; and the Helen Keller Chapel, where church services are held, contains beautiful specimens of their skill in woodwork.

A large space is given over to workrooms, where those who are trained can bring their work to execute orders. The work includes such jobs as cabinet-making and joinery, upholstery (the work of recovering and repairing furniture can be undertaken in customers' own homes), boot repairing; french polishing, tailoring—suits being made to order. Odd jobs and house cleaning are undertaken by those adapted to the work.

MRS. A. A. KEMP, President of the Manly Committee.

MRS. MILNER STEPHEN is acting-president of the Women's Central Committee.

—Dayne.

DON'T . . . FORGET

IN the presence of His Excellency Sir Philip Game and Lady Game, and in conjunction with the Far West Health Scheme suburban drive, a luncheon will be held at the Arts Club on December 4. The captains of the various teams will present their cheques to Lady Game, the Commandant-in-Chief.

☆ ☆ ☆

HIS EXCELLENCY the Governor and Lady Game have given their patronage to, and will attend Mr. Laurance Macaulay's recital at the Assembly Hall, Church Hill, on November 25. Proceeds will aid the Institution for Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Children.

☆ ☆ ☆

A GARDEN fete to augment the Tresillian nursery building fund will be held on November 25, at 2.30 p.m., at Tresillian, Petersham.

☆ ☆ ☆

STORIES of Peter Pan, a Punch and Judy, a novel lucky dip, a hoop-la, Aunt Sally, slippery slide, a rocking boat, a see-saw, ice cream buffet, and a sweets stall are only a few of the special attractions being provided for children at the "Children's Fete," which is being arranged by Miss Fairfax at her home, "Ginalgulla," Bellevue Hill, on the afternoon of November 25, in aid of the funds of The Boys' Brigade. Admission to the fete will be 1/-.

☆ ☆ ☆

THE Blue Bird branch of the Kindergarten Union will hold a Christmas Fair in the Soldiers' Memorial Hall, Killara, on November 23. Lady Game will visit the Fair in the afternoon.

☆ ☆ ☆

IN aid of the Church of England Boys and Girls' Homes, Carlingford, a garden fete and motor drive will be held on November 23.

☆ ☆ ☆

THE Younger Set committee of the Food For Babies Fund is arranging a moonlight picnic to Rodd Island on November 29.

☆ ☆ ☆

THE president and council of the N.S.W. Tennis Association will give an "At Home" at the club house, Rushcutters Bay, on November 29, from 3 to 5, on the occasion of the visit of the British tennis team.

☆ ☆ ☆

ON the afternoon of December 9, and of Sunday, December 10, the Royal Horticultural Society of New South Wales will hold its Annual Gladioli Exhibition at "The Highlands," Wahroonga, the home of Mrs. A. J. Borders. Admission on the Saturday will be 1/-, and on Sunday by silver coin. Charities which will benefit by the proceeds are the Central District Ambulance and the St. John Ambulance Brigade.

☆ ☆ ☆

NOVEMBER 19 has ben chosen by the women's committee of the Scarba Welfare House for Children for the annual fete for the home.

☆ ☆ ☆

A GREAT Wyvern Fete will be held in the grounds of Newington College on December 2. Proceeds will aid the college building and improvements fund.

☆ ☆ ☆

MRS. A. J. HARE is organising a garden fete at the Church of England Homes, Carlingford, on November 25, in aid of the funds of that institution. It will be officially opened by the Rev. S. J. Kirkby at 3.30 p.m.

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Intimate Jottings

Did You Know That—

IN her ostrich feather cape Joan Waddell looks not seventeen but twenty-seven?

Dr. and Mrs. Cosmo Fowler's trip has been postponed because their house has been burgled?

The Chatswood Town Hall had to be chartered for Ena Wright's combined linen and kitchen tea last week?

Mrs. E. R. Cox, of Point Piper, who has had the same telephone number since she was a baby, is fed up with housekeeping and has moved into a guest-house?

Wilma Bayly has been seen leaving "Brooksby" in rows and rows of green and white bangles?

We heard that the resident masters planned a parting gift to Cranbrook's matron of an embroidered pink silk "elasticed" undergarment?

Welcome Home

In honor of the return of Mr. and Mrs. David Gillespie (Vaucluse), who after spending the last three years travelling in England and the Continent, brought their family of seven back intact, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. James, and Mr. and Mrs. R. Crockett combined in a welcome home party at the Esplanade, Bondi, on Friday last. Guests included the Mayor and Mayoress of Vaucluse, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Samuel, Miss McCormick, Mrs. E. M. Hirschel, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Plowman, and about 150 others. Margaret Gillespie, who has been studying dancing abroad, while sister Winnie has been specialising in the Scottish harp, gave an exhibition tango in costume.

Leaving Sydney

On the wing for England are Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Carpenter and family. They intended to leave in the "Orford," the same boat that is taking Maestro Fossati, but Eileen's tonsils took her into hospital instead.

Doris, who is a dramatic soprano, sang the flower duet with Mrs. Claud Weston (just returned in the "Strathnaver" with a marvellous wardrobe) at a farewell musicale this week.

When the Carpenters return we hear that wedding bells are to ring for Eileen and Douglas Virtue.

Gathering Greatness

"Snappy Sydney" revueites are going on from strength to strength, and maybe as a result there will be no further appeals for the funds of the Women's Hospital, Crown St.

After gaining honors at the production at the Savoy, Sydney, the company went on to Goulburn and Canberra, and attracted record attendances at both performances.

There was a strong savor of Vice-Royalty at both the Sydney and Canberra Shows, and at Goulburn "atmosphere" was given by the presence of the elite of the countryside.

Youthful Dignity

ON Saturday, at the Eric Lawsons', Elizabeth, a tiny maiden who was five last August, received very sedately the guests at her party.

"Sorry it is raining, Elizabeth," said a grown-up. "I am so sorry for the children," answered the little hostess.

Staged a "Come-Back"

From Wyalong, and frollicking at the Australia the other night was Matthew Robinson, although, like Ted and Eric Morgan, of Forbes, "wool sales" was his excuse.

With Matt were John Hordern, Sheila Vale, and Marjorie Simpson, who nearly fell off their perches when Haddon Kemp appeared escorting Helen Lindeman. For Haddon is so often being farewelled, and then staging a return, that he is now known as "Harry Lauder." Recently he left for Cowra, or some such place.

A Bright Reception

The Philip Pike-Alice Pritchard wedding on Saturday had the happiest reception at Professor Laidenhowe's we have ever known—not like the kind where everyone makes conversation, and just endures the speeches.

After barn dances and "crocodiles" round and round the house, in which not only the Jim Tooheys and Jean MacCormack's joined, but Mr. Justice Pike, and Condobolin's new M.L.C., Mr. Moulder (whose property adjoins that of the bridegroom), the bride, bridegroom, and bride's mother were carried round the ballroom shoulder high and simply inundated with confetti. Even the rain was right for a grazier, the telegram telling of its arrival at Nymagee being one of the hits of the evening.

Mrs. Sandes made the cake, and a friend, Edie Agar, iced it. Greta Sandes was unfortunately absent, recuperating from appendicitis.

His Flat is His Castle

In referring to the difficulty a famous man like Kingsford Smith has in escaping public attention, one of our writers last week conveyed a wrongful impression in regard to Byron Hall, where the great airman has taken a flat.

In Byron Hall, "Smithy" is at least sure of perfect peace, as the establishment is conducted on exclusive lines, and moreover the architect specially designed the building to give the maximum amount of privacy. The Kingsford Smith flat, being on the top floor, is especially private.

Summer Suit

Mrs. Tom Lamb has been staying with Mrs. Wilfrid Fairfax, at Moss Vale, for the last few weeks, and is now going on to Bowral to visit Miss Brenan. We wonder what she would have thought at seeing Alix hop out of the car last week in Double Bay and do the family shopping clad only in white shirt and shorts.

As Alix is very fair, with the appropriate legs, and a boyish figure, we thought she looked rather stunning.

Glogrammes

In London now you read glogrammes, not programmes, at the theatre.

White lettering is printed on black paper so that by holding the glogramme up against the light of the stage the cast can be read in the darkness.

Starting Health Week

"Rags" and "Tatters" Dalglish, young twin daughters of the Admiral, have invented quite an original way to celebrate Health Week. Both have, in spite of private teaching from a French governess, developed chicken-pox.

Quiet Wedding

Quietly married last week at St. John's, Darlinghurst, were Margot Heales and Charles Sabine Pasley. Lorna Byrne was bridesmaid, and Buddy Rodgers best man. The reception was at the home of Mr. Stephens, of Bellevue Hill.

Many Parties

Notes of parties in brief include a marvellous one at the Laidley Dowling's on Sunday, guests coming in two lots, tea and supper; a musicale, on the same day, given by Mr. T. H. Kelly at the Golf Club; a farewell to Professor Macdonald Holmes at Professor Fawsitt's this Friday; and cocktails at Mrs. A. Glen's Darling Point home, in honor of Margaret Chisholm's return.

Domestic Upheaval

The F. W. Allens, aften 10 years in "Indi," Point Piper, have had a great upheaval. As Mrs. Mitchell, the owner, sold the house to Dr. Leslie Dunlop, the Allens moved on Wednesday into "Witherington," a bungalow flat nearby. Mr. Allen is a great art collector, and most of his etchings, engravings, oils, and water-colors are being sold.

Hugh, the only son, has just gone to a good job in Queensland. Ruth is busy having a good time.

Home on Wheels

Quite the most opulent and communist-making sight in Sydney these days is Mr. Stewart Dawson's new black Rolls. Apart from its appearance, it is a travelling hotel, complete with frigidaire, hot and cold water, and cocktail bar.

Bring Out Your Lions!

Back from their African tour, the footballers are busy showing crowds of marvellous photographic records to admiring girl friends.

But, although they admit that they have snaps of lions taken at close quarters in their native state, these remain carefully hidden. Coaxing and threats alike produce shrieks of laughter, but no lions!

Going Cruising

We hear that the Luscombe Newmans will not be taking a house at Palm Beach this year. The reason is their six-berth super-yacht that is almost completed. Cruising with parties of their friends is planned instead.

Here, There, and Everywhere

Mrs. Lettice Ainsworth, the wealthy English widow "making the best of things" is back in Sydney once more, after visiting the Cup. Up to date she has, since travelling through Japan at the beginning of the year with Bertha Clarke, motored from Adelaide to Darwin, across Central Australia, and has accompanied three or four women from Brisbane across the backblocks of Queensland, partaking of wonderful hospitality at all stations on the way.

She now intends visiting New Zealand for Christmas, after which a tour of Canada or China will follow—something strange and distant.

Holidays Over

After five weeks in Melbourne, Mimi Healy, who arrived back on the "Ormiston" on Monday is wondering how she will settle down after all her gaieties. These were naturally "super." Particularly a party at Mount Martha given by a cousin of her fiance (Ian Heath), at which a dance floor was laid on the tennis court, and log fires lit in the grounds for between dances.

A Wild Tale

Crocodiles are not usually regarded as a subject for humorous stories, but this story was told by Mrs. Sampson when Mrs. Granville Waddy asked her if she had met her brother in Cairo. Mrs. Sampson laughed, and told what had happened when the Major (Mrs. Waddy's brother) brought with him a tin case to Shepherd's Hotel, in which he had a little living crocodile captured for the zoo.

The captor thought it would be humane to liberate it for a while, so, when he went in to have his bath did so. Then, finding he had forgotten his shaving gear, he went out for a few minutes. In the interval another guest found the crocodile, and rushed to the manager. The manager accompanied the guest to the bathroom. There was no crocodile. The manager suggested a "rest cure," but the more he urged bed the more enraged the other became, until finally the major appeared and explained all.

LOOKING AT LIFE. —*By Driff.*

"ARE MODERN WIVES DISSATISFIED?"—*(Newspaper headline.)*

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AMBA-FLEUR lathers perfectly and produces a stimulating effect on the scalp, and is entirely free from harmful ingredients.

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AMBA-LUSTA, a stimulating and invigorating tonic for scalp and hair that tones up all the tiny scalp muscles. Prevents grey hair and baldness. AMBA-LUSTA is the scientific way to scalp-health and hair beauty.

The most beneficial results will be obtained by warming AMBA-LUSTA before applying to the scalp.

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If your Chemist or Storekeeper is out of stock, ask him to get in touch with his wholesaler or the Australian Medical Bureau Ltd.

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MORE *About* MILK!

By a Food Expert

During the last few weeks, The Australian Women's Weekly has examined the milk question from a variety of angles, giving everybody an opportunity of expressing their points of view. This week an article by Margaret Shepherd, our cooking expert and authority on food matters, discusses milk from another aspect.

By MARGARET SHEPHERD

FAR back in history long before biblical times milk was considered a valuable food, and modern science has not yet found another single food which would support life unaided.

Doctors advocate the necessity of milk in the daily diet for children and adults as it contains all the necessary substances essential for life.

It is an excellent food for infants and the aged. For the average healthy adult it is not considered as a sole article of diet, as it contains too large a proportion of water, and lacks bulk for the functioning of the digestive organs; we would have to consume four to five quarts daily to obtain the necessary calories and vitamins.

The calcium and phosphorus will develop strong bones and teeth, and the protein is the best suited for making muscle. It also supplies the calories for energy.

Milk is one of the best sources of those essential, though somewhat elusive, vitamins A and B, also in this land of sunshine and pasture-fed cows, the rickets-preventing vitamin D. Fresh whole milk from cows may have some vitamin C which is destroyed in the scalding or pasteurising of milk. A sufficiency of iron is lacking in milk, which can be added by taking a food rich in this mineral, as green vegetables.

Throughout history attempts have been made to preserve milk; fermented milk, butter, and cheese were the probable results. It was not until recent times, when the French scientist, Pasteur, discovered that a minute form of life bacteria had a harmful effect on the preservation of milk, that steps were taken to destroy these organisms which produce changes in milk altering the odor, color, and flavor, and harboring such disease germs as tuberculosis, scarlet fever, and typhoid.

The commercial care of milk has an important effect on its keeping qualities; it should come from a healthy animal, under suitable sanitary conditions to protect the milk from the cow herself, the clothing and hands of the milker, dirty receptacles, and impure air.

In this country reliable milk companies have depots situated in various dairying centres. When the milk is brought in it is immediately pasteurised by heating to 145deg. F., and immediately cooling to 45deg. F. This process destroys all harmful disease germs and delays souring, but gives no assurance against further contamination as the spores are not destroyed.

Effects of Pasteurisation

IN the process of pasteurisation milk does not lose any of its nutritional value with the exception of vitamin C. If two glass bottles were allowed for the delivery of milk twice daily to each household, the empty vessel collected and sterilised for the next delivery, the additional security would be well worth paying for.

Unsweetened condensed milk is fast taking the place of the sweetened and dried skim milk as a standby in the home. It is a concentrated food, as most of the water has been removed, leaving the milk constituents unaltered. The milk fat is broken into the finest particles, making it more easily digested, and the milk sugars have been caramelised, altering the flavoring and preventing the separation of fat towards the top.

Commander EVA BOOTH

COMMANDER EVANGELINE BOOTH, who is expected to arrive in Sydney from New Zealand on March 23, 1934, will visit the various State capitals and large centres, commencing with Sydney and Brisbane, in that order.

She will lead the annual Salvation Army Congress in Sydney from Wednesday, March 28, to Sunday, April 1, including Good Friday and Easter.

The Sydney Town Hall has been secured for all the public meetings.

But Madame! it's not only the coupon you get but SUCH QUALITY

"MITCHELL MAID" QUALITY GROCERIES

These famous Groceries are every day satisfying customers who insist on quality before anything else.

In all "Mitchell Maid" Groceries you can actually taste the quality . . . appreciate the difference, and yet not spend one penny more.

"Mitchell Maid" Golden Grain Vinegar, Jelly Crystals, Custard Powder, Mixed Dried Fruits, Ceylona Tea, Blue Ribbon Coffee Extract, Double Action Feather Flour . . . are just a few you should try to-day. Besides, in every packet and on every bottle, there is that valuable little coupon which is given so freely, and which enables you to refurnish your home—entirely free.

This offer does not apply to goods sold in Newcastle or in towns farther North.

LOOK FOR THIS COUPON

This happy housewife who is a regular user of all "Mitchell Maid" Groceries has just secured this luxurious chair and footstool for a collection of these valuable coupons. You can do the same—so start to-day!

Just come along and see the magnificent assortment of Free Gifts at the new Showroom at 153 Clarence Street, Sydney.

Country Readers should send for Illustrated Catalogue.

Write to-day for 4 Free Coupons to enable you to start your collection at once.

D. Mitchell & Co. Ltd.,
"The Showroom,"
153 Clarence Street,
SYDNEY.

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"Makes all the difference"

FREE! PICK-ME-UP JIG-SAW PUZZLE

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On receipt of your name and address with 2d. stamp to cover postage and packing, we will forward you a 60 Piece Jig-Saw Puzzle.

Mark your envelope, "PUZZLE," and send to any one of the following addresses:

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Please send to address below Jig-Saw Puzzle, for which I enclose 2d. stamp.

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.....

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We are able to give you the most exacting eyesight service, making glasses to your individual requirements. Our service has been enjoyed by a great number of people, and is widely recommended by highly satisfied wearers of Gibb & Beeman Glasses.

Our advice is reliable — quality of goods always the best, and our charges are moderate

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And at 74 Hunter Street, Newcastle.

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THE MIRROR OF SOCIETY

By Jane Anne Seymour

ELAINE BROOKES

HERSEY BROOKES

JESSIE BROOKES

NANCY GRIFFITH

TWELVE BRIDESMAIDS FOR CYNTHIA BROOKES

NOEL CLAPP

PRUDENCE STAUGHTON

IT'S nice to have the Navy back, even though it has been lying very low. It is, in fact, the military—perhaps spurred by threatened opposition—which has been making a social parade of itself this week, with uniforms working overtime. It really must be jealousy, for why else, well into the Summer, would three large dances make their appearance, all their guest lists featuring the Army?

☆ ☆ ☆

ALTHOUGH the neighborhood has certain associations, pretty views are for the asking, and she is mad on gardening, so Kathleen Wilkinson that was—she married Bevan Badgery quietly owing to his father's death recently—is very happily settling into a new home at Gladesville this week.

☆ ☆ ☆

MR. RICHARDSON (Barraba) and Mr. Harry Marsh, who topped the wool market in the State, celebrated their success with a dinner and theatre party on Thursday, followed by a dance at the "Australia." Guests included Merrilees Marsh, and Frank Chapman, of the Richmond aerodrome.

☆ ☆ ☆

IN honor of Mrs. W. A. Freeman, who has just returned from a holiday abroad in the "Strathnaver," Mrs. H. C. M. Garling entertained at her Double Bay home on Tuesday Mrs. J. S. Herron, Mrs. Harry Osborne, Mrs. John Ruthven, Miss Dora Grimley, Mrs. G. K. Herring, Mrs. Parr, Mrs. N. Hume, Mrs. E. H. Hunt, Hope Garling, Mrs. Arthur Parsons, Miss Elizabeth Betts, and Miss Burr.

Zöldy

Zöldy brings to Australian women an exquisite powder, blended in a new way to give perfect adhesion and even distribution. Delicately perfumed, and in shades for every complexion. Price 2/- for a large box.

Sold by all chemists and leading Stores

AS well as their weekly stage productions, Sydney's Little Theatres each constitute a meeting ground, for social purposes, of people with similar leanings and tastes. The Independent Theatre, with its own clubroom and library, offers great scope for friendly intercourse.

Members of the Players' Club, which has a strong University flavoring, get over the difficulty of having no rooms of their own by having afternoon tea together, every Tuesday, at the Lyceum Club. As a rule there is also some sort of entertainment—lightning sketches by "Hotpoint," Mr. Punch singing to his gramophone, or the like.

☆ ☆ ☆

THE Repertory Theatre people are still more Bohemian. They have no official meeting place, but one is practically certain, on week-nights, to find many of them in a certain 3d. coffee shop in King St., and in another coffee shop, in King St., on Saturday nights.

Here the coffee is 6d., and one's manners, too, are superior to week-day ones. The usual selling of one's extra cup of coffee to a friend, or bartering 3d. worth of one's waffle for 3d. worth of someone else's cake, is frowned upon.

So popular are these meetings that it is said that enthusiasts are even capable of cutting rehearsals so as not to be late for supper.

☆ ☆ ☆

BRYANT'S PLAYHOUSE is called a "workshop" because there is no organised social side. But the coffee shop at King's Cross, greatly patronised by other arty folk, is a popular rendezvous after rehearsals. Also, this theatre is really in a different category from the larger Little Theatres, whose membership is nearly the 200 mark.

It has a comparatively tiny acting-group, meaning that nearly every member is required for nearly every production. This brings members together almost nightly in any case. In this way the actors have become even more friendly out of "class" than those of any other club, and are always doing this and that together.

☆ ☆ ☆

A "HAIL and farewell" air surrounded the cocktail party at Dora Jarrett's on Tuesday, for Mrs. W. H. Ward, wife of a Melbourne medico, was being welcomed, and Alison Rehfisch farewelled. Those present included Norman Lindsay, G. H. Patterson, and John Young.

☆ ☆ ☆

GIVING an illustrated account of his recent travels, at the annual meeting of the Shiplovers' Society last week, Captain Pearce threw a photograph of Lord Jellicoe on the screen, saying that Jellicoe was still just as vigorous as he looked. When the captain visited him he had just completed a round of golf, and had, for three holes, lowered his former "bogey."

When Captain Pearce passed "Tintern Abbey" in his car, sixty thousand other cars were parked around it. It was the commemoration of the writing, under its walls, of the "Rock of Ages" hymn. During all his months in England he never saw one drunkard or one beggar, depression notwithstanding.

☆ ☆ ☆

AFTER waiting half the evening at the United Service Ball on Saturday for the Navy to arrive, we found it was already there—not in uniform. No flying people were present.

Also at this party, which was in honor of the departing Captain McLeod (H.M.A.S. "Australia"), were General Herring, the Cavalry's Major Torpy Whitehead, the Veterinary Corps' Major Gunn, the Garrison Artillery's Captain Heward, Captain Campbell, Captain Simpson. Mrs. Ian Campbell in lido blue crinkle crepe, Mrs. Gunn in beige satin, Mrs. Heward in lipstick red flat crepe, Marjorie Simpson in blue organdie, and Norma Heward in white angelskin. After 1.30 a.m. the Whiteheads, Gunns and Hewards accompanied Captain Simpson home to bacon and eggs in his hall—the rest of the house being given over to painters.

Major Whitehead girded himself with a kitchen towel and washed up afterwards.

MARJORIE STEPHENS

NOW that the marriage of Cynthia Brookes to the Lord Mayor of Melbourne (Cr. Gengoult Smith), next month, is going to be a civic function, and the wedding reception is to be held at the Town Hall, the guest list has been increased from 800 to 1000.

The bride's white satin frock will be a replica of Barbara Hutton's, the American millionairess. It is being made in Melbourne, and six yards of glorious silver lame has been brought from Paris for a train, but the bride may not wear it as it may not look suitable with her petite figure.

As decorations are not permitted in St. Paul's Cathedral, flowers will only be used on the altar, and a city florist is ordering quantities of white lilies all over the place to make it specially beautiful.

The Gengoult Smiths will live in Clowes St., South Yarra, in the house of wide balconies and Spanish arches, leased to them by Wing-Commander Cole.

The bride will be attended by twelve maids, pictured above, and a train-bearer, Marguerite Manifold.

The bride-to-be, Miss Cynthia Brookes.

BETTY LAWRANCE

AUDREY POOLMAN

DARCY LAWRY

BETTY BUNTING

HELEN HUGHES

The Photos.—Our acknowledgements for pictures are to Falk (Misses Elaine and Hersey Brookes), Ronald Esler (Miss Jessie Brookes), Broothorn (Misses Griffith, Staughton, Poolman, Lawry, Stephens and Lawrance), Russell Roberts (Miss Clapp), Women's Weekly (Misses Bunting and Hughes).

ALREADY the country is beginning to flock to Sydney beaches. Mr. and Mrs. Orwell Bennett are up from Tamworth with their daughter. Mrs. Bennett was Lorna Newman, daughter of the well-known Tamworth solicitor. They are staying at the Metropole and Manly, and intend to spend some time at Collaroy.

☆ ☆ ☆

ALTHOUGH it means missing Lady Kelso King's cocktail party, which everyone says is sure to be the best for weeks, Mrs. Heath Green feels that she really must get away for a holiday with Geoffrey before he starts office work (he has just completed his leaving exams.), and is off to Leura on Friday. Only for a fortnight, though, for, with Mrs. John Maund, she is busy rehearsing the Cranbrook boys for their end of term plays.

☆ ☆ ☆

AT first Minnie Hooper planned a "Mickey and Minnie" ballet for the children's party in aid of the Adult Deaf and Dumb on board the "Orford" on Tuesday. When she put it to her pupils, however, nobody would consent to be Minnie, so it finally turned into a "Mickey the Mouse" ballet.

Although called a children's party, the programme was interesting enough for any grown-up, while one of the "surprises" would have made the bravest's hair stand on end. This consisted of everyone being taken into a dark room and then suddenly being treated to a tornado of sparks from all sides. "Auntie Val" and "Bimbo," of broadcasting fame, were chartered to welcome the guests and see that everyone attended every event.

In the saloon far from the madding crowd, Mesdames E. M. Brissenden, E. W. Fenner, J. Armstrong, and A. S. Christian booked their bridge tables. Lady Game was president, Mrs. M. F. Bruxner was secretary, with Mrs. A. V. Maxwell, Mrs. David Cohen, and Mrs. Milner Stephen hon. treasurers, and Mrs. Roystone Davey and Mrs. Harry Dransfield hon. organisers.

☆ ☆ ☆

"THE Press has always been extraordinarily good to me—I can't think why," said Douglas Pratt to a friend at the private view of his exhibition at the Grosvenor Galleries on Tuesday. The answer is obvious. The pencil drawings, mostly of "nature" subjects, but also including the University and other ones, are especially admirable. Especially when heavy tree trunks, or some such "solid" feature forms the pivot of a wealth of detail and draws the pattern together.

Curiously called an "exhibition of watercolors," there are only two such studies in the whole show. Narooma, as always, is again present in an art show. There are also several historically, as well as pictorially, interesting drawings of early Sydney landmarks.

☆ ☆ ☆

BEING secretary of the Veterans' Home and president of the Forest League, Sir Charles Rosenthal was doubly interested in making Tuesday's ball a success. Luckily for these two charities, Mrs. J. D. Hemphill, a member of the committee, has a husband with interests in the East, so that is how the "Nieuw Zeeland" was obtained. For years the Government's donation of an obsolete fort at La Perouse for the veterans—who include some from the Sudan War—proved sufficient, but this year they would have been in a bad way but for this. Lady Isaacs arranged to go (after the show at the Prince Edward), and the "Aldebaran's" officers, the French Consul-General and crowds of brightly-uniformed military men, too. Mr. Bertram was joint secretary with Sir Charles Rosenthal, and Mrs. Adams, of Wahroonga, head of the ladies' committee.

APPARENTLY a mutual interest in art is as potent a matchmaker as anything else. An engagement just announced is that of Flora, artist daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Morrison, of Roseville, and Edmund, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Burley. Mr. Burley is the managing director of Berlei's, and Edmund is secretary of, and performer with, the Port St. Old Boys' Dramatic Society.

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HAT HUNTING! *Oh Dear,* What a TASK

By SAPPHO

THE headhunter still dwells in our midst, but disguised as the modern milliner. She inhabits the city arcades, lurking in her lair, ready to pounce on the unwary and capture a head for her hat.

However, this is not a Saga of the Headhunter, but of a newly evolved species—the Hathunter.

My friend, Susie, filled with a desire to gambol forth in frills and furbelows, and to blossom into a new hat, asked me to come with her and make a momentous choice. The object of the expedition was a Green hat with a deep crown and a fairly wide brim. Surely a simple and straightforward description!

We had three hours in which to gain our objective, and at least four and forty shops in which to carry out our operations. At first Susie issued an ultimatum to the slightly astonished milliner: a GREEN hat or nothing! But it did not come forth at her bidding. Perhaps it was still hibernating. So at the tenth shop, for all her hatred of compromise, she added weakly, "Well, a blue, or even a natural," and then in a burst of confidence, "in fact any color so long as it will fit me."

Well, we engaged with the enemy at close quarters for about an hour, and were beginning to look jaded under the invariable chorus of, "Oh, but Moddom, your head is so small, so deep, such a peculiar shape. Really, Moddom, you won't find a hat to fit you in town." Or else: "Yes, your face is so thin. Now this hat has a WIDE brim and would broaden it. It's so fashionable, Moddom."

The last straw came when one remarked that the back of the hat would of course have to be altered, as Moddom hadn't much hair there. Susie blushed scarlet, suspected an imputation of premature baldness, and disappeared.

I discovered as the afternoon wore on that she had a habit of slinking unobtrusively out, leaving me to emerge unaided from an avalanche of hats.

So we made our pilgrimage round the four and forty hatshops.

By now, Susie's eye was fixed and glazed, and the most intrepid and hardened milliner instinctively quailed and recoiled before it. So fierce was her expression that I feared she would rend and chew to ribbons the next straw hat that was offered to her inspection—the 76th. So I led her forth.

Under the cumulative force of millinery opinion I ventured to remark that her head must indeed be a peculiar shape. Whereupon her temper, never of the best, flared up—"At least I'm not one of those shallow-pated fools whom any 'pill-box' will fit. My head is unique. There's probably not another like it in the universe." As I was wearing a "pill-box" myself at the moment I felt justifiably annoyed, after an afternoon's devotion. "Well, then," retorted I, "it's a pity that the Creator didn't provide the headgear for it as well!"

We did NOT find a Green hat with a deep crown and a wide brim. The species is extinct. Therefore Susie wended her way mournfully home, exhumed last year's model, took it to be renovated, and hoped that like the Phoenix a new one might arise from its ashes.

Quality and Style....in

RUBBER SOLED FOOTWEAR

PLAYER. A favourite always on quality and low price... Crepe sole, wedge heel. Women's only. With flat heel for Women, Misses, Children.

These Sport Shoes by Dunlop Perdriau are strong, well made, comfortable --- all the qualities that ensure long and satisfactory service. Styles too are distinctive, with that attractive shapeliness that comes of good design and perfect fitting. From the wide and varied range you can always obtain something exactly to suit your requirements --- and your pocket. All sizes are available and prices were never lower.

SUNBEAM.

RALLY.

MARATHON.

LEATHER-ONE BAR. Slipper comfort with appearance --- Black or Tan Willow Hide, crepe sole, wedge heel. Women's only. In tan with flat heels for Misses and Children.

LEATHER-ONE BAR.

T-BAR.

SUNBEAM. Smart — but "roomy." comfortable, hard-wearing ... White rubber toe-cap, crepe sole, wedge heel. Men's only.

RALLY. For coolness — with neat two-toning ... Ventilated vamp and tongue, crepe sole, flat heel. Men's only.

MARATHON. For service, plus ... White rubber toe-cap and double lacing, heavy ribbed black sole, flat heel. Men's only.

T-BAR. A new design of craftsman finish ... Crepe sole, wedge heel. Women's only.

DUNLOP PERDRIAU

Sport **SHOES**

530.303

OBTAINABLE AT ALL SHOE STORES

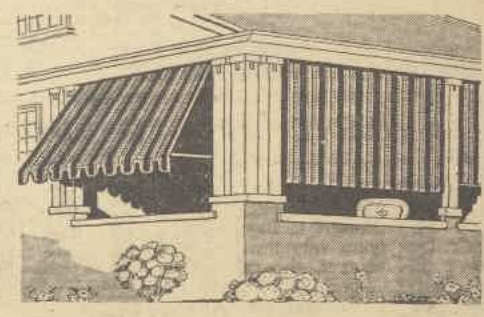
Let's POOL *the* FAMILY RESOURCES

Being the weekly diary of Saide, a discerning shopper.

Gratifying as it is to receive, one recalls that it is more blessed to give, and, on that principle, a community present to the household generally, to replace the exchange of odds and ends, is a useful idea.

Various suggestions assailed me that could be put to good use for the benefit of the family and could be procured by means of pooling the funds usually expended on largesse to be distributed among the several members of the household.

The house itself will assume a most festive air, and the verandah a grateful shade by the addition of these colorful blinds. Duck blinds, two yards wide, can be purchased at 4/11, 5/11, and 7/11 a yard. These are special Xmas prices, and a further attraction lies in the fact that you can have the blinds made up free of charge.



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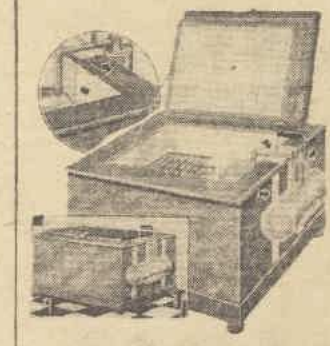


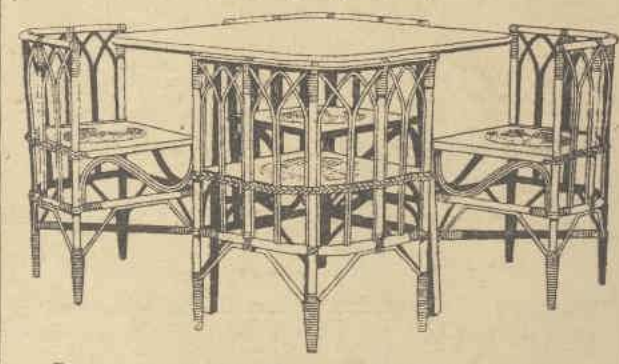
THEN, too, the encroaching summer months ensure an appreciation of edibles that have been thoroughly chilled. With the thermometer soaring lettuce is apt to wilt, and the butter assume a depressing similarity to castor oil. Hence a "selfreezer" will be one of the most popular articles in the household furnishings. As an objet d'art, it is very handsome; its capacity is seemingly unlimited, as behoves the proposed container for Xmas viands—and the price of upkeep is incredibly economical for it amounts only to the price of one pint of kerosene per day. You will certainly want to make its further acquaintance.

* * *

* * *

This quaint-looking gadget is a truly amazing affair. It deals with the entire range of materials that can be beaten—with the possible exception of the erring child. It has a perfectly masterly way with potatoes and with eggs, with fruit juices and with salad dressings. It saves time, effort, and energy for—and here is the delightful feature of the business—it beats electrically. You just plug it in, switch it on, and, hey presto! the deed is done for £8/10/.

* * * * * *



For creature comforts this suite would be hard to beat—even with the electric affair above! It comprises a table and four chairs and they are gaily colored and altogether desirable for £13/15/-.

* * * * * *

AN extraordinary resourceful brain must have been at work when this modern chromium-plated model was designed. Its arms and legs are all in one, and, though it looks as though it would tip over at the slightest provocation, on further examination it will be seen that the harder you sit the firmer the chair becomes. £5/15/-

* * *

OF course, the most important personality about the shops at the moment is good old Santa Claus. This genial soul certainly moves with the times, and his reindeer sledge, that was so picturesque a feature of his entourage, has been supplanted by various up-to-the-minute means of transport. But the good old sack, filled to overflowing, is still in evidence and its contents become if possible more intriguing every year (or is that a sign of encroaching second childhood). His hosts, however, the major domos of the big stores, give welcome opportunities to everyone to procure his desirable offerings with layby, time-payments and so on. Wherefore perspicacious folk are making ready for the festive season and the hanging of socks.

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MISSING LINE COMPETITION

This is Sergeant Dicky Duck,
Who waddles on parade,
You can, if you have any luck,
Enjoy the things she's made.

Jellies crystal clear and sweet,
Ripe fruit just off the tree,
All blended in one perfect treat
That please you perfectly.

You will love them more and more
And want each helping twice,
And dinner's tame without them, for

Fill in this line _____
(To rhyme with "twice")

Sergeant "Dicky Duck"

Competition closes 28th FEBRUARY, 1934

First Prize £5 cash

25 Consolation Prizes valued at 2/6

Every Entry must be accompanied by the COUPON SIDE of a "Fountain" Pure Fruit Jelly Carton. Other side of Carton not accepted

Address entries "Fountain Pure Fruit Jelly Competition Box 218D, G.P.O. Sydney

FOUNTAIN PURE FRUIT JELLIES are sold as follows:—

3 Large Packets for (Sydney) 1/-. (Country) 1/3

If you cannot obtain these Jellies from your grocer, write to W. C. Douglass Ltd., Box 218 D, G.P.O., Sydney, *and send us name and address of your grocer.*

FOUNTAIN PURE FRUIT JELLIES

Kill MOSQUITOES . . .

Safeguard Sleep

Use "FLY-TOX" in the bedroom ten minutes before retiring. That's the way to kill off mosquitoes and insure undisturbed sleep. There are many imitations but nothing "just-as-good" as the genuine, original "FLY-TOX." *Made in Australia.*

FLY-TOX

There is ONLY ONE FLY-TOX

LIFE—A BUSINESS

It is a paradox, perhaps, that, while Home Life is a refuge from business, it is itself a business.

Money enters so largely into everything that it must be planned for in every phase of life.

It is in business that money is earned, in the Home, chiefly, that it is spent, and there is no sound reason why the spending should not be regarded as being just as important as earning. In fact, it is far more important, for earning is difficult, and must employ wisdom, forethought, and energy, while spending is easy, so easy that there is temptation to spend unwisely.

Every Home, then, is a business, and needs an economic system, of which the Savings Bank Pass Book can be the valuable basis.

Commonwealth Savings Bank of Australia

(Guaranteed by the Commonwealth Government).

DRESSMAKING, CUTTING, TACKING AND MILLINERY

CAROL FURNESS (Late Designer, Hordern Bros.)

No. 1 Mezzanine Floor, State Shopping Block, Market Street, City, Will Make Up Your Materials.

SPORTS FROCKS made from	10/6	Cut, Tack, and Fit from ..	6/6
DAY & EVENING " "	27/6	" " " " ..	10/6
SPORTS HATS from	5/6	MODEL HATS from	17/6

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO COUNTRY CUSTOMERS. SEND SELF-MEASUREMENTS WITH MATERIAL.

LIQUIDATED STOCKS COMPANY. 6 SPECIALS

from a recently assigned stock.

Large reels **sewing cotton**, black or white. Price, 6d. reels, 1/3.

Genuine **Swatow hand-embroidered Handkerchiefs.** Price, presentation box of half-dozen, 1/6.

Men's **Irish Lawn Handkerchiefs.** Price, per dozen, 2/11.

Men's silk **Broadway Ties.** Worth 1/11 to 3/6. Latest designs. Price, **8d each, 7/6 doz.**

Rubber Surf Animals. Largest size, dogs or horses. Everywhere, 2/6. Price, **1/9, 19/6 doz.**

Rubber Lifebelts, large size. Price **1/9, 19/6 doz.** assorted colors.

50 only **Tryecycles,** strongly built. Rubber tyres, three mudguards, lamp-holder, handle-bar grips, leathed adjustable saddle, etc. Finished, ducoed bright red, nickel-plated. Worth 30/. Order quickly, for only **15/11.**

Orders 20/- or over, less discount of 5 per cent. Enclose cheque or postal note with order, or if desired, goods can be sent C.O.D. Write now, or call.

LIQUIDATED STOCKS COMPANY, 515 George Street, Opp. Plaza Theatre, Sydney.

UNIQUE *Youth Patrol* for Children

Queensland's System Leads Australia!

A lead to the whole of Australia has been given by the wonderful traffic control system in Queensland known as "The Youth Patrol."

The lives and safety of 50,000 children are protected by the children who constitute the patrols.

SCHOOL'S OUT, and hundreds of romping, heedless children pour through the gateways of the school, free from lessons until the morrow.

Along the arterial roads the traffic thunders and cross streets make a crossing dangerous.

Six fine young Australians, brown and strong, march out into the roadway bearing aloft their yellow standards and flash nickel badges on muscular arms. Gangway for youth, they seem to cry.

The traffic slows down, automobiles stop, the packs of youth scurry across the road and march down the hill. The Youth Patrol has kept its vow for the day.

* * *

BEHIND this little drama enacted each day of the scholastic week is a story with an element of real romance.

The thousands who see the safety patrols think immediately of the Royal Queensland Automobile Club, which now sponsors the patrols, provides the badges and co-operates with the Department of Public Instruction and youth in making the streets safe for school children of tender years.

The club deserves a good deal of the credit for reducing the danger of accidents to the minimum, but the scheme owes its origin to the head mistress of the Kelvin Grove State School for Girls, one of the largest schools in Queensland.

It was Miss Carraway, who has seen two generations of pupils pass through the school, who inaugurated the scheme after five accidents to children in the danger zone surrounding the school, which faces cross roads and is on the summit of a steep incline, where romping children might easily fail to see the danger ahead.

She began the patrol in a modest way with some of her senior pupils and made each member of the senior classes elected to the patrol recite a vow each day—a vow of faith and service.

The little ceremony of "saying a vow" is still enacted in her school.

* * *

THE patrol scheme, two years ago, grew beyond the control of any single unit, and is now an organised scheme of the R.A.C.Q. and Department of Public Instruction and 50,000 children of Queensland are under its protection.

There are over five hundred patrol volunteers in the metropolitan area, and they have the proud record of entirely eliminating accidents since the patrols came into being.

The President of the R.A.C.Q. thinks it is the most important guide work in Queensland, and thousands of mothers bless the name of the patrol. They are seen in the streets each day and are familiar as the road signs that bear traffic warnings.

The Youth Patrol is national. It deserves recognition.

BLACK taffeta petals create a fascinating little hat for Gail Patrick, Paramount player. The short net veil worn over the ears and back of the head is quite new.

HOW TO OBTAIN YOUR FREE GIFTS

Save Sunlight Soap wrappers, 18 (from 6 cartons) for a Glasscloth or 24 (from 8 cartons) for a Pillowcase, then cut off the wrapper tops (the strips bearing the words "Sunlight Soap"), and take them to Parkes House, 9-11 Hunter St., Sydney. If you cannot call or send personally attach them to a sheet of paper giving the following information :—

1. Your name and address written in BLOCK LETTERS.
2. The number of wrappers sent. 3. The gift required.

Post to "SUNLIGHT DEPARTMENT," LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, BOX 4100WW, G.P.O., SYDNEY. Be sure to put correct postage on your envelope.

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the Soap with the £1000 guarantee of purity

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Paris created the fashions . . .

. . . but YOU do the ironing . . .

Dame Fashion decided that this would be a season for Cottons, heedless of the extra laundering and ironing involved. Those alluring Linens, colorful Cottons, Muslins and Organdies of endless variety—starch them with DANDY and see how their breath-taking charm of newness is restored — their dainty, summery loveliness completely recaptured. Use DANDY for *all* starching.

DANDY STARCH

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Sussex Street, Sydney

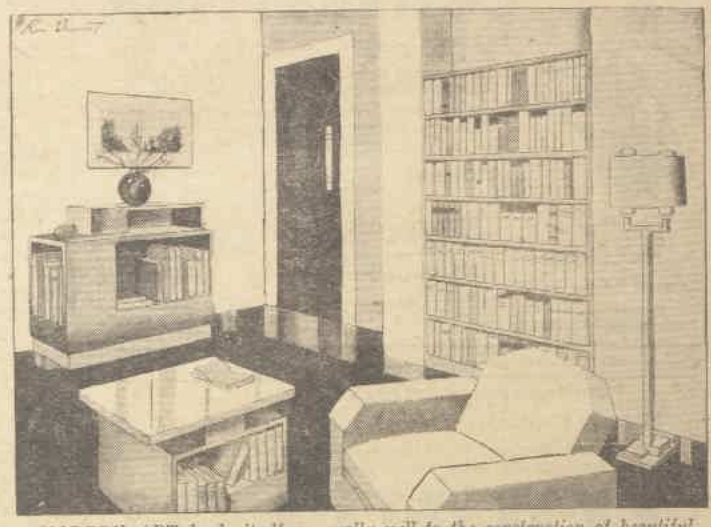
FOR *The Home* You LOVE

Bookcases That Lend Charm and Dignity To Any Room

By Our Home Decorator

HERE are shown three distinctly different types of bookcases, yet each carries its own especial appeal. Any man, clever with hammer and nails, could copy the two shown at left of room.

The third, shown at the extreme right, you can make yourself! No saw, hammer, nails, glue, or any knowledge of carpentry is required in the construction of this serviceable bookcase.



MODERN ART lends itself unusually well to the construction of beautiful and serviceable book-shelves. Note the modernistic designs at left. Directions are given in this article for making the novel, expanding bookcase illustrated at right of picture.

IN most rooms there is a slight recess. This usually adjoins the fireplace. It is here in this recess that you can build what I call an expanding bookcase—expanding, because it is built step by step, as time moves on and your little library grows.

My living-room boasts of two such small recesses, one on either side of the fireplace, and now my expanding bookcases are beginning to remind me somewhat of "Jack and the Beanstalk."

I started with two shelves. The first one was laid on two bricks, varnished, and placed at either side, lengthwise. I had inch-thick wood cut to the required length, and width of recess, by a timber merchant.

Section of one shelf and supporting piece. No saw, hammer, or nails are used. Shelves are added as required.

Two upright pieces for each shelf are required, each shelf being supported as you can see in the small illustration, by these uprights. The piece shown measures 9 x 9 inches, and like the shelves is comprised of inch-thick wood. No nails are needed because these are placed directly against the walls of the recess, and held in position quite firmly by the books.

Any timber merchant will cut the shelves and uprights to exact measurements. All you have to do is either to paint or stain the wood. Japan black, mixed with plenty of turpentine, allowed to dry, and then finished off with furniture polish, gives a nice dark oak color with a good dull surface.

There are advantages attached to this expanding bookcase, apart from its attractiveness, simplicity and infinitesimal cost of construction. It will not injure your walls. If you move it at any time you will find the wallpaper or paint perfectly clean and unmarked. Its neatness—half-filled book shelves look untidy, but with this arrangement you do not add a new shelf until you have books to fill it.

* * *

FINALLY, a word about the two smartly modern book-shelves, also illustrated. They need no special setting, and can be used effectively in almost any room. They are so designed as to carry magazines, bulky types of books, reference books, as well as the ordinary sized novel. They can be stained and varnished, or painted, to fit in with the general color scheme of your rooms.—E.E.G.

Showing the first two shelves filled with books, and dotted lines possible extensions. Simplicity of construction will amaze you.

CLEVER IDEAS

HINTS FROM READERS

TO CLEAN silver, take a bar of good soap, cut up rather finely and cover with sufficient water to form a jelly when cold. When dissolved, add powdered whiting, mix well into a creamy paste, and put into a jar to keep clean. Take a damp piece of flannel, dip in mixture, and rub the silver. Rinse well in warm water, wipe, and leave to dry. Polish with a chamois leather.—**Mrs. D. Lorraine, Taralga, via Goulburn (N.S.W.)**

TOWEL RAIL for bath room: Get two empty cotton reels, and a thin batten (the required length). Put a nail in each end of the batten, then through the holes in the reel, and nail on to the wall. A lengthy nail will be required. A coat of enamel makes a nice finish.—**Mrs. D. J. Hillery, St. George, S.W. (Q'ld.).**

NEVER THROW away the most decrepit of umbrella frames. Covered with hessian, or even paper, and tied to a stake in the ground, they are invaluable as shades for young plants or flowers that are being kept for show purposes.—**Miss J. Myers, East Maitland (N.S.W.).**

RUB A MUD-STAINED umbrella with a rag dipped in methylated spirits and the stains will soon disappear.—**Mrs. Truebridge, Chelsea, Vic.**

TO CLEAN artificial pearls, sprinkle a sheet of cotton wool with powdered magnesia and lay the pearls on it. Fold the wool over, carefully rub them between the hands. Take out and brush with a soft camel hair brush.—**Miss B. Boardman, Merewether (N.S.W.).**

A FRUIT cake will keep moist longer and have a more delicious flavor if a teaspoon of marmalade, preferably home-made, is used in place of candied peel.—**"Blanche," Brisbane, Qld.**

IT IS not generally known that paint can be thinned in the following manner, thereby saving time and turps. Place the tin of paint in a pan of warm water for two or three minutes. After a short period of stirring, the paint will be found workable. This method is especially useful when a tin of paint has been stored for a long time.—**A.A.A., Bundaberg, Qld.**

WHEN IRONING smocking, place the iron in an upright position, resting on its heel. Draw the smocking across the toe of the iron, on the wrong side of the material.—**"Waffles," Cowra, N.S.W.**

DO NOT discard old wire lampshade frames. They make excellent fern baskets. Cut away the silk and beads, paint the frames green, line with bark and attach handles of flexible wire. — **Mrs. E. Becke, 26 Norfolk St., Paddington (N.S.W.).**

TO REPAIR a break in the straight sidepiece of horn-rimmed spectacles, take a quill feather sufficiently large, and cut about an inch in length to permit the broken ends to be inserted. Fill with glue before inserting ends, making them meet exactly in quill. Wipe off any superfluous glue and leave until thoroughly dry and set. This will make a lasting repair—**"Elouera," C2, Vic.**

TO SHARPEN scissors in a hurry, procure an ordinary small-necked bottle and apply the usual cutting motion to the neck of the bottle, doing so five or six times. You will find this sharpens the scissors considerably.—**Mrs. C. Sulway, Berry (N.S.W.).**

TAKE half a teaspoonful of Sulphate of Soda in water every morning. Then a VINCENT'S A.P.C. Tablet or Powder twice or three times a day.

Genuine VINCENT'S A.P.C., is prepared on the scientific formula used in Australia's largest hospitals. 12 for 1/6, 24 for 2/6.

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Let this Summer be Your Life's Happiest..

Guard and Glorify Your Skin With This New SUNPROOF Powder

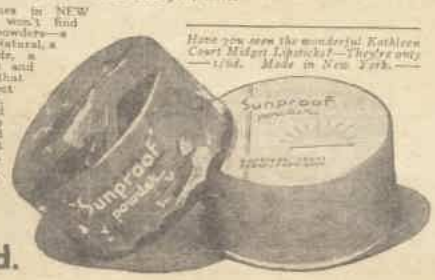
The light fades upon a glorious Summer's day . . . the shadows lengthen . . . evening comes, revealing glamorous, satiny skins, clear, smooth, fresh, and irresistibly lovely . . . skins that have been protected from Outdoor harshness by Sunproof Powder. How becomingly this new creation blends in with the sun-kissed skin; how well it adapts itself alike to the conditions of the Beach, the Bout and the Ballroom! See the subtle, clever tone-change of your skin as you smooth on Sunproof Powder—rejoice as your own warm vibrant colour intangibly, yet surely, appears through the downy softness of its mist-fine veil. How marvellously sun-tanned you look when you wish, yet how ivory-skinned you actually remain! Use Sunproof Powder on limbs as well as face—use it for fierce country conditions, as well as when by the Sea. Use it in Town, too, when days are warm and ordinary powders turn greasy round about your nose.

Sunproof Powder comes in NEW Summer shades you won't find duplicated in other powders—a magic Rachel, a rich Natural, a delightful Blonde shade, a Brunette, a Peach tint and Duo-Tone, the shade that artfully creates the effect of light and shade, giving life, interest and sparkle to a face that is liable to look faded and "flat" under the effect of prolonged sunlight.

SUNPROOF POWDER

a new Kathleen Court Creation, sold by all smart Chemists and stores, in big, gay boxes—at **1/6d.**

Have you seen the wonderful Kathleen Court Midget Lipstick?—They're only —1/6d. Made in New York.—



Stop infection *from Insect bites..*

Apart from the discomfort and pain of insect bites, there is a positive danger of infection, if the wound should be scratched. Use Iodex for quick, antiseptic relief.

FREE! The new 36 page Iodex First Aid Book tells what to do in such cases as well as in a hundred other emergencies. Write for your copy now. The Iodex Co., 131 Palmer St., Sydney.

IODEX

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"Young brains and bodies get tired too!"

CHILDREN, like parents, have a hard job these days in keeping "up to the mark." So many lessons, so much sport, and then homework to be done at night, when young bodies and brains are often weary. When children are nervy and tired, nothing is better for them, nothing safer, than Clements Tonic — the great natural restorative that feeds the blood and nervous system. Read what this mother has to say about it.

"Good for Children When Lessons Worry Them"

Nelson, N.Z., Jan. 29, 1933
"Just now I am giving Clements Tonic to my children. It is so good for them if their lessons worry them at all, even if they only take a dose at night or going to bed."
—(Mrs.) D.H.
(Original letter on file for inspection)

Prices at Chemists and Stores in Capital Cities in the Commonwealth, 3/- and 5/3 a bottle.

For "Nerves," Lassitude and Sleeplessness, Neuralgia, Loss of Energy, take Clements Tonic without delay.

CLEMENTS TONIC

"Gives you Nerves of Steel"

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Law For Women

When DIVORCE *Means only* Semi-Detached

By A LAWYER

Not every decree absolute gives an absolutely free leg to the offending husband. It may create a state of semi-detachment known as a judicial separation. This still leaves him with the worst drawbacks of the holy state: lack of freedom and obligation to provide, and deprives him of all in the way of home comforts and attention.

A DISSOLUTION of marriage puts an end to the whole matter. Except for observance of any order for alimony or custody of children, neither party has anything to demand or expect from the other. Either may marry again.

The judicial separation only goes half way. The state of marriage continues, and if either try a second dip in the lucky bag he or she will be guilty of bigamy. The wife may obtain alimony, and if the husband does not keep up the payments she may provide herself with necessities of life and book them to him. Any property that she acquires after the decree is her own, as if she were a single woman, and if she die without making a will her husband does not share in the spoils.

The grounds on which a wife may obtain such a decree are, in some cases, less stringent than would be necessary to obtain a dissolution. Many a husband, grown tired of his middle-aged wife, whose freshness and charm have been sapped in the effort of rearing his children and looking after him, has received a rather unexpected and well-deserved blow beneath the belt, when his conduct has at last forced his homely mate to seek relief from the Divorce Court. He has been put out in the cold, unqualified to seek fresh worlds to conquer and unfortunates on whom to repeat the dose.

* * *

IF a husband has sought diversion by running a second home, the first love may obtain the last laugh by suing for separation and not for dissolution, either form of relief being available in this case. A sad blow is also administered to the paramour who has waited so patiently for her prize.

If he has decamped and been away for two years, secure in the belief that, at the end of the three necessary for a dissolution, he will be given his freedom, his wife may again steal a march, shutting the door on his second marriage hopes.

Habitual cruelty for three years and upwards entitles a wife to a dissolution. If her lord and master has systematically worked towards this end by a course of studied cruelty, he may be frustrated. Long before the carefully timed last act which is to render tolerance no longer possible, the wife may seek relief. If his plans have succeeded so far as, say, causing a nervous breakdown, the court will say that the wife may fly the nest, and still the offender must provide maintenance.

Many women, unwilling to be cast off for another, as soon as the strenuous early years of marriage have passed, or opposed on religious or other grounds to a dissolution of their ties, have found a salve for their wounds in this procedure.

He: I passed by your house yesterday.
She: Thanks, we appreciate it!

Cook your own Xmas Fare

There is something fascinating in the making of Xmas delicacies in your own kitchen . . . something that is satisfying and gives you a good deal of personal pride, and, of course, there is no more palatable Christmas fare than the home-cooked variety.

The special Xmas Cookery Demonstrations arranged by The Australian Gas Light Company offer wonderful opportunities for you to learn all that is necessary to cook your own Xmas fare to perfection. At each demonstration the lecturess will explain and demonstrate in detail the preparation and cookery of:

A Xmas Cake (making, baking, Icing)
Chantilly Pudding, Kidney Potato Cakes,
Devilled Almonds, Wine Sauce

Instruction will be given also in the making of a Xmas Pudding.

A cordial invitation to attend these interesting demonstrations is extended to all. The schedule of demonstrations is as follows:

Head Showrooms, Pitt and Barlow Sts. (near Central Station), Tuesday, November 28 and December 5, at 2.30 p.m.
Branch Showroom, Beamish St., Campsie, Nov. 27 and Dec. 4.
" " Bay St., Rockdale, Nov. 29 and Dec. 6.
" " Elsie St., Burwood, Nov. 30 and Dec. 7.
" " George St., Parramatta, Dec. 4 and 8.
H. T. Seymour Ltd., Marrickville Road, Marrickville, Wednesday, Nov. 29 and Dec. 6.
Diment's Store, Forest Road, Hurstville, Friday, Dec. 1 and 8.
(All suburban demonstrations commence at 2.15 p.m.)

A new and enlarged edition of "Enduring Service" —the booklet which is brimful of cookery hints and suggestions—is now available. Write for your free copy to-day.

At your service always
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● Lubri-Lax, the authentic lubricating laxative, definitely cures CONSTIPATION — quickly and safely. To prove this fact to you, the proprietors of Lubri-Lax, The Natural Remedy Co., make this amazing offer.

There are two Lubri-Lax preparations. The medium strength in a yellow carton at 2/9 is prescribed for average and obstinate cases of constipation. The Double Strength Lubri-Lax in the blue carton at 3/6 is recommended for chronic cases.

Medium strength Lubri-Lax seldom fails—**Double strength never fails.** If three jars of Double strength Lubri-Lax do not effect a cure—your trouble is organic—probably serious—and you should consult a specialist at once.

A GENUINE OFFER

The Natural Remedy Co., G.P.O., Box 3436, J.J., Sydney, will pay the consultation fee (usually £2/2/-) for you to be examined by a duly qualified medical specialist in Sydney, Melbourne, or Brisbane, if three jars of Double Strength Lubri-Lax fail to banish your constipation. This is a genuine offer—without restrictions or conditions other than that you first write and state the name of your chemist—and the dates of the three purchases. You will then be given a letter to the specialist we consider most suitable for your case. To be on the safe side keep the three cartons. It is unlikely that you will need them, because Lubri-Lax will not fail you.

The Lubri-Lax Way is the Doctors' Way.

LUBRI-LAX

Note.—If your chemist has not got Lubri-Lax, order from Hallam's Pharmacies—or Washington H. Soul-Pattinson and Co., Ltd.

Lubri-Lax (Medium Strength) 2/9
Lubri-Lax (Double Strength) 3/6

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Large Range Xmas Novelties
See Our School Girls' Bedroom Display in the Foyer ! ! ! ! ! !

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DOLLS! DOLLS! DOLLS!

Small Baby Dolls, half dressed, movable arms, very pretty. Packed SIX to a case. POST FREE, 2/- per case. (Limit 1 box each). With each parcel, 1 small dressing-table mirror FREE. Order now to

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131 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

PUBLIC NOTICE

INVISIBLE MENDING
Damaged Garments Re-woven. Torn Burnt, Moth-eaten Suits, Costumes, Carpets, etc., INVISIBLY Re-woven.
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'Phone: BW6952.

EASILY-MADE *TOYS* FOR CHILDREN

This is an actual photograph of the home-made Jolly Miller Toy Set, which you, too, can make quite easily.

This amusing set of toys can be made quite easily at home and costs very little. In fact, if you have some paint and scraps of wood on hand, it need cost nothing at all.

No doubt Daddy will be quite willing to help with the carpentring, while Mummy does the painting and doll dressing, so the toys can be completed in a few evenings.

To Make the Cart

PACKING-case softwood is used for this. The cart measures 8 x 4 inches; the sides are 1 inch in depth. Make the sides the length of the cart, and the front and back sections 4 inches less the thickness of timber used on each side. For the axle, use a block of wood about 1 inch thick, and 4½ ins. long. The shafts are 6½ ins. long, and about 3-8 inch thick. Wheels can be cut from an old table leg, verandah blind pole, or small iron ones can be procured cheaply at any hardware store.

To make up, nail the sides to the bottom of the cart, then insert the front and back sections between the two. Nail the axle into place, then attach wheels, making sure they are not too tight. Nail shafts underneath the front of cart, sloping together slightly. Paint scarlet.

The Horse

THIS quaint looking animal is made from a short length of pole (a wooden roller, or a log from the woodshed would do), wire, and 3-ply. The body is 3½ inches long, and 1½ inches thick. Pierce four holes on the underside, and insert wire legs 3 inches long. Glue into place.

Coil the ends to form feet and bend the legs to shape. Trace the head from the illustrated diagram on to a small piece of 3-ply. Cut out with a

Actual size for Tracing. (See story.)

fretsaw. If one is not available cardboard can be used in place of wood. Make a cut the thickness of the wood in the front of the body, and glue the head into place.

Paint yellow with black spots (added when the first coat is dry), and glue on a fur tail. Fasten to the cart with a strip of soft leather.

The Miller

TO make the miller, you need a short length of broom handle, a button mould, 1 inch in diameter, a piece of cardboard 1½ inches square, a small iron nut, wire and wool.

Saw off two lengths from broom handles, one 1½ ins. long for the body, and the other ¾ inch for the hat. Bore holes through the upper and lower parts of the body for the arms and legs. (Clamp tightly in a vice while doing this, or the wood will split.) Insert wire limbs, and bend to shape. The length of wire for the arms measures 4½ ins., and for the legs 6½ ins.

The head is made up as follows: Neck, small nut, face, inverted button mould; hat, square of cardboard and piece of broom handle, or dowelling, 1 inch thick. Drive a long nail through these to attach to the body.

Wind the arms and body with blue wool, securing the ends firmly, and work a waistcoat in black check effect. Wind the legs with brown wool, and the hands with pink. Paint the hat, hair, features and feet with black stain. A strip of narrow white tape, and a scrap of black paper form the collar and tie.

Farmer Giles

MAKE in similar fashion, using a circle of cardboard and a button mould for the hat. Wind the body with orange wool, and the legs with blue. White buttons worked in wool finish the front of the coat.

(Instructions for making the jolly miller and his windmill, together with diagrams, will be published next week).

CONSTIPATION

So Common—95 persons out of 100 suffer to some extent

ACTING on both the large and small bowel, Bile Beans ensure absolute cleanliness and correct this common evil at its source. When the daily accumulation of food waste remains in the system, poisons are forced into the blood and quickly start trouble. Neglect of this condition makes the way easy for colic, enteritis, colitis, appendicitis, piles, anæmia, and general debility.

Get rid of the depression, headaches, dizziness, bad complexion and general ill-health that are caused by constipation. A regular course of Bile Beans for a week will prove their worth: better appetite, renewed energy and brighter spirits.

"Constipation Poisoning" is most easily remedied by regular doses of Bile Beans. The use of certain vegetable extracts of great potency, scientifically combined in Bile Beans, solves the problem of perfect bowel action. They induce natural internal cleanliness without griping or habit-forming disadvantages. Digestion, absorption and elimination proceed in natural order, promoting robust health. Definite evidence from many thousands of one-time sufferers proves how serious is the result of neglect, but how certain is the relief gained by this splendid, simple specific.

1/3 40 Pills
3/- 120 Pills
All Chemists and Stores

Bile Beans are sold under guarantee. No benefit—your money refunded in full

BILE BEANS
RESTORE PERFECT BOWEL ACTION

TOWELS NOT AVAILABLE UNTIL MONDAY, DEC. 4th,
But start saving your Crosses Now!

HOW TO OBTAIN A FREE BATH TOWEL

Don't miss these towels—*better* quality than any that have been offered free before! And they're right up-to-the-minute in new colour schemes and intriguing designs. To obtain your Bath Towel save 40 crosses (10 bars) from Siren Soap wrappers and, ON OR AFTER DECEMBER 4th, take them to:—Gift Showrooms, 365 Kent Street (near King Street), Sydney.

Or Parkes House, 9-11 Hunter Street, Sydney.

If unable to call post your crosses with your name and address (in BLOCK LETTERS) to TOWEL DEPARTMENT, J. Kitchen & Sons Pty. Ltd., Box 1590B, G.P.O., Sydney.

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SIREN SOAP

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

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OUR FASHION SERVICE *and* FREE *Pattern*

FOR the busy housewife or the discerning sports girl, this week's free pattern will prove a most useful frock. For the former a striped silk or cambric would be ideal, while the latter will prefer white linen or a washing silk.

It is cut to fit a 36in. bust and all hems and seams should be allowed for in the cutting.

For the lass in her teens, there is a dainty frock that would be equally charming in crepe-de-chine or in voile, while the kindergarten members of the family can romp to their hearts' content in the serviceable little shirtwaists and trousers.

WX220.—Frock of printed silk with one-sided effect and cowl sleeve. The skirt features a box-pleat back and front. Material required, four and a half yards 36 inch. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, two and a quarter yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40-inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WX221.—Frock of figured material with unusual bodice effect and pleated trimming. Material required, three and three-quarter yards 36 inch. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, two and three-quarter yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40-inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WX225.—Maid's frock of figured linen or pique with contrasting collar and sleeve pieces of organdie. Material required, two and a half yards 36 inch and half a yard 36 inch contrasting. To fit size 10-12 years. Other sizes, 8-10, 12-14, and 14-16 years. Sizes, 8-10 and 10-12 years. **PAPER PATTERN, 9½d.** Sizes 12-14 and 14-16 years. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WX222.—Frock of spotted linen or silk with leg-o'-mutton sleeves and front fastening. Material required, four and three-eighths yards 36 inch, and three-eighths yard 36 inch contrasting. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, one and three-quarter yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WX219.—Frock with extended shoulder line; skirt with pleats; also double-breasted coat with leg-o'-mutton sleeves. Material required, three and seven-eighths yards 36 inch for frock. The coat requires two and a quarter yards 36 inch. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, two and five-eighths yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WX224.—Frock of checked gingham with double-breasted front and short sleeves. Material required, four and one-eighth yards 36 inch. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, two and one-eighth yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WX223.—Simple frock with cross-over front and contrasting vest and rever. Material required, three and three-quarters yard 36 inch and three-eighths yard contrasting. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, two yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

All these patterns may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly on personal application, or by post at the prices indicated at:—

SYDNEY: Macdonell House, 321 Pitt Street.

MELBOURNE: The Age Chambers, 239 Collins Street.

BRISBANE: Shell House, Ann Street.

FREE PATTERN

You will find that raglan sleeves are so comfortable in a utility frock. They are simply made, too, when you have a reliable pattern for your guide. While the front fastening is a smart finish to the whole, it is also practical for it makes it an easy matter to slip the frock over the ironing board.

FREE PATTERN

WX226.—Linen beach shorts and shirt, suitable for adults and children. Material required: For adult, one and three-eighths yards 36 inch for shorts, and one and five-eighths yards of 36 inch for shirt. To fit size 36-inch bust. For children, one yard 30 inch for shorts, and one and one-eighth yards of 36 inch for shirt. To fit size 6-8 years. Other sizes, 4-6, 8-10, and 10-12 years. Also 32 and 34-inch bust. Children's sizes, **PAPER PATTERN, 9½d.** Adult sizes, **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

FREE PATTERN

In return for this coupon, free patterns may be obtained on personal application at our offices as follows:—

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HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE
Takes Terrible Toll

THE Blood Pressure of Australians is higher than that of any of the World's peoples—higher than that of the American negro, whose blood pressure exceeds that of all peoples except ours.

It is a curious fact that the blood pressure of emigrants to Australia increases from the normal in their own countries, and Japanese and Chinese, whose blood pressures have been normal in the countries of their birth, have experienced an increase in pressure—after living for years here—to the level of that of native-born Australians.

In one year no less than twelve thousand Australians died prematurely from the effects of High Blood Pressure, and included in that number were some of the Commonwealth's most valuable citizens.

Symptoms of High Blood Pressure

The most frequent symptoms of High Blood Pressure are as follows:—

1. **Headaches at the top and back of the head and above and behind the eyes.**
2. **Head noises.**
3. **Dizziness, fullness and heaviness of the head.**
4. **Flushes to head and throat.**
5. **Heart pain, shortness of breath.**
6. **Insomnia and nervousness.**
7. **Failing eyesight.**
8. **Loss of Memory and power to concentrate.**
9. **Fear of impending disaster.**
10. **Irritability and depression.**
11. **Loss of will power.**
12. **Bladder weakness.**
13. **Drowsiness and loss of energy.**

High Blood Pressure, like cancer, gives no early warning of its presence, and these symptoms occur when the blood pressure has ben high for some time, so that immediate action must be taken to keep the pressure down to a safe level.

Watch Your Food

As we said before, High Blood Pressure is most frequently caused by toxins and poisons in the blood, and so it is important to cleanse the body of these poisons and to keep it free from them when this has been done.

Fortunately, this is easily accomplished by taking one **Dr. Mackenzie's Mentholds** occasionally after meals. Mentholds being a most powerful herbal antiseptic medicine in convenient form, which neutralise and expel the toxins and poisons from the blood stream, and relieve the strain on the arteries and heart by bringing the Blood Pressure to normal.

For the average case a three months' treatment with **Dr. Mackenzie's Mentholds** is sufficient for this purpose.

Undoubtedly many people make mistakes with the food which they eat. Generally because they do not know that some foods are not good for them, and that other foods are actual poisons when disease is present.

Dr. Mackenzie's Mentholds are procurable from every chemist and store in Australia in flasks of 80 Mentholds at 6/6 (sample flasks of 36 at 3/6), with the diet chart in every flask.

If you are far from a chemist or store, just pin a postal note to this paper, with your name and address along the margin, and send it to W. James Rogers Ltd., Chemists, Dept. 2, 355 George Street, Sydney, C. F. Lloyd and Co., 343 Lt. Collins Street, Melbourne, D. Maclean and Co., Perry House, Elizabeth Street, Brisbane, and your **Dr. Mackenzie's Mentholds** will reach you by return mail, complete with diet chart enclosed.

Be sure to get genuine **Dr. Mackenzie's Mentholds** in the green carton, and refuse substitutes of this valuable herbal medicine, which contains no drugs.***

Mothers' Friend

PEDIC POMADE
FOR THE HEAD

Destroys vermin, kills nits, dandruff, makes the hair soft and glossy. Relieves eczema, ringworm, heals sores; also for poultry and cattle and other animals. Obtainable from all Chemists, or by post. 1/4 small, extra large 4/-. **JAMES BRIN, P.O. Box 4, South Yarra, Victoria.**

EVERY WOMAN ENTITLED TO GOOD HEALTH

Those whose health is causing them ANXIETY and who are desirous of MOTHERHOOD should call or write for a copy of our Free Booklet, "HEALTH FOR WOMEN," which contains much useful advice and information. Send 3d. postage. Address all letters, Department AW.

LADIES' COLLEGE OF HEALTH,
54 OXFORD STREET, SYDNEY.
Melbourne Office: 327 Collins St. (Est. 37 years.)

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HONORS not *Everything* in BRIDGE

By. . . FRANK CAYLEY

The player who insists upon drastically overbidding a hand, simply because he holds "honors," will do well to study the freak hands which follow.

THEY were submitted to me some months ago by a friend who had received them from England. It is alleged that they were dealt, in normal fashion, at a London club, but I agree with my friend, who states that he "has his doubts."

Nevertheless they are amusing, and do show, very vividly, that honors are not everything in bridge.

(No. 1)

S: 8 6 5 3 2
H: —
D: 7 2
C: 9 8 7 6 5 2

S: A K Q J 10 7 4
H: 9
D: —
C: Q J 10 4 3

N / W E / S

S: 9
H: 5 4 3 2
D: J 10 9 8 6 5 4 3
C: —

S: —
H: A K Q J 10 8 7 6
D: A K Q
C: A K

The final contract was 7 hearts by South, doubled by West, and redoubled with great vigor and confidence by the declarer, who wanted to lay his hand on the table.

"Play it out!" said East when a club lead came from West.

East trumped the trick, returned a diamond, which West trumped and then trumped another lead of clubs.

Result: 3 down, doubled and redoubled.

Comments by South: Unprintable.

Checked Linen

and plain linen embroidered with colored woollen flowers, are becoming popular for curtains. They are smart and springlike.

Even Worse Debacle

An even worse debacle is said to have occurred when South picked up the cards shown in the following deal:

(No. 2)

S: 3
H: 9 8 7 5 4 2
D: 9 8 6 4 3 2
C: —

S: 8 6 5 4 2
H: —
D: 7
C: 8 7 6 5 4 3 2

N / W E / S

S: A K Q J 10 9 7
H: 10 6 3
D: J 10 5
C: —

S: —
H: A K Q J
D: A K Q
C: A K Q J 10 9

If you were South, how would you like to go down 4 tricks on a contract of 7 clubs doubled and re-doubled? Yet there is no way of avoiding this penalty if "7 clubs" is the final bid, and West opens a spade.

Things That Happen

TOLD BY READERS

ALL incidents sent to Things That Happen must bear short titles, giving a clue to what the story is about. Items must be true, and must not have been published before, or have been submitted to other journals. A prize of 10/- will be paid for the best entry each week.

Not So Opportune

WHEN I discerned a handsome silver brooch set with brilliants among a heap of papers at my feet, it was exceedingly opportune as the following day was the wife's birthday. I took it home and duly presented it to her.

Without, however, reaping that appreciation that surely was my due.

It was my wife's own brooch. She had been shopping in the same locality the previous day, and had not even realised that she had lost the brooch.—**J. J. McC.**

"The Shortest Way Round—"

ON shopping bent, and in some haste, a friend of mine took a short-cut at the rear of a confectioner's factory. Suddenly she found her feet clinging to the ground with unwonted affection. She had stepped in a morass of honey.

As she endeavored to raise each foot, long, glutinous streamers depended from her soles. Finally, a gentleman came to her assistance, and she was able to depart filled with a new appreciation of the emotions of the unwary fly who becomes enmeshed in a tangle-foot paper.—**"Elaine."**

❖ ❖ ❖

No Flowers, By Request

IN common with the majority of small towns, Maryborough, Queensland, has felt the depression of the past few years.

Last week a water main burst in front of an undertaker's parlour which necessitated the digging of a trench, six feet by two, to effect repairs. After the hole had been filled in, it left a mound resembling a grave.

Whereupon a local humorist inserted a wooden cross bearing the inscription, Maryborough, R.I.P.—**"Joel."**

❖ ❖ ❖

Calf Love!

AT a suburban station recently, a young calf escaped from a truck and ran down the line. As a train was expected immediately, two porters pursued the little beast and brought it back

To Keep Young . . .

Read plenty. Don't narrow down your interests, and do keep with the times.

to the platform. They lifted it by means of ear and tail on to the platform.

But evidently the calf did not relish this cavalier handling for, no sooner had the second porter stepped up beside it, almost winded from the chase, than the calf let out with its hind legs, and, catching him amidships, bowled him violently over.—**J.S.**

❖ ❖ ❖

A Trying Idea

ACCOMPANIED by the salesman, my son and a friend repaired to a fitting room in order that the former might try on a pair of trousers that he purposed purchasing. A complete stranger followed them into the room.

When my son prepared to disrobe, prior to trying on the said trousers, the stranger exclaimed in obvious bewilderment, "Aren't we going up?" He thought, of course, that they were in the lift.—**M.C.**

❖ ❖ ❖

Was It Coincidence or Intent?

LYING on a rug at mother's feet, our cat was apparently asleep while a discussion regarding the feline species took place.

"I see they are offering to pay for cat's skins at the market. I think we had better see what Nigger would be worth!" mother remarked.

We all laughed, and the cat rose and walked away.

That night we were awakened by a loud and persistent "miaowing" throughout the house. Niggy had brought in a dried rabbit skin and insisted on exhibiting it in every room.—**J.B.**

HOST Holbrook says: A nice dainty delicacy—hot buttered toast, then spread a little of Holbrooks' Anchovy Paste.

Can you *spare* 4 *minutes*...

. . . to stay charming all day?

One day's wear takes all the freshness from underthings—because while they are being worn they're absorbing perspiration all the time. Yet in four minutes you can make them clean and dainty again—the simple Lux way. For Lux thoroughly removes every hint of perspiration.

ROTTING AND FADING OF MATERIAL CAUSED BY PERSPIRATION ACIDS.

Besides being unpleasant to leave perspiration in underthings it is actually harmful! Perspiration is composed of acids that eat into material and rot it away, and in addition ruin colours. A Lux washing completely removes acids and protects dainty undies. The most delicate fabrics stay like new after dozens of washings in gentle Lux suds.

THIS IS THE EASY 4-MINUTE METHOD.

One tablespoon of Lux does all of one day's undies—and your stockings too. Squeeze garments gently in the lukewarm Lux suds. Rinse twice, roll in a towel, and shake out—they're sweet and clean again.

Don't use too-warm water—it fades colours. Lux makes lovely suds in lukewarm water.

RUBBING WITH CAKE SOAP WEARS FABRICS, STREAKS COLOURS—ALWAYS USE LUX.

Anything safe in water . . is just as safe in LUX

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THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

AGE STEALS *Into Your Face* By *Two Unguarded* PATHS

The CHIN and NECK. So...look after your Chin and Neck, and your age will take care of itself!

— By — Evelyn

EXACTLY what has happened when a woman begins to "look old"? With no change in her features, apparently without any tangible change, she may look youthful one year . . . and middle-aged the next.

This tragic transformation can arise from two significant conditions, too often overlooked: A drooping or sagging of the under-chin, and a creepiness of the throat texture merging into deeply etched lines.

YOUTH-STEALING double chins, sallow, discolored necks, deeply - etched lines around throats, and "age" bumps on the backs of necks could be banished if women took as much care of their chins and necks as they do of their faces and figures.

It is said that a double chin means a love of ease. That's easy enough to say, of course, for, naturally, the person who gets a double chin is one who does not exercise very much. The chin is itself indication of that.

Some believe, however, that the only thing to do to get rid of a double chin is to diet, even if it does leave flabby muscles and sagging skin. Then massage must be resorted to to decrease the size or area of the sagging skin and the amount of the flabby muscles.

Of course, there are strap devices to put on the chin and neck at night to reduce their doubleness.

But these simple methods will prove to any woman that there is no real reason why her chin and neck should look a minute older than her cheeks or forehead.

Every night, smother your neck with cleansing cream before washing. Then wipe off cream with a soft towel or cotton wool. Use warm water to wash with, a pure soap, and rinse with luke-warm water. Follow with a good friction rubbing with a soft towel. Incidentally, a teaspoon of toilet eau de Cologne added to the rinsing water acts as a mild astringent—and is as good for the face.

Next, massage well into the neck, chin, and shoulders, cold cream. Equal parts of almond oil and rose water is a splendid skin food for the neck. Use downward and circular movements when massaging in the oil mixture or cream.

Simple Exercises

NOW, while there is still grease on the skin, do just a few exercises. Holding your shoulders well back, roll the head forward and backward, from side to side (see top illustration). This is quite one of the best movements for keeping the neck supple and the chin firm. It also abolishes (or prevents) the collection of superfluous fat at the back of the neck which forms the "age" bump.

Wipe off all traces of cream or oil, after exercising, and then bathe neck and chin with fairly cold water to which a little toilet eau de Cologne has been added.

Slap Your Chin For Beauty

HOLDING your head well up, massage down from your chin bone to the base of your neck with the fingertips of both hands. Press firmly, but slowly, as you massage. Finish by slapping under your chin with the back of your hand, as shown in the picture. The dotted lines show you the simple, but correct movements of the hand. Slapping restores circulation to this part, and so helps nourishment of the tissues.

YOU ARE as young as your chin, so "slap" your way to chin beauty—or preserve that smooth, lovely line—by using the back of your hand, as shown. Dotted lines show the simple movement.

For Discolored Necks

WHERE the neck is discolored, it should be bathed every night with the following mixture: A tablespoonful of milk and one of lemon juice, a teaspoonful of rose water. This must be mixed each night as required. Use this mixture nightly for a week, miss a week, and so on until satisfied with results.

Prevention Is . . . .

DID you know that double chins and wrinkles on the neck can be very largely prevented? If you let your chin sag when you read or write, or sew, you are simply asking for trouble.

Furthermore, it is far better to use the semblance of a pillow for the sake of one's chin or neck. Huge pillows crease necks into lines, and duplicate chins!

SIMPLE STEPS to chin and neck beauty: Roll the head backward and forward, and from side to side. (See story.)

Smart Women Overseas

Adopt STRIPE TONINGS *for NAILS*

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative in Europe.

BULL'S-EYE stripes are much in vogue, very smart for the not-so-young as well as the debutante. The new stream-line frocks are most effective when carried out in this medium.

But the newest way of using stripes is to have striped finger nails.

The fad has not yet become generally popular, but several of the more daring dressers have striped their nails to match their outfits.

One advantage in this latest vanity is that it will not be necessary to change the lacquer as often as a one-colored enamel. Most women dress in some definite color scheme, so the same stripes will probably harmonise with several garments.

WHATEVER METHOD you adopt when setting out on a crusade against freckles, it must be remembered that the only safe cures are slow cures. Creams and lotions which profess to remove freckles over night are not to be trusted. Buttermilk, barley water, cucumber juice, and lemon and elder-flower water were the simple secrets employed by our great-grandmothers to keep their skins snowy white. These remedies are as effective now as then.

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

..BY A DOCTOR..

PATIENT: My little boy is slightly deaf in one ear as a result of a running ear when younger. Do you think that this is serious, Doctor, and should I do anything about it?

MOST deafness, or a considerable proportion thereof, arises during childhood. A lot of it is preventible.

The cause is usually some infected area in the nose or throat, such as enlarged tonsils, infected adenoids, or a chronic cold. There is a communication between the throat and the ear—a little tube, called the Eustachian tube. This connects the two, and infected material may pass from the throat through the tube to the ear. This is helped considerably by the good hearty blowings which most people indulge in when they have a cold. Blowing the nose forcibly is a foolish habit. In the act of doing so, the blower blocks up all exit from the nose with his handkerchief and brings up a forcible current of air from the lungs. The action is the same as pumping the nose up with a bicycle pump; something eventually gives way with the usual explosion. If we are lucky, some offending mucous is dislodged. If not, some of it flies up the ear, and then trouble is brewing.

As a matter of fact, few people have perfect hearing after the thirties; fortunately, however, nature has provided us with a double hearing apparatus and a slight deafness on one side or the other makes little difference.

One peculiar fact about some forms of deafness, is that the affected person can hear quite well in noisy surroundings sounds that would be inaudible to him in a quiet room.

Much can be done by specialists for deafness if the patient consults them in time. Any child affected should be placed under treatment as early as possible. **It may make a tremendous difference to his future life.**

I have seen in the papers recently a discussion on the treatment of appendicitis. An old doctor has said that cases do better if not operated on immediately. Can you tell me if the medical profession agree with this?

It is impossible to give a general rule about appendicitis. The most important thing about it is its habit of "going bad"—that is to say, for no apparent reason a case will progress to peritonitis, and death, within a few hours. All treatment must be guided by this fact.

Undoubtedly many cases would settle down with a few days rest in bed and an avoidance of purgatives. Castor oil, by the way, can always be guaranteed to "light" a case up, so don't give it if appendicitis is suspected.

EXERCISE FOR BEAUTY. USE YOUR leg muscles and your legs will become more shapely. Holding on to a chair, kick forward from the hips, putting plenty of energy into it so that every muscle is used.

There is no telling, however, when the unexpected will happen, and peritonitis will develop. In any case any person treated "expectantly" or, in plain language, waiting and seeing, must be under medical observation all the time.

Of course, you have the prejudices of some people that an immediate operation is all rot, and the person concerned has only a stomach ache, and that grandma has cured everyone in the family with castor oil. And then you have the notorious uncertainty about early appendices, for there may be the utmost difficulty in differentiating one from an attack of gastritis.

Perhaps the best answer to the question is a personal one. If I ever developed an appendix, I would have it removed within a few hours.

Compacts

ENCOURAGE BEAUTY to last. Cream your face, if not daily, at regular intervals, for it is a good habit to acquire. You must apply it quite lightly and remove it quite gently. The idea of applying cream is to coax out the dust already in the skin, not to work it further in.

✿ ✿ ✿

EPSOM SALTS used in the bath once a week will do good in many ways; besides being mildly disinfectant, it is an astringent which helps to close the pores. A small, ordinary packet is sufficient.

✿ ✿ ✿

A FEW drops of rose-water added occasionally to a jar of vanishing cream will prevent the cream from drying during hot weather, and will make it go further.

THERE IS no better treatment than plenty of deep breathing exercises for "salt cellars" in the shoulders. Do them near an open window with the head well back and the shoulders squared. Warm cocoa butter or olive oil may be massaged in to feed and build up this part of the neck.

MISS RAE FISHER

The Beautiful film star is another of the charming stage beauties who use and recommend Mercolized Wax as the ideal skin and complexion beautifier.

The loveliest use it

THE loveliest use Mercolized Wax to clear the skin, and to keep it clear. They prefer it to greasy creams, for these are liable to clog the pores and merely mask blemishes which should be removed. Mercolized Wax absorbs impurities, and thus removes all defects, such as freckles, moth-patches, roughness, and accumulated waste matter; it clears the skin thoroughly.

Follow the example of those lovely clear-skinned girls who succeed in keeping a clear, fresh skin always in spite of summer sun and winter wind. Begin to-night to use Mercolized Wax. Watch the rapid improvement in the health and beauty of your skin. This new beauty will have come to stay if you protect it always with daily use of Mercolized Wax. It is undoubtedly the perfect powder base, and stops powder from clogging the pores.

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.

Mercolized Wax

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Kraft has the full flavour that all men like. A complete food—abundant in nourishment, and *really* satisfying! Economical—no rind . . . no waste. Wrapped in silverfoil to retain its flavour and purity. Sold in convenient 8-oz. and 4-oz. cartons, 1-oz. portions, or cut from 5-lb. loaves.

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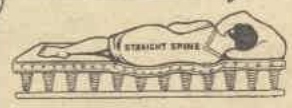

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MAKE YOUR BUST BEAUTIFUL

Thousands of society women have formed their scraggy, undeveloped, and flabby breasts and throat into the firm, round, fresh, virginal loveliness of youth as Miss A.L. (Age 23), of Kilbara, Sydney, has done.

"I am very pleased with Mamogen," she says. "I have tried everything in try and develop my breasts a little, but nothing did any good until I saw your advertisement of Mamogen and decided to try it. When I began my bust measured 27½ inches, and now, after four weeks, my bust is nearly 30 inches. I am absolutely delighted with Mamogen, it's marvellous. I am going on with it until my bust is 33, as it ought to be, because I am 5ft. 8in. tall."

If your breasts are undeveloped, scraggy or shapeless, send for a flask of Mamogen, and stroke this marvellous cream into your breasts each night with your fingers. Mamogen is prescribed by doctors to rejuvenate and beautify the breasts, and is prepared from the prescription of a famous specialist.

You can get large flasks of Mamogen for 10/- post free from W. James Rogers Ltd., Dept. 3, 252 George St., Sydney; C. P. Lloyd & Co., 343 Lt. Collins St., Melbourne; D. Mathew & Co., Perry House, Elizabeth St., Brisbane, and Mamogen will reach you by return mail, plainly wrapped, with full directions for use.

Our FRAGRANT *Flowers of the* BUSH

"Give them room in your gardens. They grow well from cuttings as well as from seed."—SAYS THE OLD GARDENER.

Some few weeks ago, I was telling you all about our native flowers, and since then I have had such a lot of people asking me about those wild flowers. I never thought, Miss, that so many people loved the flowers of the bush.

YOU say, will I go with you to get some young plants from a friend's property? Of course I will. It's a long time since I had a car ride. . . .

(Time elapses).

Ah, here you are! Now, you follow me and I'll tell you how to know those young plants. Look, Miss, here is a waratah. They tell me it's looked upon as the National Flower of New South Wales. When we dig up the young plant, see, we take a good lump of soil with it.

Those small pots you brought in the car, we'll put our young plants in them, soil and all—and just keep them in the pots for a few weeks, before we transplant them. Then you won't lose any.

Waratah seed, Miss, when freshly gathered, will germinate freely. Sow the seed in March or April, in boxes filled with bush-mould. See that there are holes in the boxes for good drainage. Keep the soil moist.

Look at all the small Christmas bell plants! Now, they are easily grown. Dig a good clump of soil with them. See, Miss, you can tell them by their long narrow leaves. Very soon there will be plenty of flowers from these older plants; yes, they will grow from seed also, and March and April is the best time to sow the seed.

In fact, all native flora seed should be sown about this time because the heat of the summer is over, and if planted then, Miss, they get a good go on before the cold weather sets in.

And here is our very own blue-bell. This grows all over Australia—from the coast to the interior. Goodness me, look at all those fringed violets, and that pretty patch of native fuchsia. Did you know, Miss, that our wild fuchsia flowers during winter and well into spring, and is very easily grown?

See, here is a nice shrub for one corner of the garden—the heath-leaved tea-tree. This grows tall, and very pretty—grows quick from seed or cuttings. You know, Miss, all our native shrubs can be grown from cuttings: Boronia, Christmas bush, heather (Ericas), Geraldton wax, all kinds of grevilleas and that beautiful chorizema, so can the eugenia, lagestromia, and many others. Even our beautiful flowering gums and towering eucalypti can be grown from cuttings.

How To Grow Cuttings

OF course, I'll tell you, Miss! You need good loamy soil, well drained boxes or pots, with a top layer of sharp sand. Insert the cuttings, pressing firm around the base of the cutting; keep watered a little—not too damp or too dry—have the conditions as natural as possible.

Now, Miss, the best kind of cuttings to take is the half-ripened wood, taking the cutting so that a heel remains on the end of the cuttings. To do this, you must take a small portion of the old wood. In a very short time, these will take root and grow much quicker than those from seed.

Ah, here are some young flannel flowers. You can judge by the mass growth of these healthy young plants how easily they can be grown from seed; also, those pretty box-leaved eriostemon, and see, Miss, all this native rose—it will also grew well from cuttings as well as from seed.

And look at this "spring-back" or "trigger" plant. This is one of the most interesting plants of the Australian bush, and here is the "left-hand" flower. You like its pretty purple flower? So do I. Over there is the honey flower, Miss, and over there the climbing hebbertia.

* * *

NOW we have a good collection, Miss, we'll go right home, and I'll have all these potted up for you, and what an Australian garden you'll have!

All those seeds you gathered before, Miss, of the wild flowers, keep them until March or April. Then go out into the bush, and from under the trees down in the gullies, or ravines, dig the good natural bush soil.

Fill into shallow boxes, sprinkle the seed and cover lightly, soak the box in a tub of water first so that the soil will become well saturated.

When the seed is sown, cover with a sheet of brown paper and place a pane of glass over that. In a very short time the seeds will germinate, so remove the covering gradually, and keep in a sheltered place. Then, Miss, when the plants have grown an inch, or a little more, plant out into small pots until they are well established, and later transplant into their permanent positions.

Oh, Miss, I nearly forgot to tell you about the most popular of our Australian flowers, that is the Christmas bush. Only a few weeks now, and there will be plenty of this beautiful flower for sale in all florists' shops and on the street corners. It kind of fits in naturally with Christmas festivities, doesn't it?

I notice, too, that people, after finishing with decorations, throw the dead flowers away. Don't do this, Miss. Keep them all, dry them well, and during the autumn sow all those flower heads, and just wait for the young plants to come along.

Well, if you'll put me out here, Miss, I'll be right. Thanks for the drive.

The Old Gardener Says—

INSTEAD of making seed beds, sow seeds directly in your garden and thus avoid loss and probable setbacks in transplanting.

A flower pot pressed into the soil makes a perfectly circular drill, in the centre of which a supporting stake can be placed.

For YOUNG *Mothers* & WIVES

If certain points are not kept constantly in mind in regard to natural feeding, trouble will arise to upset baby. In some cases, it leads the uninformed mother to believe that her milk is disagreeing with the baby, and that he should be weaned.

Correspondents: Detailed Truby King advice will be posted to mothers who write to the Sister in Charge, Australian Mothercraft Society, 283 Elizabeth St., Sydney, and enclose a 2d. stamp for reply. When writing for instruction, please state baby's birth weight, present age, present weight, present feeding (in detail), and your chief worry concerning baby's condition.

Truby King Baby Layette Patterns: For complete set, post a 2/- P.N. to Box 1940KK., G.P.O., Sydney.

THE chief of these troubles in the first few months is over-feeding. Unfortunately, babies do not know when they have sucked sufficient, and if the mother has a plentiful supply they are apt to take an ounce or so too much at a feeding, as a child will take too many cakes at a party. The mother should realise that a baby may suck quite sufficient in seven minutes or so, though the average time a baby takes over a meal is 15 minutes.

In order to safeguard against over-feeding in the first month, the mother should, if possible, weigh baby just before, and just after, each feed—on reliable scales weighing to the quarter ounce—in order to find out exactly how much he is sucking. Any other method is pure guess-work, and may have dire results. If the mother cannot afford scales, she can often borrow them from a neighbor, or from her grocer or chemist. The Australian Mothercraft Society, 283 Elizabeth St., Sydney, will lend reliable baby scales for the small sum of 2/6 weekly.

It is important to remember to weigh baby in exactly the same clothing before as after the feed, otherwise the weighings will be of no value. Keep a notebook and pencil beside the scales. Balance the scales evenly, then weigh baby in his clothing. Feed baby. Weigh again (in the same clothes as before). The difference between the two weights represents the amount of breast milk which baby has sucked. Make a note of this in the margin. Repeat this process at each feed, and at the end of the day add up the amounts baby has sucked to find out the total taken in the 24 hours. Then compare this with the total which he should suck.

If you find baby is being over-fed do not let him suck for so long at each feed. No baby should suck longer than 20 minutes at a feed (10 minutes at each breast).

THE second important point to keep in mind is quietness while feeding. There should be no noise, and both mother and baby should have their minds on the job in hand. If some member of the family has a habit of chatting to you or asking you questions while you are nursing baby, let that person know that his chatting distracts you and interferes with the flow of milk, so that baby does not get as much as he should at that feed. This is not fiction, but fact. **Even casual conversation may lessen the flow of milk, so mother and baby should be left alone at feeding times.** If the mother has a Mothercraft nurse to help her, the nurse should not speak to the mother during feeds except to inform her how much baby has sucked, and for how long he is to continue to suck.

By M. TRUBY KING
Daughter of the World-Renowned Authority on Baby Welfare.

The mother should make herself as comfortable as possible while nursing. She may lie down, or sit in a low chair with her feet on a footstool. Placing a pillow on her lap for baby to lie on saves stooping.

It is best to feed the normal baby only five times a day, at the following times:—6 a.m., 10 a.m., 2 p.m., 6 p.m., and 9.30 or 10 p.m. If you put baby to the left breast first at 6 a.m., put him to the right breast first at 10 a.m., so that each breast is equally stimulated. Baby should not be allowed to fall asleep at the breast.

The nipples should be thoroughly swabbed with boiled water both before and after feeds, and dried thoroughly at the end of each feed. This helps to safeguard baby from germs, and also to prevent cracks forming in the nipples.

Drink Plenty of Water

IT is wise to have a jug of water beside you while feeding baby, so that you may drink a glassful at each of the five feeding times during the day. This makes up for the fluid baby is drawing from you, and helps to keep your organs functioning well. **The nursing mother requires to drink at least a quart of water a day, extra water being her chief need.**

Do not forget the necessity of "getting baby's wind up" half way through each feed, and again at the end of feeds. To do this, raise baby up against your shoulder, and gently rub his back. Do not put him back in his cot till he has brought up his wind, as he will not go to sleep with wind in the stomach, and if lying down may return a lot of his food with the wind, or fall to bring it up altogether, until lifted from his cot.

At the end of the meal, having brought up baby's wind successfully, see that his napkin is dry, and then tuck him down gently but firmly in his cot to sleep.

It is a great mistake to nurse or rock baby to sleep. This is very bad for his nervous system.

His cot should be placed out in the garden under a shady tree, if the day is mild, or else in an airy room, or on a verandah or balcony. Baby should be made comfortable and then left to himself, when he will soon drop off to sleep. On no account jog a baby up and down after meals, or try to make him "goo" and smile at you.

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Magic MEALS from TINS

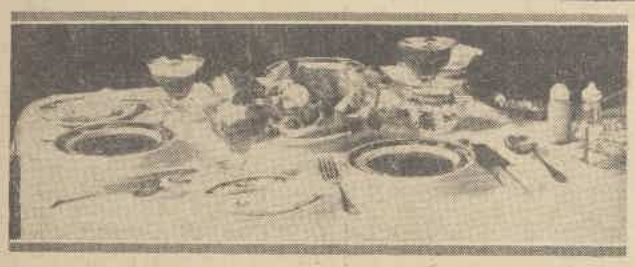
Have you ever stopped to consider the astonishing number of wholesome, tempting meals that can be produced from tins in the space of a few minutes?

ONCE upon a time, tinned foods were used only in cases of emergency. We looked at them a little dubiously. They did not always have so good a flavor as the things mother used to make; and we had a suspicion that they were not so good for us. But that day has passed.

Progressive canners nowadays, here in Australia and elsewhere, with their laboratories and testing kitchens, know more about cooking and food values than mother could ever hope to know unless she happened to be a trained scientist. With their elaborate equipment they are in a position to put their knowledge into practice.

Conducted by MARGARET SHEPHERD who is instructor to leading hospitals.

FROM TIN TO TABLE.—A meal of tempting goodness can be produced as if by magic from tins. See story.



NOT only are the necessary vitamins retained in modern preserving processes, but it is positively claimed that any portion of food can be served and the remainder left in the tin with perfect safety. Of course, it should be given the care it would receive in any other container—kept cold and free from dust.

Variety is the life of the good table, and tinned foods are constant helps to you in giving newness and brightness to your menus, with little trouble.

The Magic Luncheon

TIMED by the clock, it took me just twelve minutes to prepare and serve the tempting and satisfying luncheon, sufficient for four people, pictured on this page.

First of all soup. I chose tomato, because it combines rich, body-building nourishment with the most enticing flavor. The contents of a small tin were turned into a double saucepan with half a pint of milk and a little water.

While this was heating, I chopped up a little parsley for garnishing purposes, and from my ice-box selected a tin of tongues, one of sliced peaches, and a small tin of cream.

The tongues were arranged on a bed of crisp lettuce and garnished with slices of tomato—and this dish was ready for the table.

It took me the space of a few seconds to open the peaches, spoon them into dainty individual glasses, top with cream and decorate with left-over cherries from the previous day.

From my cupboard I brought out a tin of savory biscuits and cheese. A little crocheted "parsley-topped" jacket was slipped over the tin of cheese, and the biscuits were placed on a d'oyley-covered sandwich dish.

The soup by this time was ready. It was poured direct into the plates, and parsley added. Never lose sight of a dainty effect, no matter how substantial the food may be. Appetites are not wholly in the stomach—they are largely in the eye!

Savory Suggestions

UNLESS one is in a great hurry, endless ways offer themselves for serving tinned foods.

Soup offers a variety of different savors and flavors. Serve a clear soup if it is a warm day, or the menu is long and sumptuous, a creamy one if the temperature is cooler and there is not so much length attached to courses.

For instance, if you are serving asparagus with a mayonnaise or salad dressing, drain the liquid from the tin, add milk, a dab of butter, and thicken with a little flour. It makes a smooth, delicious soup.

Another way (this for clear soup) is to dilute tinned soup with stock instead of milk or water, and add minced parsley to taste. Here's a simple but stimulating dish:

TOMATO TOAST—Use one pint of tinned tomatoes for this recipe, strain, add a pinch of baking soda, and season; bring to the boiling point and add a cupful of thick, well-made white sauce. Make fresh toast, dip each slice in the sauce, serve with the sauce poured over and garnished with parsley.

Even if you went to all the trouble of preparing spaghetti at home, it couldn't be any better or more nourishing than the piquant tinned spaghetti. Served hot on toast, it makes a wholesome and completely satisfying breakfast or supper dish. Served with meats, hot or cold, or with salads, it wins happy commendation.

Now you can buy fish canned in Australia. Try it this way: Cut 2½ cupfuls of the tinned fish into small pieces, add two chopped hard-boiled eggs, sliced gherkins, capers, and olives. Salt and pepper to taste. Serve on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise dressing.

Fruit as Tempting Treats

AUSTRALIAN tinned fruits equal the world's best. Our export trade in this direction has grown enormously. Pineapple, peaches, pears, plums, etc.—delicious just as they come from the tin. And frankly, it's astounding to note the number of ways in which they can be combined with other everyday foods as cereals, gelatines, puddings, pies, salads and cakes.

Here are a few delicious ways of serving tinned fruit:

Apricot Nut Whip

One cup of tinned apricots, well drained and chilled, cut into small pieces. Roll enough almond brittle (peanut brittle would serve) to make three-quarters of a cupful, and whip to a solid froth 1 cup of heavy cream. Then toss the ingredients all together very lightly, and chill. Serve in sherbert glasses.

Fruit Coupe

Half fill sherbert or other glasses with cut-up canned fruits, nicely sweetened. Fill with ice cream and garnish with nuts.

Ice-Cream Sandwiches

Cut rounds of cake to fit slices of canned pineapple, place the pineapple slices on the cake, top with ice cream and garnish with cherries.

Fruit Fool

Mix quantity of sieved tinned fruit with equal quantity of custard sauce or whipped tinned cream. Allow about ½-pint of the fruit puree and custard for each guest.

Salad of Pear in Lime Jelly

Open and drain one can of pears containing from nine to eleven halves. Into the seed pit of each put a maraschino cherry and place the pears upright around the sides of a ring mould. Place the cherries against the outside of the mould so that they will be seen as the salad is served.

Prepare as much lime-flavored gelatine as you need to fill the mould. For one quart of jelly, add two extra teaspoonfuls of gelatine to help hold the pears. First soak this additional gelatine in one-third of a cupful of cold water, and then dissolve it in the hot lime mixture. Chill thoroughly. Just before serving, unmould on a flat dish. Fill the centre of the mould with mayonnaise and, if you like, surround the jelly with hearts of lettuce.

HOST Holbrook says: Since 1799 the House of Holbrook has brewed Pure Malt Vinegar. It is mellow and fragrant.

£1 PRIZE FOR MOST DELICIOUS FRUIT DRINK

Now that summer is here, tempting and, at the same time, refreshing thirst quenchers will be decidedly popular. What is your favorite recipe for a summer-time drink?

Send it to The Australian Women's Weekly to-day! In addition to the first prize of £1, consolation prizes will be awarded

Prize-winners will be announced in our issue of December 9. The results of the Xmas sweet contest will be published in next week's issue.

ANCIENT COOKERY

TO ROAST A POUND OF BUTTER

WE find this culinary folly of the last century (this extract was taken from a publication dated 1861.—Ed.) in the third edition of the "Art of Cookery," by a lady, 1748:—

"Lay it (the butter) in salt and water two or three hours; then spit it, and rub it all over with crumbs of bread, with a little grated nutmeg; lay it to the fire, and, as it roasts, baste it with the yolks of two eggs, and then with crumbs of bread, all the time it is roasting; but have ready a pint of oysters stewed in their own liquor, and lay it in the dish under the butter. When the bread has soaked up all the butter, brown the outside and lay it on the oysters. Your fire must be very slow."

JAM *Contest* Was POPULAR

BEST RECIPE COMPETITION

OUR readers have proved that there are hundreds of different ways for making delicious jams and conserves. And, naturally, with the huge entry list another difficult task faced the judges this week.

We feel sure, however, that the splendid prize-winning recipes, given hereunder, will be immediately added to the collection of every reader.

DELICIOUS MELON CONSERVE.

10 lbs. of melon, 10 lbs. of brewers' crystal sugar, 3 ripe lemons, 1 small jar of preserved ginger, ½ teaspoonful cayenne pepper, ½ oz. citric acid, 1 glass of brandy.

Cut the melon into cubes, sprinkle over portion of sugar; stand for 12 hours. Cut lemon rind very thinly, put in separate basin, and squeeze juice over it, and stand 12 hours. Put all into the preserving pan; boil gently until the melon is quite clear, skimming well. Then add rest of sugar, cayenne pepper (tied in a muslin bag), and the citric acid. When nearly done, add ginger cut small. Boil until it jellies. Add the brandy after taking the pan off the fire, and the jam has ceased to bubble. Bottle in usual manner.

£1 prize to Mrs. A. W. Hayes, 2 Hillmont Avenue, Thornleigh (N.S.W.).

PEACH AND PINEAPPLE CHIPS.

6 lbs. peaches, 2 lbs. pineapples, 6 lbs. sugar.

Skin and stone peaches and cut into chips not too large. Peel pineapple, carefully remove eyes and core, then cut it into fine chips. Sprinkle portion of the sugar over prepared peaches for some hours, or overnight. Add pineapple and bring slowly to boiling heat, and retain that heat until fruit is cooked. Then add the balance of the sugar, and when dissolved the mixture should be given a good sharp boiling until of the desired consistency.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. F. Brown, Milawa, via Wangaratta (Vic.).

"CHERRY AND NUT PRESERVE."

1½ lbs. cherries (when stoned), 2 ozs. shelled walnuts, 1 orange, 4 ozs. stoned raisins, half a lemon, 1½ lbs. sugar, water.

Stalk, stone and weigh cherries. Put in a preserving pan with the sugar, sprinkling it over in layers. Squeeze out the juice from the orange and lemon, and make it up to 1½ gills with water. Add this to the cherries, cook slowly at first until the sugar is dissolved, then bring to the boil and remove scum. Cut up the raisins, chop walnuts, add and boil all together until it will set when tested on a plate. Bottle in usual manner.

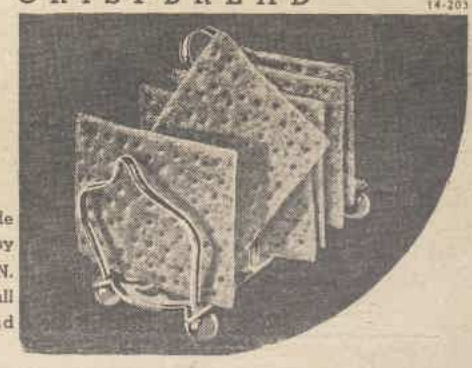
Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. McGinley, P.O., Warwick (Q'ld.).

Women *are* so sensible!

WHAT is it that causes those hampering superfluities at the waistline? Too much food and not enough nourishment: in particular, too much unconverted starch. Now in Vita-Weat, the all-Australian crispbread, the starch granules are thoroughly disintegrated—easily digested and easily assimilated. So Vita-Weat doesn't strain your digestion, can't clog your system, and never runs to fat.

Vita-Weat gives you all the nourishment of the whole wheat grain in a form that does nourish you, and it provides just the right amount of roughage necessary to assist the internal organs to function normally and regularly. Eat Vita-Weat at every meal!

Vita-Weat REGD
CRISPBREAD



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EVERYTHING *for* SALE

Continued from Page 14

"NO, I turned up yesterday. You're quite right. I'm another failure. I was running a dancing school in London, for children and women . . . but it wasn't any good, and I had to finish. Yesterday I had to come creeping back here. I drove down to save paying the fare, and this morning I went and sold the car. Now I shall hang on for a bit and wait for something else. Unfortunately the only job I knew of was in London . . . and I didn't care about that any more than you cared about the job down here."

"Well," he said, "that's funny, too."

They looked at one another confidingly. He said: "Do let's have tea."

"Isn't that an unnecessary expense?"

"We must keep up our health and strength, and we might help one another with ideas. There's a nice little country pub along here where they give you a jolly good tea by the fire."

She shrugged and consented, so he escorted her some little way along the road and presently they were seated facing one another and he was leaning forward with hands on his knees.

"I," he said, "have been living with my people until I couldn't pay my way any longer, after that it didn't seem fair to stay. They have to take paying guests as it is, and they want my room for one who's coming, so I'm pushing out. It seems a pity to be going just as you come. Will you spend Christmas here?"

"I've not decided. I may come back to town if I'm compelled to take the only job I know that's going."

"What sort of a job is it?"

"Dancing partner."

"Then if you do come to town, how shall I find you?"

"Will you particularly want to?"

Her chin was propped on her hand, her hand was slim and white, her eyes were grey and they were resting teasingly on his; one graceful leg was swung across the other, her feet were in shoes of brown and white.

"Yes," he said, "particularly."

"And how shall I find you?"

"I don't know what my address will be, but I'll tell you this. Do you know the Biarritz?"

"Yes," she said, "and also Claridge's, the Mayfair, and the Berkeley; but what will you be doing at any of those? We can have tea at Woolworth's."

"Even if I can't entertain my lady friends," he said, "I don't believe in meeting them at the corner of the street where the wind blows chill. Nobody minds you sitting in the foyer at the Biarritz. It's far more pleasant, and we can walk out as if we were going somewhere better. At six o'clock on Mondays and Wednesdays and Fridays in every week I shall go into the foyer of the Biarritz and sit there in these clothes, still carrying these clubs as the arms of my craft, and one day I shall expect you to walk in, and then I shall jump up and run to meet you."

Tea lasted for a long time, until, in fact, she promised.

When he was really on the way to town he felt as if he had always been on the verge of love with somebody and had only just discovered whom.

IT was the fifth time Barry Gunter had sat in the Biarritz reading the evening paper without ordering a drink, and he was beginning to wonder how many more times he would be allowed to do so without attracting undesirable attention to himself, when, lowering his paper casually, he looked across the top and he saw her.

At last, and indeed, she had really walked in as he had believed she would one day walk in; he gave a quick start of joy, and practically whinnied. A moment afterwards he checked, for there was one thing wrong, and his expression seemed to sag; she had come, yes, but with a man, and a man to whom he took an immediate dislike. He was over-waisted and over-sleek; he carried a black soft hat in his hand, and he found two seats, in one of which Judy seated herself sedately. She looked around, and then her expression changed in a way that flattered him; directly she saw him she moved one finger and she unostentatiously beckoned him across.

Barry hesitated then he acted in the following extraordinary way: he actually shook his head and obstinately sat where he was. She was perplexed; he saw her frown at him and nod; he frowned back and shook his head; he pointed at the sleek unpleasant man and sulked.

He wanted to convey to her that he had no money to buy cocktails. If she had come alone, as he had hoped, they could have walked out side by side and he could have told her all the news. In front of this man he couldn't tell her anything. The fellow was ordering drinks. If he went across and tacked himself on, a drink would be ordered, too, for him; then he would have to return the compliment, which he couldn't do. And who was the fellow? She had no right and no sense to have brought him here.

Please turn to Page 42

HE: Your husband looks like a brilliant man. I suppose he knows everything?

SHE: Don't worry, he doesn't even suspect anything!

If you think your Skin is Clean –

Try this simple test

Tonight

FIRST, wash your face with soap and water. Your skin will feel clean. But is it? Give it a crucial test: Apply Pond's Cold Cream generously and allow it to remain on for a few minutes. Then remove with soft tissue, and you will be surprised at the grime and make-up which were imbedded in the skin. The fine oils of this perfect cleansing cream sink deep into the pores and float all the dirt particles to the surface. Repeat this process until no soil appears on the tissue and your skin will be glowingly radiant and clean.

Washing only removes the surface dirt. Women who use Vanishing Cream and Powder on a partially clean skin are inviting skin troubles—blackheads, pimples, enlarged pores.

There is only one way to cleanse the skin thoroughly!

Pond's Cold Cream, used every night and daily after exposure, keeps your skin healthy and radiant, ready for a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream, the perfect protection and powder base. Now all Australian women can follow the advice of famous beauties throughout the world—can keep these two Creams always on their dressing tables! For Pond's Creams now come in larger 1/- tubes, larger 2/6 jars.

For the perfect toilette, use Pond's 5 simple and inexpensive Aids to Beauty: — Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener, and new Face Powder.

For free samples of Pond's Two Creams and of the new exquisite Face Powder, send 2d. in stamps to cover postage and packing to:
W. J. BUSH & CO. LTD., DEPT. X.5, BOX 1131 J, G.P.O., MELBOURNE.

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APRONS *You'll* ADORE

Here is the answer to your problem of how to look pretty—and smart—when occasion demands a "pinny."

TAKE, first of all, the striking, smart apron, featuring the Tennis Girl design. You can send to us for this. It is already made-up in best quality linene, traced, and with a white applique "patch" attached, ready for quick working.

The illustration gives you a clear idea of the effectiveness of this novel design. The "patch" really constitutes the frock of the Tennis Girl—cut out in readiness for rapid applique on to the traced linene.

This apron, by the way, can be had in four charming pastel shades—sky blue, lemon, sea-green, or pink. The binding in each instance is white; also the applique patch. Important to note, however, that the colors are guaranteed fast, and that the price is only 2/3, post free. When ordering, specify which of the four available colors you prefer.

Indeed, this is the kind of apron you'll just adore wearing for odd jobs—or some lucky friend will, at Christmastide!

DON'T YOU think this apron unique as well as practical? You can have it, too, traced ready for working.

And what a happy Xmas gift either one would make—at little cost to you!

NOW, turn your attention to the dainty diaphanous affair fashioned from organdie, pictured here. With its pleated or lace edging—according to your own especial taste—and colorful touches of quickly-worked embroidery, wouldn't it be the sweetest thing to slip on when preparing afternoon tea or supper? Your guests would certainly cast admiring eyes in your direction.

To make this, you need only 1¼ yards of 36-inch white, or pastel-colored organdie or muslin, the paper pattern, and the transfers.

The pattern can be had for 1/1, and the transfers, 6d. Ask for No. 9179 when ordering.

WHO COULD resist making such an adorable little apron! With pattern and transfers to guide you, make one or more—for yourself and friends.

DAINTY *Summertime* JUMPER

You'll find it easy to *make*... and the loveliest thing to *wear!*

So light and airy, and absolutely charming with its pretty puff sleeves, soft, woolly bows and smart tie—very few will be able to resist the pleasure of making, and wearing, this summery jumper.

MEASUREMENTS: 18 inches from shoulder to lower edge; 35 inches round jumper armholes; sleeve seam, 3 inches.

Bring out your needles and wool, and when working, keep in mind these points: When decreasings are made by casting off, the stitch remaining on the right needle is included in the number quoted immediately above; remember to always knit into back of each cast-on stitch; tension of stitch—about 6¾ stitches and 8¾ rows to one inch.

Material Required: 7oz. 2-ply wool, pair No. 9 knitting needles, and pair No. 13 steel needles, No. 13 crochet hook.

Abbreviations: p., purl; k., knit; m., make; s., slip; d.c., double crochet; tog., together; p.s.s.o., pass slipped stitch over.

The Back

Commence at lower edge, using No. 12 needles, and cast on 114 stitches. Knit in ribbing of k. 1, p. 1, for 3 inches. Change to No. 9 needles.

Next Row: K. 2 tog., knit to end.

Next Row: Purl. Here commence open-work pattern. 1st Row: K. 1, * k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 2, repeat from * to end.

2nd Row: Purl. 3rd Row: K. 3, * m. 1, s. 1, k. 3, p.s.s.o. (always pass the slipped stitch over the three knitted stitches), repeat from * until 2 remain, k. 2. 4th Row: Purl. Repeat last 4 rows 15 times. Here decrease for armholes. 65th Row: K. 2 tog., k. 3, * k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 2, repeat from * until 4 remain, k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 2 tog.

66th Row: P. 2 tog., purl until 2 remain, p. 2 tog. 67th Row: K. 2 tog., k. 3, * m. 1, s. 1, k. 3, p.s.s.o., repeat from * until 4 remain, k. 2, k. 2 tog. 68th Row: As 66th row. Repeat last 4 rows twice, then repeat 65th and 66th rows. (85 stitches.)

79th Row: K. 1, * m. 1, s. 1, k. 3, p.s.s.o., repeat from * to end. 80th Row: Purl. 81st Row: K. 3, * k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 2, repeat from * until 2 remain, k. 2.

82nd Row: Purl. Repeat last 4 rows 7 times. Here divide for neck.

** 111th Row: K. 1, * m. 1, s. 1, k. 3, p.s.s.o *, repeat from * to * 7 times, k. 1, slip these stitches on to stitch-holder for shoulder, cast off 17, k. 2, repeat from * to * 8 times. 112th Row: Purl until 2 remain, p. 2 tog. 113th Row: K. 2 tog., k. 1, * k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 2, repeat from * until 2 remain, k. 2. 114th Row: As 112th row.

115th Row: K. 2 tog., k. 1, * m. 1, s. 1, k. 3, p.s.s.o., repeat from * to end. Repeat last 4 rows once.

120th Row: As 112th row **. Here shape for shoulder. 121st Row: K. 2 tog., k. 1, * k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 2, repeat from * 3 times, k. 2, turn; p. 20.

123rd Row: K. 4, * m. 1, s. 1, k. 3, p.s.s.o., repeat from * twice, turn; p. 16. 125th Row: K. 2, k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 2, k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 4, turn; p. 12. 127th Row: K. 4, m. 1, s. 1, k. 3, p.s.s.o., turn; p. 8. Leave shoulder stitches until required. *** Return to other shoulder, transfer stitches from stitch-holder to needle, point toward neck, join on wool.

112th Row: P. 2 tog., purl to end.

113th Row: K. 3, * k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 2, repeat from * until 2 remain, k. 2 tog.

114th Row: As 112th row.

115th Row: K. 1, * m. 1, s. 1, k. 3, p.s.s.o., repeat from * until 2 remain, k. 2 tog. Repeat last 4 rows once, then repeat 112th and 113th rows ***. Here shape for shoulder. **** 122nd Row: P. 20, turn; k. 1, * m. 1, s. 1, k. 3, p.s.s.o., repeat from * 3 times, k. 3. 124th Row: P. 16, turn; k. 3, * k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 2, repeat from * twice, k. 1. 126th Row: P. 12, turn; k. 1, m. 1, s. 1, k. 3, p.s.s.o., m. 1, s. 1, k. 3, p.s.s.o., k. 3.

128th Row: P. 8, turn; k. 3, k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 3. Leave shoulder stitches ****.

The Front

Work as directed for back until the 82nd row is completed, then repeat 79th, 80th, 81st and 82nd rows. Here divide for neck. Repeat from ** to ** in directions for back. 97th Row: K. 2 tog., k. 1, * k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 2, repeat from * until 2 remain, k. 2. 98th Row: Purl.

99th Row: K. 4, * m. 1, s. 1, k. 3, p.s.s.o., repeat from * to end. 100th Row: Purl.

101st Row: * K. 2, k. 2 tog., m. 1, repeat from * until 4 remain, k. 4. Repeat last 4 rows 4 times, then repeat 98th, 99th and 100th rows. Here shape for shoulder. 121st Row: * K. 2, k. 2 tog., m. 1, repeat from * 3 times, k. 4, turn; p. 20.

123rd Row: K. 4, * m. 1, s. 1, k. 3, p.s.s.o., repeat from * twice, turn; p. 16.

125th Row: K. 3, k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 2, k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 4, turn; p. 12.

127th Row: K. 4, m. 1, s. 1, k. 3, p.s.s.o., turn; p. 8. Leave shoulder stitches. Repeat from *** to *** in directions for back.

98th Row: Purl. 99th Row: K. 1, * m. 1, s. 1, k. 3, p.s.s.o., repeat from * until 3 remain, k. 3. 100th Row: Purl.

101st Row: K. 3, * k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 2, repeat from * until 1 remains, k. 1. Repeat last 4 rows 5 times. Here shape for shoulder. Repeat from **** to **** in directions for back.

The Sleeves (both alike)

Using No. 9 needles, commence at lower edge, casting on 105 stitches.

1st Row: Knit. 2nd Row: Purl. Repeat from 1st to 4th row inclusive of open-work pattern in directions for back 6 times. Here shape for top. Repeat from 65th to 68th row inclusive in directions for back 9 times. (33 stitches.) Cast off.

The Neck Band

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 4 stitches. Knit in garter-stitch (i.e., every row plain) for 14 inches. Next Row: K. 2 into each stitch (by knitting into back as well as front of stitch before slipping it off needle). Knit in garter-stitch for 19 inches.

Next Row: K. 2 tog. 4 times. Knit in garter-stitch for 14 inches. Cast off.

The Sleeve Bands (both alike)

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 3 stitches. Knit in garter-stitch for 10 inches.

Next Row: K. 2 into each stitch. Knit in garter-stitch for 8 inches.

Next Row: K. 2 tog. 3 times. Knit in garter-stitch for 10 inches. Cast off.

The Making

Pin out each piece to measurements given, and press on wrong side under a damp cloth with a hot iron. Place shoulders together, right sides facing, and cast the two sets of stitches off together. Sew up underarm and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves, placing sleeve seam level with under-arm.

Work d.c. round neck, also round lower edge of sleeves drawing in to size of arms. Sew neck band across back and over shoulders, leaving 11 inches of front of neck free, and tie as seen in illustration. Sew sleeve bands to lower edge of sleeves, placing centre of band to under-arm seam and sewing 2 inches each side of seam. Tie as shown in illustration. Press all seams.

CROCHET these quaint EGG-COSIES

HERE is a suggestion to help you who have oceans of friends eliminate that problem of "What shall I give for Christmas?" charmingly and inexpensively.

Crochet from colorful scraps of wool tiny replicas of Dutch and Swiss dresses

and caps as shown here, to fit miniature celluloid dolls. Simply twist yellow wool for the plaits of the Swiss maiden.

They make such novel egg-cosies—besides being practical enough to keep the proverbial breakfast of many invitingly hot.

Painful BURN healed up in two days..

Agonising burns heal up quickly — without forming blisters — when you apply Tiger Salve. Get a tin to-day. 2/- per tin. All Chemists and Stores.

2/-

TIGER SALVE

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NOW 2/- FOR TWELVE

Modess SANITARY NAPKINS

● Modess, a product of Johnson and Johnson, and the finest sanitary protection you can possibly have, is now sold by all chemists and department stores for 2/- packet of twelve.

EASILY EXPLAINED

MRS. S.: Mother! Is that another new hat you're wearing?

MRS. J.: And just you wait till you see the frock I bought to go with it!

MRS. S.: Where can you get this book?

MRS. J.: At all Newsagents and Stationers, or send One Shilling to Box 3085P, G.P.O., Sydney. Then you'll save pounds every month.

TAILOR'S REMNANTS FOR SALE. Materials of the very best quality, those that are stocked by only first-class tailors. Lengths are from ¾ yard to 1 1-8 yard, prices 2/- to 10/-. When wanting something choice for a skirt or for children's wear, call and see what I am offering. You will save money, time, and worry.

I. LASKER

64 King Street, Sydney.

First Floor, over Frank Howes and Sons

GREY HAIR

300 LOSE JOBS

THE aged, "burnt out" appearance that grey hair causes is a great handicap in business as well as in social life.

Youth is thoughtless, and the grey-haired find themselves on the shelf and forgotten in the social whirl. But in business it is serious because their very subsistence is jeopardised.

Particularly in these times of unemployment grey heads are finding it difficult to keep their jobs, and at least 300 of them are displaced every year by younger people. This is tragic—unfair—but grey hair does undoubtedly make one look old and worn out, and there's no excuse for anyone to put up with grey hair who doesn't want it, because it is so easy to bring back the natural colour by just brushing Raydene through the hair two or three nights a week.

Thousands of people have proved this already, and the case of this Sydney man is interesting. He says: "My work as sales manager takes a lot of nervous energy out of me, and I suppose that caused me to go grey. There's something pathetic about a grey-haired man, so I took a friend's advice, and started on RAYDENE to get back the natural colour. I only used two lots of RAYDENE, and my hair looks just as young now as ever it did. It's marvellous all right, and so easy to use."

Raydene is the new antiseptic which restores grey hair to its natural colour without the use of dyes or stains.

Raydene contains no dye, paint, or stain, so that it cannot stain your scalp, fingers, or your linen.

Raydene begins with the hair-roots, invigorating them and cleansing the scalp of dandruff and impurities that cause baldness, and restores the natural colour to every strand of hair quickly and surely in a few short weeks. You can wash your hair in the usual way, because its colour is permanent and will not wash off or change in shade, and the process cannot be detected by your friends.

If you are grey, get a 2/9 box of Raydene from your chemist, make it up at home yourself, and watch the result in a week or two. If preferred, send a postal note to—

W. James Rogers Ltd., Chemists, Dept. 3, 353 George St., Sydney (opposite G.P.O.); C. F. Lloyd and Co., McEwan House, 343 Little Collins St., Melbourne; or D. Maclean & Co., Perry House, Elizabeth St., Brisbane, and Raydene will reach you by return mail.

LIFE-SIZE DOLL

UNBREAKABLE. About 27 inches High. Only 2/6

Reproduction of a French Creation in fine, fast colours on cloth that won't tear. A model like Grandma's Rag Doll intended to be stuffed. If mamma gives one of baby's dresses to her little girl, that she may cut on and off, the Life-size Doll will fascinate her more than the expensive German doll, and outlast a dozen of them. The Doll is Printed with Fair Hair, Rosy Cheeks, Blue Eyes, Kid Coloured Body, Pretty Shoes and Stockings. Price only 2/6, posted 2/8, 2 for 5/3, 3 for 7/9 posted. Also 20-inch Doll 3/3, 16-inch 1/6 posted. 1 Teddy Bear or Golliwog given away FREE with all orders of 5/- and over.

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DRINK HABIT COMPLETELY OVERCOME

37 YEARS' SUCCESS

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One woman writes: "It has brought wonderful happiness to our home after years of misery."

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VAREX Ensures Permanent

Healing for Bad Legs

Bad legs and varicose ulcers can be permanently cured by the Varex Treatment.

The treatment requires only one dressing a week, and above all, there is no need to go to bed.

Call at the Treatment Rooms and consult the nurse in charge, or write for FREE Booklet of valuable information.

ERNEST HEALEY, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Varex Ltd., 302N, George Street (between Lowe's and Angus & Coote's), Sydney.

BURNS instantly soothed

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"I burnt my leg very badly and could hardly walk. I tried everything but could get no relief, until my sister recommended Rexona Ointment. I can honestly say that one hour after putting on the Ointment the pain disappeared, and within a week my leg was healed."
—Mrs. H. KEANE, Penshurst

Always use Rexona Ointment and Soap for . . .

Scalds, blisters, bruises, sore feet, chapped hands, aching muscles, heat spots, itching and all skin complaints.

Rexona the rapid healer OINTMENT & SOAP

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EVERYTHING *for* SALE

Continued from Page 40

AT last, however, it was borne in upon him that perhaps she couldn't help herself; the man was probably not supposed to know that she had expected him here, and she wanted Barry to come up and introduce himself. In that case he ought to stand by her. He rose with a troubled air, then strolled across and almost sullenly presented himself before them. Judy looked up with pleased surprise and greeted him.

"Why, hullo, Mr. Gunter. Let me introduce you. This is Mr. Sebastian . . . my dancing partner."

It was as if their conversation had been punctuated by a mark of exclamation and a row of asterisks. Barry gazed upon Mr. Sebastian with a fixed misery; he shook the fellow's soft hand with compunction, heard him say "Charmed," and then, confused as it were, he subsided into a chair at Judy's side which she was tapping, and squatted there like a bloodhound which has lost its sense of smell.

He realised that she was speaking.

"Mr. Sebastian and I are doing exhibition ballroom dancing at the Royal and the Montrose. You ought to come along and see us."

"If you weren't," said Barry, "I would certainly come along and ask the management why not . . . but personally I seldom go to either place." He cast a reflective eye on Mr. Sebastian, who seemed to be offering him a cocktail. "No, thanks . . . really . . . I don't drink."

The other arranged himself in an easy attitude of nonchalance and began to make accents of his eyebrows and to smooth thin black lines on his upper lip into hyphens; his suit looked as if he had never put anything in his pockets since he had had it. Barry turned from him vaguely and tried to communicate with Judy. This was but little use. She seemed afraid the man Sebastian would notice what was up.

Now why? He was only a partner. Of course she had spoken of a job in London which she wanted to avoid, and this, he supposed, was it. Evidently he had offered it to her; perhaps he was jealous, and Judy had had to bring him with her in order to get here at this particular time at all. If so, that was truly sporting of her. Mr. Sebastian was talking now.

"Do you dance, Mr. Gunter, or not?"

"Or not," said Barry, "just as my partners think."

Mr. Sebastian gave him a suspicious glance. He had finished his cocktail and was probably expecting Barry to offer him another. Barry looked at the empty glass and turned away. And then quite suddenly he said to Judy:

"I'm going back to Minster."

Judy turned.

"To work there, you mean?"

"I must climb down. It's no use thinking I can pick and choose the very job I want. I'm going to follow your example and take whatever's going."

He felt Sebastian's eyes upon him and decided not to embarrass Judy further; he rose and held out his hand.

Said Judy: "When are you going, then, Mr. Gunter?"

"Ten-thirty in the morning."

And in that subtle fashion only women can employ she managed to convey by the way she looked at him that she would be there to see him off, and, feeling convinced that she meant that, he cheered up and departed with a greater optimism. As soon as he had done so Mr. Sebastian turned and in a curt tone spoke to Judy.

BARRY had felt convinced that Judy would be at the barrier, and Judy was. Hat off, hand out, he greeted her.

"Oh," he said, "what is all this? And why? And did you absolutely have to?"

She nodded seriously.

"It came to that. I'm sorry I couldn't get along yesterday alone, but I had tried once or twice and it was never any use. We rehearse every day

(Continued in next column.)

A TWO-IN-ONE HINT

TO GIVE mirrors and windows a brilliant gloss and at the same time discourage flies from settling on them, clean them with a rag dipped in paraffin and then polish with a leather. You will find this method of cleaning glass quicker than any other, and it will instantly remove all smears.

from five to seven; I had to bring him eventually, and I had just made the excuse that I didn't feel like working and would he take me somewhere for a cocktail. When he asked where I wanted to go I said 'Oh, I don't know. I think, perhaps, the Biarritz.' And he was rather flattered."

Barry looked at her considerately.

"What sort of fellow is he?"

She sighed. "Oh, I've known worse. He's just a little difficult. However, he has a reputation."

"As what?"

"As a dancer, fortunately. He can get me engagements I could never get without him, but he takes his work very seriously. He thinks we lose all our attraction as a turn if I am seen about with people, or am known to be interested at all in any other man. He likes his partner to be a sort of mystery, and that makes him most suspicious; he won't introduce me to anyone who wants to meet me, and he expects a sort of unwritten agreement on my part to play up to his ideas."

"Is he in love with you himself?" asked Barry.

She thought, then shrugged again.

"It's rather difficult to say. He's always wanted me to be his partner; he's very flattering, I must say; he isn't actually a nuisance, but, as I say, he's most proprietary."

"Well," said Barry, "it's made me face facts myself at any rate. I'm going back to a job I hate. Women become a bit proprietary, too, I understand. Perhaps one of my patronesses will ask me out to dance one evening and will motor me to town. That's not unusual, I believe. If so, I'll make her take me to the Royal, where we shall be able to see each other with our respective employers. When that happens, if it does, for goodness sake catch my eye and laugh outright."

Judy was watching his profile.

She said: "With that bitter tongue and rather insolent manner of yours I shouldn't wonder if you aren't a success."

He saw her heightened color, seized her two hands, and looked at her devotedly. "Look here, we've not known one another long . . . . but we do know each other, and that's something. It was sweet of you to come to the Biarritz and let me know. I can't see you doing your job and not do one myself. That's all there is about it."

Then he turned and walked through the barrier with his clubs. Judy looked after him. She didn't move for a long time; in fact, she watched him wave from the window till he was out of sight. And even then she did not seem to know quite where to go to think this over.

IT was an afternoon in mid-week and the skies looked mean. In plus fours that were getting rather shapeless, Barry strolled back from the first green to the clubhouse by the side of Mrs. Hedley Hopworth, who behaved in public as if she thought plainness a sign of aristocracy, and in private as if she wasn't plain. She talked as she walked, but Barry was scarcely aware even that she was speaking. His eyes were narrowed to give him clearer vision, and he was fixing them upon a girl who was sitting outside the clubhouse, alone, with eyes that were a reference to character, and with shapelness as her pedigree.

With a jerked-out apology to Mrs. Hedley Hopworth, he walked straight across, halted, and looked down with eyes that had suddenly grown bluer, and with cheeks more pink.

"This," he said, "is extraordinary."

"But is it nice?"

Please turn to Page 46

JUST BUY

PERSIL

AND NOTHING MORE
FOR YOUR WHOLE WEEKLY WASH

Better washing for all your clothes with this oxygen washing-compound. Bar soaps, extracts and tablets are just things to be forgotten now that you have Persil to do everything for you—and all by itself, too. Nothing could improve on the wonderful results obtained by the women who use Persil. And they never think of buying anything else.

NO MORE OF THOSE WASHING-DAY HEADACHES

Why *should* you lose your health and your youth toiling over piles of dirty clothes? Persil has come to the rescue of every woman who used to dread washing-day. You have only to ask your own friends, the women in your own street, and you'll hear heartfelt praise and gratitude for Persil, the wonderful oxygen washing compound that has released them from the slavery they had been forced to endure.

PERSIL CLEANSING IS AUTOMATIC..GENTLER ...EASIER THAN RUBBING

The great advantage of Persil over all other washing methods is that Persil suds are *active*, oxygen-charged, never still for one second. These special suds stream through and through the clothes, ever so gently, but very surely removing the dirt that is often embedded right in between the threads of the material.

MILLIONS HAVE PROVED PERSIL FOR YOU

READ THIS ENTHUSIASTIC LETTER

Here is a letter written by a listener-in to Station 2KY, Sydney, to Mrs. Gray, their lady announcer.

Dear Mrs. Gray,

Never before have I written to praise any commodity I have purchased. But I MUST thank you for recommending Persil to your listeners.

Washing-day was a horror to me. Never till the depression did I do any laundry work at all—I detest it.

Years ago I took a boy to look after—his mother had dropped dead. He has been unemployed for two years but I had the good fortune to get him a position in the Railway Cafeteria. Every day meant 6d. for laundry for a coat alone, so we have been washing the white coats, collars and shirts ourselves and what a job it has been!

My girlie was reduced to tears; the coats were so very dirty and hard to get a good colour, and at last she said, 'Mother, let me get a packet of Persil—Mrs. Gray assures us it is good.' So she purchased a packet. You are a friend of the womenfolk of this family for life. Persil is all and more than you claimed it to be.

(Sgd.) H. HUNDT; Nth. Parramatta

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FOR BEST RESULTS FOLLOW THE SPECIAL PERSIL METHOD

Allow one heaped tablespoon of Persil to each gallon of water. First mix the Persil into a smooth paste in a bowl with a little cold water. Thin down the paste with more cold water until it is a milky liquid. Add to cold water in the copper. For silks and woollens mix Persil as above and add to warm water. Full directions on every packet.

£100 TO ANYONE WHO CAN PROVE THAT THE ABOVE IS NOT AN ENTIRELY GENUINE AND UNSOLICITED LETTER

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PERSIL (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD.

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FALLING STAR

Continued from Page 5

THE car was going like mad, and the wind cut against the windshield, screaming.

"Go, Meyer! Go, go, go! Faster, Faster!"

A stop-signal again. Meyer slowed down.

"Don't stop, Meyer! Pass on! On!"

"I wouldn't do it."

"I order you to!"

"I wouldn't."

"Then give me the wheel."

They were already in Pasadena. Donca pushed Meyer aside and took his place. The wheel was still hot from Meyer's hands. She pressed on the accelerator. Other drivers turned to look at this mad-woman who dared pass a red light, against the cars crossing in the other direction. The impression left was that of a crazy car driven by a mad woman. A little railroad station, with its white arc lights and pepper trees, appeared before them. Donca's knees trembled as she jumped out of the car.

"Has the express gone through?" she asked the first man she saw, a porter wheeling a baggage-truck.

"Will pass through in a minute," he answered, too frightened to look at the woman. It was only after Donca had passed him that he dared look after the phenomenon. A woman who was made up like a ghost and dressed like a ghost, on the railroad station at Pasadena! Maybe they wanted to shoot a film there, he thought. And the other people who happened to be there thought the same thing.

Meyer ran up behind from the car and threw the coat over her shoulders. He hated the Morescu at that moment, but he pitied her a little. There she stood, smiling, as if under the influence of some narcotic. She was completely unconscious of how she appeared. After that drive, a minute's waiting was too long. The signals, two lights, appeared. They grew and grew. The noise of the engine. The movement on the station. A station-man came along slowly. Two men—mail-bags—then the tall engine, and the train with all too many cars moved into the station rapidly, as if it wouldn't stop at all.

Donca's heart beat wildly. The thick minute-hand of the station clock moved from nine fourteen to nine fifteen; and then the train came to a standstill. Donca took her dress-train in her hand and began to run along past the cars, hoping to catch sight of Oliver. By God, he was nowhere! He was hiding somewhere! The train was taking him along into the dark, and everything was coming to an end. Suddenly her heart stopped beating, then began to throb again.

There stood Oliver.

He stood on the stairway of a car with his little white dog under his arm. He wore his light-brown travel suit, the one he had worn on board the boat with her. And the tie with the polka-dots. He looked thin, and there were lines in his face as he laughed, talking with the negro porter, who also laughed, because this was Oliver Dent. He wore gloves, but was bare-headed. Donca was able to see everything at once, very clearly, as clearly as you see things through a magnifying-glass—as you see things in films—but never in reality.

"Oliver," she said carefully.

HE came down the steps of the car and stood beside her.

"You—here?" he said, coming closer.

There he was. He stood near her. She smiled. He smiled—very seriously.

"Did you get my letter?"

"Yes."

"Do you understand me? Do you believe me?"

"Of course I do."

"And you still go to Europe?"

"Yes. I have to."

"Really have to?"

"Yes."

"Couldn't you remain here?"

"No. But could you come along with me?"

"No, I can't do that."

The little dog was whining.

"How long is the train going to stay here?" Donca asked the porter standing nearby.

"Leaving this very minute, ma'am," he said, and waited curiously. He didn't recognise the Morescu, for she was a "has-been," but he had recognised Oliver Dent.

"You are in make-up," Oliver observed.

"I've come straight from the set. I had to see you."

"Yes. . . . Well—I know it. It's too bad about us."

It sounded final. Donca put her hand out, as if to fend off a blow.

"Not that. Not that!" she said. "Get off the train here. Remain here."

"I can't do that. I am much too tired. I need Europe."

"Stop over here. Don't go just yet. Not to-night."

Then she didn't say another word, but willed with all her being. She was a pagan. She had no religion. She only knew that you can get everything you want in life if you will it strong enough. That to will was stronger, more exhausting than to do.

"Not to-night?" Oliver said softly. "But where shall we be?"

"Anywhere. My place. Your place. It doesn't matter."

"But I will miss my boat."

"You will take a plane in the morning. It will catch up with your train."

"All aboard!" called the negro in the white jacket.

God alone knows what waves of power emanate from people like the Morescu, people who take everything and give everything with full hands. Oliver came down another step from the train under her willing power. Below him, the porters were already closing car doors.

"Can Meyer take my bags out of the train quickly?" Oliver asked, putting Tobias on the ground. The dog looked up scaredly into the eyes of his master.

THE Morescu's coat did not cover her dress completely. Women and men stood at the windows of the cars looking at a Russian princess in a stage ball dress. Oliver took her protectingly under the arm with the same movement that had caused her at first to fall in love with him. He liked her arm.

He was hers. He was hers. The train left, and Oliver remained. He walked beside her to the car that waited outside the railroad station. He was feeling rather gay. That something that he was running away from still had the power to hold him fast where he was.

"It is the last time," he thought. . . . .

She tasted a little too sweet and a little bitter, like an overripe fruit.

AT ten the following morning there appeared at the airport in Glendale a young man in a light brown suit who asked for a plane to catch up with the express train that had gone through Pasadena the night before. It was a beautiful morning. A gentle west wind was blowing, and only a few curly clouds were glittering in the sky. The young man breathed deeply and held a funny little white dog at the end of a leash. A porter from a Pasadena hotel was carrying an old handbag. The man, the dog, and the handbag were weighed. A young pilot by the name of Cross shoved his plane forward, a small plane painted red.

"A funny little ship," the passenger said, walking around the plane before climbing into it. "Not very new, is she?"

"Not very new, but first-class. Droops a little to the left, but is a daisy and hasn't crashed yet. Never! Old-type Fokker——"

"With a Wright motor, eh?"

"That's right. Do you fly yourself?"

"Oh, not much. But I've taken my pilot's examination once. I can fly, all right, but I can't land."

"I get you," the pilot grinned. "You look familiar to me. Films?"

"Something like that," the passenger answered shortly. "Where do we make our first stop?"

"Well, we can lunch in Winslow," the pilot said as he stepped into his flying-suit.

The passenger took the dog under his arm and clambered up into the small cockpit, sniffed the odor of oil and gas, and as the roar of the motor deafened him, he leaned back, satisfied. He was talking to his dog when the plane left the ground.

"Don't you be afraid, Tobias. Nobody can do anything to us here."

Tobias didn't share the good spirits of his master. He had passed a bad night in an hotel room, a room in which people had lived and slept and eaten and been happy and worried, a room that was torture for a dog with a delicate nose. And he had had to share that room with an exasperated man by the name of Meyer, who wore leather leggings around his calves, a man who kicked at a small little sad dog that whined too much.

"That's O.K., Tobias," the master soothed, tapping the dog and rubbing his coat up and down. The hand was cool and hard. Tobias sat up with raised ears, as if sniffing at something. "It's O.K., Tobias. They will leave us alone from now on." Then the master fell asleep, and the little dog watched over him. He had been given the great honor of travelling with his master, the honor and the privilege of guarding him. His master was his passion. Even if they did shove him away into a box and took the world away from under him in this horrible noise!

THE master had changed very much. His coat was rumpled, and his hair wasn't as shiny as it used to be. His sleep was labored. Sweat had broken out on his forehead. He awakened startled when the plane sank suddenly before rising again. The pilot smiled. The passenger answered with a tired smile. It was devilishly hot in the cockpit. They were flying over the desert, over a small desert with little hills and cars that appeared no bigger than flies. The wind was stiff, but the machine was steady, and they seldom fell into air-pockets.

There was no reason why the passenger should feel ill. But he did feel sick. He had slept an hour, and was sick the moment he awoke. Or better said, a sick feeling had awakened him. He knew that sick feeling. He had had the same feeling two days before on the stairway of his home under the copy of the painting of the holy Sebastian. It was there again. The purple and the blinking black, and the exploding choking feeling, and the cold sweat and the trembling and the terrible weakness that followed. And right after that, the same thing over again.

"Good God, Tobias, I feel so sick! There it comes again. Good God, good God!"

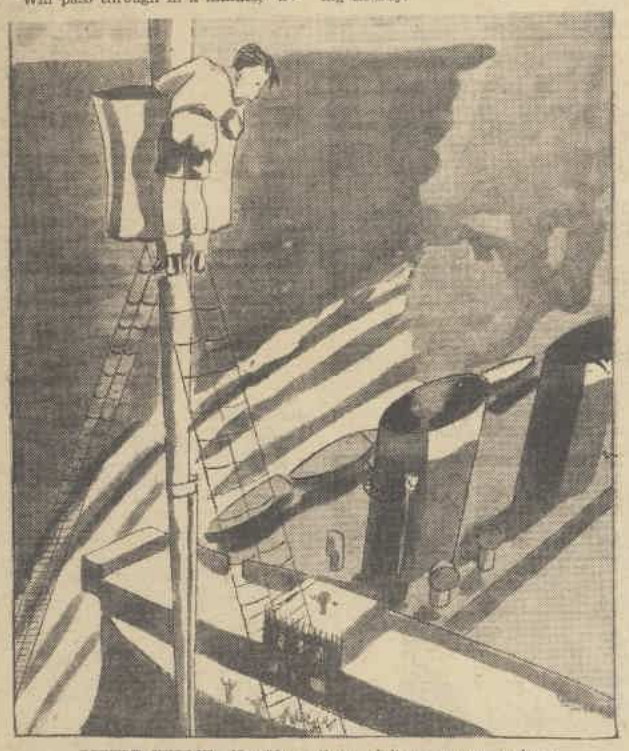
Below, the world was small and very well-ordered. The pilot was steady. He turned his head from time to time and looked at his passenger, who sat all curled up upon himself with his hand upon his face, choking. The pilot smiled, thinking: And that had passed the pilot's examination, eh? What a bluff!

To amuse himself, the pilot threw his ship a little obliquely around a curve.

The little dog was scared. What could Tobias do? What could he do when his master was so sick, begging help which he could not give him?

"Tobias help me. God help me. I can't stand it any more! Tobias, you come to my rescue. Donca, you help me, Donca!"

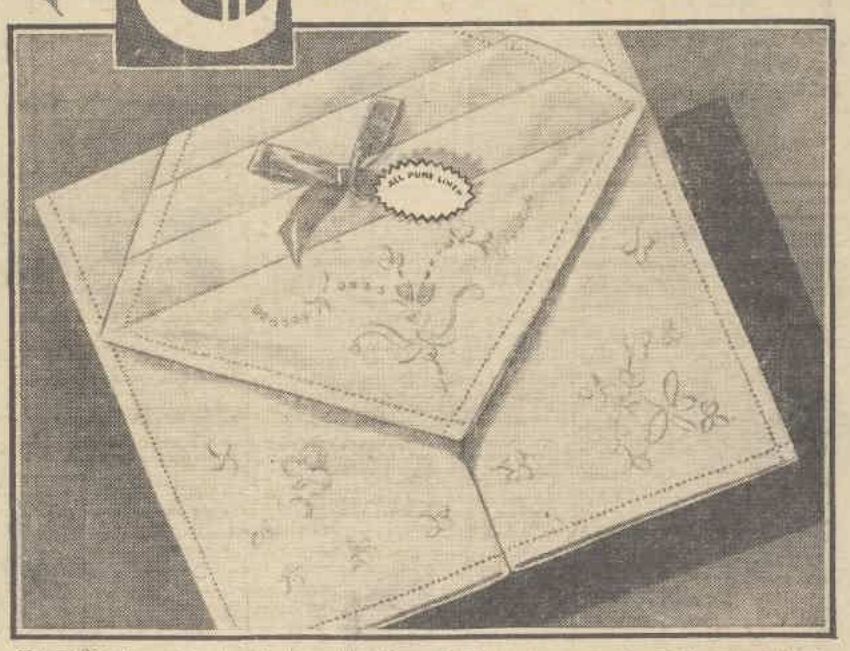
Please turn to Page 45



LITTLE WILLIE: No, Mum, there ain't no crows up here.

HOST Holbrook says: Many dainty savories can be made with Holbrooks' Anchovy Paste. In 1½ oz. 3oz. jars.

In time for Christmas



You will need smart handkerchiefs to add a crisp finishing touch to your new summer frocks and for Christmas visits. Then Lux Toilet Soap Gift Handkerchiefs were made for you! They are pure Irish Linen, wonderfully fine and daintily embroidered in the corner!

How to get your Gift Handkerchiefs

Save 12 outer wrappers from Lux Toilet Soap and take to:—PARKES HOUSE, 9-11 HUNTER STREET.

Or, if you cannot call, post your wrappers with your name and address (written in BLOCK LETTERS) to:— "HANDKERCHIEFS," LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, BOX 4100WW, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

If preferred, 2 GENTLEMEN'S HANDKERCHIEFS with coloured borders obtainable for 12 WRAPPERS.

12 Wrappers only for 3 Handkerchiefs!

That's all you need to obtain 3 of these delightful handkerchiefs. The only marking on them is the label "Pure Irish Linen."

LUX TOILET SOAP Supercreamed

A LEVER PRODUCT

DEFINITELY NOT AVAILABLE AFTER 30th DECEMBER

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TERRY and TEDDY — TERRIBLE TWINS

by HARRY EYRE JR.

JUST CHATTER

BARBARA MORRIS, of Finch Hatton (Qld.), lives near the beautiful Eungella Range; **Ivy Jeffreys**, of Adelong, is fond of playing vigoro; **Mary Maclean**, of Yamba, is twelve years old.

Patricia Tayler, of Port Hacking, sat for the High School examination; **Joyce Booth**, of Dunolly (Vic.), likes the warm weather; **Betty Wright**, of Mullaby, has a dog, a cat, four guinea-pigs, and two rabbits for her pets.

Above is **Denis Warrington-Fry**, of Pymble.

Keith Avery, of Harbord, is fond of painting; **Nona Hewitt**, of Mulgoa, writes good verse; **Ethel Blatchford**, of Swansea, swims quite a lot in the summer.

Nita Kile, of Henty, writes a very interesting letter; **Erle Courney**, of Mosman, is fond of sketching; **Joyce Leggatt**, of Oatley, writes stories.

Millicent Golischewsky, of Bundaberg (Qld.), lives on a sugarcane farm; **Belle Campbell**, of Barellan, is a keen hockey player; **Myrie Hannett**, of Broken Hill, has been studying hard lately.

Albert Farrell, of North Mackay (Qld.), is fond of fishing; **Pattie Blackberry**, of Clovelly, is thirteen years of age; **Kathleen Duff**, of Condobolin, writes clever verse.

Joan Turner, of Boort (Vic.), has a very good style of writing; **Margaret Derwent**, of Oatley, received a pretty brooch and pencil-box for her ninth birthday, last October.

Joyce McWilliam, of Coonamble, writes an interesting letter; **Alison Stott**, of Preston, is not too old to be a pal; **Doris Connor**, of Mirani (Qld.), writes good verse.

Edith Essex, of Douglas, lives in the midst of a dairy farming district; **Betty Cusack**, of Windorah (Qld.), is eleven years old; **Mavis Roach**, of Willoughby, is fond of sketching.

Miriam Brown, of Wagga Wagga, likes gardening and has a garden of her own; **Jean Stahl**, of Dumosa (Vic.), has a pet lamb and a pet bantam.

Introducing **Moira Haydon**, of Newtown.

TOO GOOD TO MISS

By JOYCE McWILLIAM

I HAVE a girl friend in our street,
Just fourteen years of age,
And every week she comes to me,
Always for "Connie's" page.

So fond of reading it was she,
A joke I thought I'd play;
I handed her an old edition,
To see what she would say.

She thanked me in the usual way
And tripped off down the lane,
But hardly had I got inside,
When my friend came back again.

"Ha, ha!" she cried, "you can't trick me,"
And tossed her curly head;
"You must have known I wouldn't miss
The story of our 'Fred.'"

For this original verse Joyce McWilliam (13), "The Gums," Coonamble, wins a 5/ prize.

Prize Card to Betty Robinson, 559 King St., Newtown.

RESULT OF PAINTING COMPETITION

PRIZE OF 5/—Shirley Mann (8), "Alleyn," 16 Osborne Rd., Manly, for the best coloured picture.

PRIZE CARDS for next best are awarded to **Jean Cowper** (12), 15 Burunle St., Dewchy; **Nellie Munro**, Polaris St., Temora; **Joyce Booth** (15), "The Manse," Dunolly (Vic.); **Barbara Morris**, Finch Hatton (Qld.); **Joan Turner** (13), Bank of New South Wales, Boort (Vic.).

FOR FUN & FANCY

WILLIE, I am not at all pleased with your school report."

"I told teacher you wouldn't be, Dad, but she just would send it. Just like a woman, isn't it?"

Prize Card to Jack Blatchford, Swansea.

Dad: Tommy, you must not go fishing with the boy next door; he's had the measles.

Tommy: Oh, that's all right, Dad. I never catch anything when I go fishing.

Prize Card to Gwen Begg, St. Helier St., Muswellbrook.

Patches upon patches, and yet no stitches. What is it?

A cabbage.

Master: Who was Noah's wife?

Pupil: Joan of Arc, sir.

Mike (to his friend Pat, who is very ill): Have you made your will, Pat?

Pat: Yes; Oi've left everything to the doctor that saves me life.

What is the difference between a hill and a pill?—One is hard to get up and the other is hard to get down.

When is a king like a piece of wood?—When he's a ruler.

Prize Card to Jean Stahl, Dumosa, Victoria.

Prize of 5/- to Fred Martin, Station St., Weston, for this original sketch in black and white.

SAY THIS QUICKLY

A thatcher of thatchwood went to thatch a thatching.

Did the thatcher of thatchwood go to thatch a thatching?

If the thatcher of thatchwood went to thatch a thatching.

Where's the thatching the thatcher of thatchwood thatched?

Prize Card to June Murray, Vauxhall Chambers, 153 Church St., Parramatta.

"My teacher takes an interest in you, dad."

"How is that, my son?"

"Well, after he'd told me six times to behave myself, he said, 'I wonder what kind of father you have?'"

Prize Card to Ruth Ryan, 36 Rosedale Ave., Manly.

Man: This is a quiet place; you seem miles away from anything.

Boy fishing: Yes! Especially fish.

Prize Card to Albert Farrell, North Mackay, Queensland.

What is always hot in cold weather?—Mustard.

Prize Card to Essie Wilde, 48 Rawson St., Aberdare, Cessnock.

Teacher: And where do we find the elephant? Boy (after pause): The—er—elephant is such a large animal that it is—er—seldom lost.

Prize Card to Gladys Culshaw (13), Wallombi Rd., West Cessnock.

"I want a nice dog that will not bark, bite or run away."

"How about a china one, madam?"

Why did the pillar-box?

Because the piano-forte (fought).

FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

C. Marshall.

Fred and Fairy Lightfoot have been imprisoned on a Black Growl Cloud by a wicked witch, and are trying to escape.

FRED crept down the cold white stairs, closely followed by the frightened little fairy. Down! down! down! they went until Fred stopped rather abruptly as he came to another stairway branching off from the main one.

"Why, here's a flight of stairs going a different way. I wonder which we should follow?" he asked, a little bewildered.

"Go straight on," sobbed Fairy Lightfoot, "they must lead to something sooner or later. Why, we must nearly be at the bottom of the cloud by now."

Fairy Floss

"Very well," said Fred not at all eagerly, and proceeding to go down the stairway. He would have rather gone the other way, for he knew that the witch would not make their escape as easy as it now appeared.

They walked down a few more stairs then stopped for a moment as they heard the sound of a machine in the distance.

"Oh! what can that be?" exclaimed Fairy Lightfoot excitedly.

"I don't know," whispered Fred, who had visions of giants with guns coming out of all the walls, and shooting Fairy Lightfoot and himself down in one go. "Er—nothing at all."

The further they went down, the louder the noise became. Suddenly a light could be seen in the distance, and as Fairy Lightfoot was anxious to see what it was, Fred hastened down the stairs two at a time, to find out.

He halted when he came to the light which he found to his delight was an opening leading into the sky. As he gazed he saw a white fluffy mass come underneath him and blot out his view. Fred quivered as he recognised that white fluffy mass as Fairy Floss' Cloud.

What was that?

Fred felt something whizzing just behind him. He turned round just in time to see a huge bomb coming out of a side passage in the wall. It came for a distance of a few yards then stopped as it became caught in some thick cobwebs which hung across the passage way.

Everything was too clear to Fred, knowing as he did the witch's dislike for Fairy Floss. The witch was trying to blow her and her beautiful fluffy cloud to atoms. And where Fred and Fairy Lightfoot now stood was probably the place where the horrid witch watched her victims being blown to bits. Perhaps, she would be coming down those cold white stairs herself in a minute to watch the "fun" as she called it.

Without waiting any longer Fred took hold of Fairy Lightfoot's hand, and asked his magic shoes to take him to Fairy Floss quickly. Within a few seconds they landed right beside Fairy Floss.

* * *

"QUICK, Fairy Floss, don't give up hope. Get your engine drivers to start the engines up again," Fred said excitedly. "The bomb is entangled in some cobwebs, I am sure you can get away before they can get it out."

Fairy Floss soon summoned her engine drivers to work, and soon they had left the old Growl Cloud and the wicked witch many miles behind.

(Fred returns to Mushroom Grove next week).

Connie's Letter

MY Dear Pals—,

Now most of you have finished your yearly examinations I shall expect some very good entries from you. Get hold of a pen, pencil, or paint-brush, and see what you can do, then send the result to me.

The best letter this week comes from Lucy Williams, "Gravesend Station," Gravesend, for which she wins a 5/- prize. Here is an extract from it.

"Gravesend is only a small town situated two miles from the Gwydir River. There is a freezing works on the bank of the river, which supplies the town people with ice. The Gravesend Mt. is close to our home, and, as a creek flows down past our house, the scenery is very beautiful."

Good-bye until next week.

Cheerio,
From Your Pal,
Connie.

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Falling STAR

Continued from Page 43

UPON hearing Donca's name, Tobias moved forward. The box in which they were flying was closed. They had closed them in, and wouldn't let them out any more. Tobias began to scratch the wall and to lick his master's hand. He began to yelp and bark and whimper. Nothing doing! They were imprisoned. The pilot turned and looked at them, and stopped smiling. The passenger was behaving in a funny manner. He was taking his coat off, tearing his shirt open at the neck, and acting as though he was choking. The sweat was pouring down his face, and he was very white. The handsome passenger had suddenly turned very ugly. The pilot's pity was awakened. He righted his ship and flew on an even keel again straight and steady, to allow that poor devil in the cockpit to come to. But just then a wind came from the east and rocked the ship in all directions at once.

At the third attack, Oliver felt himself dying, burning up inside. There was a recurrent, biting pain in the centre of his stomach.

"Oh, God, Tobias, I can't stand it any more. Help me!" How long did that last? Two hours? Three hours? Attack after attack? Choking, sweating, pain, worry, teeth chattering. He no longer resisted his pain. He gave himself up to it. He ceased being a man. He was just a thing being tortured that could not defend itself. His flesh was tired. His heart was tired.

"I should have taken along some brandy," the master said to the dog. He put his coat on. He wiped the sweat from his face. His handkerchief was wet. He threw it on the floor. His hands trembled so—a trembling cramp he couldn't stop. Tobias lay crosswise over his lap, and pressed his little body against the body of the man he loved. Maybe that would help.

"That's good, Tobias," the master said in a colorless voice.

Now the plane was climbing down gradually and quietly. When they had landed, the door was opened, and the fresh air streamed in, the hot air of the desert town of Winslow. When the pilot put his head into the cockpit, Oliver was smiling again. He rose from his seat, and was only a little unsteady on his feet when he came out. His knees felt like rubber as he stood on the landing-field, blinking in the sun.

"Didn't feel so hot, eh? Air-sick?" the pilot asked.

"Devil knows! I don't think so. Something that didn't agree with me."

They walked over the asphalt road leading to the lunch-room. It was hot midday.

"Eat something and you will feel better. It's a good lunch-room," the pilot said, walking away. "We will start again in twenty minutes."

A moment later a waiter brought a plate of soup for the dog, and a glass of tomato-juice for the master. The master drank the cold red stuff and let a hand hang down. The pilot approached the table. There were yellowish-red Spanish curtains on the windows. Two mechanics were throwing dice on the counter. Somebody was landing on the air-field and a man went out to see who had come down.

"How do you feel?" the pilot questioned the passenger. "Can we start?"

The passenger got red in the face. He was ashamed.

"No," he said. "I think you had better go back by yourself to Pasadena. I'll take the next train."

"Well, just as you feel about it. But I thought you were in a hurry."

"I am. I want to catch an ocean boat in New York on Tuesday."

"You can't get there by Tuesday unless you fly."

"I know it."

The pilot looked at his passenger.

"Well, if you feel like that about it, I'll have your bag taken out of the ship."

"Please do."

And as the pilot was about to go away, the passenger called after him:

"It wasn't air-sickness, but it was hell. I can't go through it again. It makes me feel like a fool to give it up."

"Well," the pilot philosophised, "everybody's got to give up something in life. It happens to the best of 'em. Don't you worry about that. It happens. Would you do me a favor?" he added as an afterthought. "I would like to have your autograph, Mr. Dent. Just as a memory of the pleasure I have had flying you. Cross is my name. The little woman at home would be happy if I would bring her back your autograph. I'm sorry you can't continue."

The passenger thought the matter over. Then he began to laugh.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Cross. I'm not Dent. It happens that I am sometimes mistaken for him. But I'm not Dent. You can bet your boots Oliver Dent wouldn't give up anything!"

"Is that so? Well, I'm sorry. I thought you were Oliver Dent. So you are not going on! Well, then I'm flying back. Here's wishing you Godspeed."

Then the passenger sat for a while near the old used pigskin hand-bag, decorated with steamer and hotel labels.

"Well, we won't go to Europe this trip, Tobias," he said.

Dr. Bratt, in Winslow, had a good practice and a large sign lettered in gold outside his office. He was of German origin — a man with a big stomach and a bald head and eyeglasses. The four rocking-chairs in his waiting-room were always occupied. The same magazines had been on his table for the past two years. In his consultation-room hung his diploma, a masterpiece of calligraphy, the picture of the ruins of a Heidelberg castle, and a photograph of a grand out doubtful lady ofother days.

". . . Reggie proposed to me last night when he was drunk!"

". . . He always does make a fool of himself when he's drunk!"

"Well, what is the matter?" Dr. Bratt asked his new patient, looking into his eyes and turning his lids. Dr. Bratt belonged to that generation of physicians who explained everything as anaemia.

"I don't know, exactly, but I think it's the stomach," the stranger said.

It was a tall, strange, sick-looking young man carrying a dusty little dog at the end of a leash.

"Are you one of those fools who diet?"

"Not exactly."

"Well, let's see. What did you eat to-day?"

"I had a glass of grapefruit juice this morning——"

"And what after?"

"After that I had this attack."

"Ah, so. And what did you have for lunch?"

"Tomato juice."

"And what after?"

"I couldn't eat anything after that. I—I was in pain."

"Pain. Well, young man, you just have a little sour stomach, and that's all. It's very much in style now. It comes from a false diet. Buy yourself a few charcoal pills, eat a few, and then, go home and ask your wife to broil you a good juicy steak. And tell her that old Dr. Bratt recommends that she should feed her husband every morning ham and eggs, and not sour juices! My dear young fellow, no doctor will ever get rich on you. You're a healthy man."

NEXT WEEK

OLIVER is sick in mind and body —and Donca is the slave of the films. What will happen to these two?

TWO GENERATIONS

The Father and Uncle of this beautiful child—JOAN McCROW, DAUGHTER OF Mr. and Mrs. M. McCROW, 94 HOUSTON ROAD, SOUTH KENSINGTON—were also reared on ARNOTT'S FAMOUS MILK ARROWROOT BISCUITS. The Father's photograph appeared in Living Pictures 27 years ago and her Uncle 30 years ago. Both were Prize Babies.

Mrs. M. McCROW, writes as follows:—

"I have much pleasure in writing to you, and thanking you for the good your wonderful "Arrowroot" Biscuits have done my little girl. I have continually fed her on them since she was six months old, now she is one year and ten months old, and if I forget them at her meal time, she asks for them, she just loves them and will never eat substitutes.

"I can recommend them as highly as any Mother can; and if you care to use my name as a recommendation you may. Enclosed, you will find her Photo; and by her limbs you can see the wonderful condition she is in."

ARNOTT'S

FAMOUS

MILK ARROWROOT BISCUITS

Try also Arnott's Famous Ginger Nut Biscuits & Arnott's Famous Oaten Cake Biscuits, the New Spring Health Food.

Tune in to 2 C.H. every Monday and Thursday evening, at 7.15 p.m.—"DOWN MEMORY LANE" And 2 K.Y. every evening at 6 p.m.

ALWAYS ASK YOUR GROCER FOR ARNOTT'S FAMOUS BISCUITS AND MAKE SURE YOU GET THEM!

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EVERYTHING *for* SALE

Continued from Page 42

"NICE? At this moment I can't remember a thing that's happened since I saw you last. D'you know that to miss people as much as I've missed seeing you seems to have been exquisite pain when at last you meet?"

She opened her purse and produced a cutting from a paper. This she held out to him.

"Do you know anything about this, Mr. Barry Gunter?"

He did not even take it. He knew what it was. It was clipped from the personal column of "The Times." It made this brief announcement:

"Golfer. Plus two. Will give private golfing lessons in exchange for tuition in exhibition ballroom dancing."

Barry lifted hands to his hips; he turned in his lower lip and the end of his tongue protruded. Then he put one foot on the grassy bank and leaned upon his knee and looked at her.

"I've resigned this job. I couldn't help myself. That represents the only other job I've hit upon as yet. What do you think of it?"

"That I will take it on."

"Have you come all the way down here to tell me that?"

"Not altogether. I came to see my people on a half-day excursion, and while I was here I thought I'd bring this with me and see whether you really meant it."

"You realised it was I?"

"Of course."

"But why should you learn golf?"

"And why should you learn dancing?"

"Partly so that I can come and dance with you . . . and do that dreadful chap Sebastian out of it. I don't mind what I do, but I can't stand the idea of you drifting about with him. If only you and I could work together it would be altogether different, and what I thought was this: that if I could take his place and we could both get on at the same restaurants, then even if my dancing weren't extra special I could dance with the dowagers while you were dancing with the tired city men, and we could watch one another's interests. Down here there's nobody to understand me, and in town there's no one to understand you. And I am so fed up."

"And while we were dancing, I suppose," said Judy, "we could suggest to our partners that they should come and have their golf rubbed up in the daytime . . . and there again we could work side by side. Is that the scheme?"

"It was all included."

Her chin was in her hand; her lips looked generous.

"I'm willing."

"And what about this chap Sebastian?"

"I'd break with him," said Judy. "If you were definitely coming. I'm more than ready to. I find he is in love with me."

Barry leaned forward.

"I sent you that cutting by post," he said, "to make sure you saw it."

"I imagined as much."

"I'll come to town," said Barry. "I shall be free in a week. Where shall I find you?"

She said, "I expect you'd better find me sitting in the foyer of the Biarritz at six o'clock one evening."

"Make it," said he, "Friday next week." Then he looked round. "Look here, I've got to take a woman round the first nine holes. . . . I shall be done in an hour. Can you wait here?"

"I'm afraid I must be going back to town. Sebastian thinks I came to see my people. Don't be late on Friday."

"I shall try not, but Friday, you know, is pay-day, and I want to get my dress clothes out of pawn."

THERE is one established fact about all expert dancing. The dancer must shut out of his mind the personality of his partner; in other words, his efforts are by no means improved, and his concentration certainly suffers, if he happens to be in love with the lady.

This is palpable after one glance round any dance floor.

The couples who are in love are evident immediately; they are hardly dancing at all; they are looking into one another's eyes, and whispering often in monosyllables; their feet are taking steps of some sort, but without any style or polish; sometimes they are practically standing still. There are, of course, other couples obviously bored with one another, but the really good dancers are oblivious of all except teamwork and rhythm. They are concentrating on the dance.

Because he was in love with Judy, Barry Gunter had set himself an almost impossible task.

He was an ordinary, average dancer, able to take a girl round the floor with some slight elegance, and to steer her moderately well; but he was not qualified to make himself an exhibitionist, and he required a lot of coaching. The fact that he was in love was all against making headway, because, try as he would, he could not forget that the girl was Judy. And that she had left Sebastian for his sake. His dancing therefore took on a grim air of purpose which did not make for smoothness; he was determined to succeed, and this made him deliberate and tense. Despite continuous appeals to him to relax the features slightly and to loosen up the limbs, he began to dance almost as though he were stalking something evil with Judy in his arms, against which he had to protect her, and if she got him to dance with anybody else he failed to attend to the lesson and allowed his wandering gaze instead to follow her about the room.

It was not that he wouldn't try, nor that he couldn't conceal his own feelings; it was simply that he was out of place, and when Judy and he had done their stuff before a number of booking agents and restaurant managers it soon became apparent that failure was in sight.

Judy alone heard the latest and final rebuff, and she heard with deliberate calm and level brows, if rather pouting lips.

"My dear, it was frankly bad," said the booking man. "He won't be any good to you. He's self-conscious and he's heavy. He can't even dance. You made a great mistake to give up Sebastian."

"At least," said Judy, "he can wear evening clothes and still look a gentleman."

The other shrugged.

"Our customers do not come here to see men looking gentlemen in evening clothes. They come to watch first-class dancing. No, my dear, you're all right—but get another man, then come again and see me."

Afterwards she and Barry faced each other seriously.

"So," she said, "it means, I suppose, that you'll have to go back to Minster and the golfing wives."

"Now that I've spoilt your chances? No—never. I have another idea. Just give me one more week. Give me one week, and I'll go away from you, as you said I should. I'll swat it all up somewhere else, and come back perhaps a different man."

"But where will you go? Who else can teach you?"

"I'm not going to tell you anything," said Barry, "I've got a plan, that's all—and I can't stand failure."

Later he said: "I shall be at the Biarritz to-day week at six, and if I'm no good to you then I'll eat my hat."

THIS time it was Judy who waited; she had a paper held before her, and she was glancing at the news. Suddenly her eyes gave a funny little jerk; amid a lot that failed to interest she had suddenly come upon a name that stood out as does one's own name on a page of letterpress; but this was not her own name. It was Barry Gunter's. Once he had said to her that if she ever saw an intimation that so-and-so had scored a sensational success in London's what's-its-name, she would remember it was he. And now the news topped a column.

NEW PROFESSIONAL'S GREAT GOLF

GUNTER AHEAD IN FINAL OF £1000 TOURNAMENT AT ROEHAMPTON.

She folded the paper over, held it a little closer, and read faster. Then she turned quickly to the back page where would be the stop-press news. There was one smudged line there.

"Gunter and Walter Clark all square at the eighteenth hole."

She raised her eyes from the paper, and sat back; she drew a long, slow breath. She looked about her as if for somebody to ask. Was there a tape machine? Was there a later paper?

And suddenly the swing doors opened and Barry was there. She got up from her chair and went towards him, feeling pale and looking beautiful.

"Sorry I'm late," he said, "the darned thing went on longer than I meant . . ."

"But did you win?"

He looked at her.

"Win? Yes, I won all right, of course. I cut it a bit fine for time, that was all. But how did you know?"

She looked at him severely.

"If I were being married and my wedding were the social climax to the year . . . don't you think you'd find out?"

"Angel," said Barry, "I should be at it."

He led her to a seat. He waved to a waiter and called for means to celebrate.

He sat beside her and he took her hand.

"You got rid of Sebastian on trust. I didn't want to tell you why I wanted you to give him up, for fear you wouldn't trust me to win this thing. I couldn't altogether even trust myself. Yet you trusted me to dance well enough to take a job with you in London."

"Nothing of the sort," said Judy.

"Yes."

"Do you suppose I didn't know you were coming to town to go in for this . . . don't you suppose I read the papers . . . or ask anything about you . . . or talk about your chance to everyone I know who plays any golf at all?"

"Perhaps," he said, "you wonder in that case why I didn't win the thing first and come and claim you afterwards."

"I suppose you knew that I was breaking with Sebastian?"

"As a matter of fact that is what prompted me. I did hear that, and I felt that if you were out of work again it was my great chance to look after you myself."

He grinned. "I'm not done yet. I can still learn dancing . . . if you like."

She thought it over; her hand stayed where it was; at last she said: "There's lots of other things we've never done together yet."

Barry tossed down his cocktail, and rose resolutely.

"Yes, for one thing it's time we left this place," he suddenly announced, "for somewhere better. That's the first move, at any rate."

In the hall his bag of clubs was propped against the wall, and he reached for it as he passed.

"I can't leave these. I had them when you met me. I've never left them, and they've seen me through. I knew they would. Do you know what I want to do out of this money I shall get? I want to go down to Minster and buy back your car. I want to put these clubs in the back of it, and sit in front with you, then face the setting sun and go the way we're pointing."

"All right," said Judy, with a funny little sigh. "There's only one thing. Do you remember something that you said . . . about success . . . you said there was one thing greater . . . the ability to stand it. Are you sure your head's not turned?"

"It was turned," he said, "the day you stopped to offer me that lift. It's taken me all this time to get it back to normal; as a matter of fact it's still a little giddy now."

(Copyright)

"Fancy having two buttonholes and only one stud, and I own a stud factory!"

HOST Holbrook says: I brew a special Vinegar for my Worcestershire Sauce called Holbrooks' Pure Malt Vinegar.

Champion SWIMMERS For *New Zealand*

The fact that there is a strenuous season ahead of swimming enthusiasts and that an enormous amount of work will have to be done in preparation for the visit of Joyce Cooper does not dismay the secretaries of the associations.

MRS. CHAMBERS, the organiser of the Joyce-Cooper visit, and secretary of the New South Wales Women's Swimming Association, had no hesitation in accepting an invitation from New Zealand for Frances Bult, Claire Dennis and herself as manager, to leave by the "Monowai" on November 24th.

This trip has been eagerly looked forward to, as it will be the means of keeping the girls fit for the strenuous season that they will encounter on their return. It was at first thought that all the swimming events would be exhibitions, but both Claire Dennis and Frances Bult will be expected to compete in several races during the tour.

"Plenty of training and plenty of sleep are necessary for girls on a tour of this kind," says Mrs. Chambers, who is an advocate of the after-dinner walk.

It was not necessary at the Olympic Games to employ a masseuse. Mrs. Chambers ably filled that role by giving the girls a light massage, just prior to a race, and she will do so again on this trip.

Frances Bult is a phenomenal swimmer, and her progress has been meteoric. Three years ago she competed in the Australian Championships at Sydney, and did not win a place, but the sport so appealed to her that on her return she placed herself in the hands of the swimming coach, Gustav Frolich. Her improvement was so remarkable that she was selected as an Olympic representative.

Before she went to America, Frances Bult was one of the juniors at Brighton Life Saving Club.

Frances went to school at Merton Hall, where she was captain of the swimming team and a member of the running team. Before her trip to the Olympic Games she used to practise for hours every day, staying in the water for an hour and a half at a time and swimming backwards and forwards between the two diving stages, a distance of 50 metres. She uses a beautiful six-beat stroke, a modification of the new Japanese stroke.

FRANCES BULT

She is a charming, modest young person of twenty summers. Since someone gave her a camera to take to America, photography has been her hobby, and she brought back a marvellous collection of pictures.

She holds nine records, including State, national and world titles.

Claire Dennis first became a member of the Sydney Ladies' Swimming Club at the early age of seven. She and her sister Thora were quite good swimmers and the latter soon developed into championship class. Mr. Dennis and the officials of the club soon noticed that Claire was showing remarkable progress with the breast stroke, and it was then decided that she should be coached in breast stroke swimming only, which wise decision won for her the Australian Championship and a year later, in 1931, she broke the world's record at the Domain Baths, Sydney, to later become an Olympic champion.

"The trip will mean that we will have to travel extensively, but it will be a delightful tour," says Mrs. Chambers, "and I am sure the two girls will be extremely popular, wherever they go."

END YOUR FOOT TROUBLES WITH BURSALAX

1000 TREATMENTS FREE TO SUFFERERS

STOP SUFFERING FROM BUNIONS, CORNS AND TIRED ACHING FEET!
Cut out and post the Coupon below for a BURSALAX FOOT-AID TREATMENT which will instantly relieve the most painful Bunion or Corn.
Within 10 days you will be amazed and delighted with the results.
Enclose 2d Stamp with Coupon.

CORNS

SIGN & POST THIS FREE COUPON
Geo. Emerson Proprietary, Dept. W.W., 250 Pitt St., Sydney.
Name .....
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BUNIONS

I suffer from ..... I enclose 2d stamp

WHAT IT MEANS TO LOSE 28 lbs.

Reduced Bust 8 ins., Waist 5 ins., Hips 4 ins.

Gained New Energy

The improvement in this woman's figure, after she had cast off 28 lbs. of unwanted fat, can easily be imagined from the comparative measurements which she gives below. Note also the other effects of the treatment she used. Her method is evidently a good one to follow.

"I am 24 years of age; height 5 ft. 5½ in.; and a short time ago my weight was 28 lbs. above normal. I was listless and without energy. Now, after taking Kruschen Salts regularly I have lost 28 lbs. in weight, and have much more vitality. Also I have a very good complexion, and I do not have face blemishes of any kind. Surely this must be due to my having pure blood, and I attribute that fact to my taking Kruschen Salts. I give my measurements below:

Before.		After.	
Weight	12 st.	Weight	10 st.
Bust ..	42 ins.	Bust ..	34 ins.
Waist..	31 ins.	Waist..	26 ins.
Hips ..	40 ins.	Hips ..	36 ins.

"I made the above reduction in four months, during which time I must admit that I did not touch chocolates or sweets of any description, pastries, potatoes, butter or sugar. I kept to this for four months, and lost 28 lbs.

I honestly think it would not have been possible without the aid of Kruschen Salts, because as my weight is now normal for my height and age, I am able to keep it without dieting, just by continuing with the Kruschen Salts alone."—(Miss) M. S.

Kruschen combats the cause of fat by assisting the internal organs to perform their functions properly—to throw off each day those waste products and poisons which, if allowed to accumulate, would be converted by the body's chemistry into fatty tissue. Unlike ordinary aperients, Kruschen does not confine its action to a single part of the system. Its tonic effect extends to every organ, gland and vein.

Kruschen Salts is obtainable of all Chemists and Stores at 2/9 per bottle.

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Australian *Swimming* TITLES

Dates of the Australian and State Championships have now been finalised, and the secretary of the Q.L.A.S.A., Miss Phyllis Kuder, in conjunction with the men's executive, has drawn up a full and attractive programme.

THE dates for the National Championships are Wednesday, January 24, Friday, January 26, and Tuesday, January 30.

For the first time in history the men's and women's events will be combined. Veteran swimmers are very chary regarding record times, stating that it is very unlikely that records will be broken in Brisbane on account of the fresh-water baths.

However, a most interesting carnival is promised, and a treat for Brisbane enthusiasts will be the appearance of the cream of Australian swimmers.

Queensland champions, Rita Smith, Phyllis Thompson, Marie Cuzzu, and the Storey sisters will be pitted against Olympians Claire Dennis, Bonnie Mealing, Edna Davey, and Frances Bult.

The State and country titles will be staged a week prior to the Australian championships on January 15, 17 and 19. These, too, will be combined affairs, featuring the best Queensland has to offer.

A REPORT that the Cairns champion Marie Cuzzu, has been medically advised not to appear in competitive swimming this season is causing a stir in swimming circles.

The Cairns representative on the Q.L.A.S.A., Miss Hilda Nellore, is at a loss to account for the report. The latest news she has had from Cairns is that the association is doing its utmost to send Marie to Brisbane for the championships, and that she is swimming in the northern championship on November 26.

Keen disappointment will be felt should she be unable to compete. Originally a country swimmer in New South Wales, Marie has established a brilliant record during her residence in North Queensland.

Keen interest attaches to the events in which she would meet Australia's champions.

THE Australian Swimming Union, in an endeavor to increase the standard of women's diving, has made it necessary that, at the Australian championships to be held after the New Year, the three compulsory dives will be a one-and-a-half somersault, back dive, and a full screw. The three own selections will stand as previously.

This is an excellent move, as, although the standard of women's diving in Australia is high, it does not come up to the Olympic standard, and if Australia hopes to be represented at the forthcoming Empire games to be held in London next year our divers will have lots of hard work before them to attain that object.

MEMBERS of the North Road, Brighton (Vic.), team of women life-savers who have accepted the challenge issued by the Brighton (N.S.W.) team to a carnival under the ruling of the Royal Life Saving Society

Players Responsibilities

By RUTH PREDDEY, Australian Selector, W.C.A.

Why do so many players, especially those in the lower grades, fail to realise their responsibilities to their club?

If you join for Saturday or a week-day sport, you should fully realise beforehand that your services will probably be required every afternoon on which the team has an engagement to fill.

EVEN if you are an emergency, you may be sure your captain or secretary will inform you as soon as possible if they can dispense with you for that afternoon. Failing that notification, you are expected to stand by.

Under no circumstances should a player let her team down.

It may be possible that you think you are weak and that your services will not be missed. In that you are entirely wrong. No captain wants a superfluous player in the team. If you are wanted, then no matter how poor a player you are, you may depend on it you are of some assistance.

A weak, enthusiastic player is preferable in a team to a strong, lackadaisical member. The former will always be of value to a team, and will encourage others to play to the best of their form, whereas the latter can effectively put a team in the doldrums, with such results that she will have the players not only finding fault with themselves, but with the game they play as well. Although it may weaken the play of a club to do for a time without a player of this type, the players will be happier, and the tone will steadily improve.

Punctuality is another matter that should receive a little more attention.

In making the rules, your association considers every aspect of the game, and considerable time is spent in deciding the hour at which play must commence. The time having been stated, it is your obligation to see that you obey this rule.

Show keenness, consideration for others, and be punctual, and you are well on the road to becoming a popular and effective player, and an asset to your club.

It would perhaps be as well to bear in mind the fact that the captains and the players of to-morrow are in the "B" and "C" grades of to-day.

TENNIS AT KOOYONG

THE weather god was not kind on the opening days of the fiftieth Victorian championship meeting held at Kooyong.

Showers prevented any play on Friday. On Saturday a few matches were played when the clouds blew over for a few hours.

Disapointment was rife among the women spectators, as it was too cold and wet for any of the players to appear in either shorts or backless frocks, though Misses May Blick and Dot Bellamy wore the former while practising on Wednesday.

Opinion is divided in regard to shorts in Victoria. They are frowned on by Mr. Harley Malcolm, hon. sec. of the Australian Lawn Tennis Association, but regarded with a kindlier eye by Mrs. Harper, the former Australian champion.

SPORTING SHORTS

Feminism Again

FEMINISM prevails even in the face of great distress. At the baseball match on Saturday, in which the famous Parramatta players (Cumberland District premiers) and Arnott's team met, one of the players in running to third base fell, and apparently severely hurt her neck. All her team mates gathered around, and several endeavored to massage the back of her neck. When a frantic appeal came from the lips of the victim, "Say! Don't upset my curls."

All-round Performer

J. BULL, a member of the Sutherland Vigore team, has been playing splendidly this season. Last week she made 34 against the All White team. She is also a good tennis player and swimmer.

Promising Bowler

GRETA HATTON, playing with Lathallians (Y.W.C.A.) in their match against Arncliffe Scots, took seven wickets for ten runs in the first innings, and secured a further five wickets in the second innings. This match is played in the third grade of the New South Wales Women's Cricket Association's fixtures.

Junior Swimmers

VI ARMSTRONG, of the Telephone Club, is swimming in good form at present, but interest is focussed on the two juniors, Pat Norton and Sybil Tucks. They both competed in the 50 and 100 yards at Bondi on Saturday. Pat Norton won each time, but the races were in doubt right to the finish, and were the most exciting events of the day.

Four Days Earlier

MISS JOYCE COOPER was scheduled to leave London on Tuesday, but wired to the secretary of the Women's Swimming Association to say that she had booked her passage on the "Cathay," which left London four days earlier.

Gains London Diploma

MISS SYLVIA FORREST, who is so well known among the sporting fraternity, and who has just recently announced her engagement to Mr. William Carroll, of Withington, has cabled the news that she has gained her London Diploma for ballroom dancing. Miss Forrest previously visited England, and gave demonstrations of fencing and dancing. She will continue with further training, and will probably return to Australia early in the New Year.

Enfield's Gala Day

ENFIELD held a gala day on Saturday, when the Premier (Mr. Stevens) opened the new swimming baths. Bonnie Mealing, Claire Dennis, and Edna Davey gave exhibitions of swimming. The breast-stroke event was a comiest in which two men, N. Selman and W. Green, were competitors with Claire Dennis. The latter won easily, and the time was 1.24, which was a good performance so early in the season.

Riding School

THE first riding school of later years was started by Mrs. Herbert Embling and her daughter, Lorna. The latter had excellent tuition from the riding instructor at the Police Depot at St. Kilda Road, and the Field Artillery, Maribyrnong, during the war. Sandra Shackell is the only girl in Melbourne who rides side-saddle.

Bendigo Regatta

METROPOLITAN rowing teams will take part in senior and maiden fours at Bendigo Regatta on December 2.

HOST Holbrook says: Shake the bottle, remove the stopper. Ah! My Worcestershire Sauce has such an appetising zest ###

Moonlight Farewell

DOROTHY BAILEY, who has been physical director at Melbourne Y.W.C.A. for some time, is transferring to Perth early next year. The Y.W.C.A. sports girls are farewelling her on December 14 with a moonlight trip up the Yarra, and entertainments on board. Before she takes up her new job she will leave for Tasmania on December 23 for a walking tour down the West Coast. She will then spend three weeks with her family in Adelaide, and arrive in Perth early in the new year, where she will be assistant general secretary, and in charge of sport and gymnasium.

Dorothy Bailey —Broothern

TWO of our best-known cricketers are distinguishing themselves. They are blowing their own trumpets, but not transgressing the unwritten law of sporting ethics, for Dot Buckland and Elsie Baldwin are playing cornets in the ladies' brass band.

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GIRL LIFE SAVERS' *Challenge* Accepted

Brighton (N.S.W.) ladies' life-saving team issued, through the pages of The Australian Women's Weekly, a challenge to the leading Victorian team to compete in a carnival conducted according to the rules laid down by the Royal Life-Saving Society. The Victorian girls have taken up the gauntlet.

The Victorian champions are the North Road, Brighton, team. In the following article, Mr. Hugh Dodds, of the Royal Life-Saving Society, Victoria, states his confidence in the southerners in no uncertain terms.

By HUGH DODDS

MR. C. E. BEERE, president of North Road (Brighton) Life Saving Club, is certain that the standard of life saving by women in Victoria is definitely higher than in N.S.W.

"My club would like to meet these girls in friendly rivalry over all branches of life-saving," he said, "surf work included; but I do not think the Sydney girls practise surf work at all."

The North Road girls' team has been undefeated over a period of two years against strong competition, as there have been as many as a dozen ladies' teams competing on Melbourne beaches.

The North Road Club is definitely in favor of interstate contests in life-saving, loyally backing up the action of the secretary of the Royal Life Saving Society in his endeavors to bring this about.

It is the ambition of Brighton (Vic.) Club to have every member qualify at least as high as the bronze medallion. The club is 93 per cent. qualified—possibly a higher average than any life-saving club in Victoria.

The girls in the team, as well as being team members, take an active part in the affairs of the club.

The girls themselves have formed into a ballet, and take part in revues and concerts arranged by the club to assist the funds.

"We would like to include marching in the competition," said Mr. Beere, "although this may hardly be fair to the Sydney girls, as our girls are famous marchers, winning, in conjunction with the men's team, every march they have competed in for the last two years.

"Training has already started at our club in preparation for the Royal Life Saving Society's opening day in December.

"I would be pleased if the secretary of the Brighton Club would get in touch with me, and then permission could be sought from the society to conduct this competition with judges and officials appointed by them.

"My firm conviction is that competitions of this nature would do a lot to bring this deserving movement well to the forefront, and it would let the public see the physical and mental advantages that this sport gives to its devotees. I wish the Sydneysiders the best of luck, and, to use an old phrase, 'May the best team win.'"

RUTH PREDDEY IN REPLY

TO Mr. Dodds, Sydney girls will no doubt reply, "And so say all of us." What the actual developments will be is a matter for the secretaries of the respective clubs to announce, but it is certain that Brighton (N.S.W.) will be on their mettle when they read that the Victorians are doubtful as to whether they "do any surf work," and, further, whether the march past "would be fair"!

CLUB CRICKET

Amazing Figures

Interclub cricket matches afforded many illustrations of the uncertainty that attends the results in this popular sport.

KURING-GAI registered their first win this season when they won on the first innings against the Oldfield team. The outstanding feature of the day, however, was the dismissal of the Teachers' College team in their last innings for the small total of two runs.

The match was played against the Annandale Waratahs, and Amy Hudson in this innings achieved the remarkable figures of four wickets for no runs, which also included the "hat trick."

To be dismissed for two is by no means a record, for, two seasons ago, the Kuring-gai team only made one run during one of their innings, and last year Vice Regal second team also equalled that score. Since then both the Kuring-gai and the Vice Regal team have made good, but it certainly proves that the unexpected may happen at any time on the cricket field.

Fernie Blade, playing for Sans Souci against University, captured seven wickets for seven runs. So far, Amy Hudson has a bowling average which any male cricketer would envy. Bowling in five innings she has captured 18 wickets for 17 runs.

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